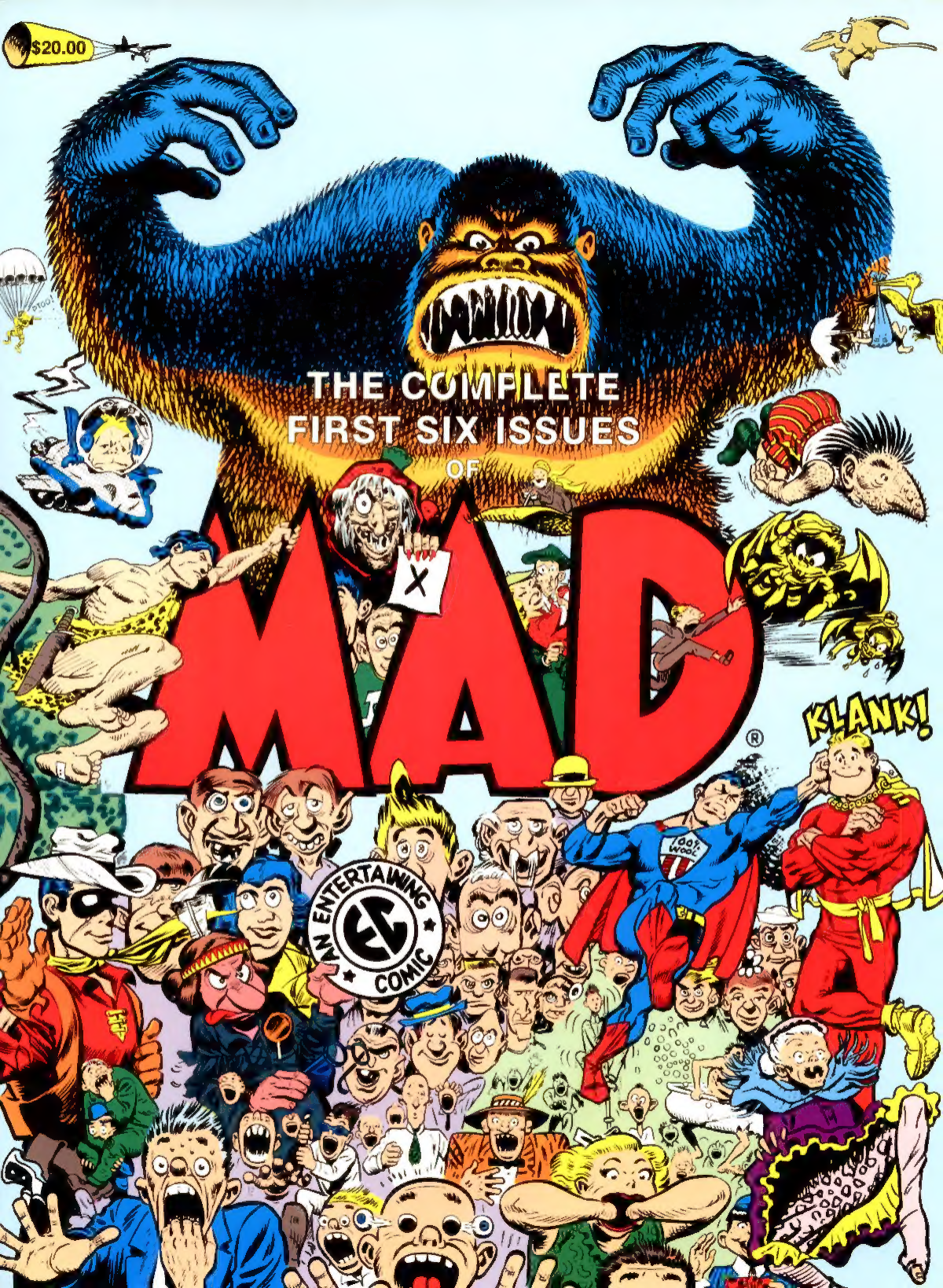

$20.00
THE COMPLETE
FIRST SIX ISSUES
OF
MAD
KLANK!
AN ENTERTAWING
EC
COMIC

As a magazine, **Mad** is now an American institution—for thirty years Alfred E. Neuman has grinned at us from the newsstand right next to **Time, Cosmopolitan** and **TV Guide**. But once upon a time **Mad** was just a thin 10¢ comic book struggling to gain space on the racks along with the other 500 or more comics that were being published in the early fifties.

Mad's first issue was a late entry in the Entertaining Comics (EC) line, which by 1952 was already publishing **Tales from the Crypt, The Vault of Horror, The Haunt of Fear, Crime SuspenStories, Shock SuspenStories, Weird Science, Weird Fantasy, Two-Fisted Tales** and **Frontline Combat.** EC's publisher Bill Gaines (still **Mad**'s publisher today) was unusual and innovative, to say the least. Upon the death of his father (who had been a major force in the birth of comic books) in a boating accident, Gaines, at the age of 25, was suddenly faced with the ownership and management of a comic book company. After a year or two of listening to his advisors, he decided to publish exactly what **he** wanted, and what Gaines and his new artist/writer/editor Al Feldstein wanted was to publish horror tales (thus starting a comic book trend they probably lived to regret). They also wanted to publish science fiction comics—real science fiction, not space opera. The science fiction never sold well, and eventually lost money, but that didn't bother Bill Gaines. His unique idea was that as long as his line as a whole was financially healthy, he would continue to publish comics that he liked.

And he also liked the humorous work of Harvey Kurtzman, the writer/editor of EC's sober and historically accurate war comics, so he and Kurtzman conspired to put out a humor comic, something so utterly unlike anything else on the newsstands—as noted in **Mad**'s opening editorial, the only humor comics at the time were "floppity rabbit, giggly girl, [and] anarchist teenager" comics—that only Gaines would have taken the chance. As was Kurtzman's custom with his war comics, he not only wrote all the **Mad** stories, but also prepared a detailed overlay for the artists to follow. The artists were the same crew he used in his war comics: Jack Davis, Wallace Wood, John Severin and Will Elder.

For most of the first year, **Mad** lost money. But then word of mouth took over, and **Mad** quickly became a phenomenon, the best seller of the EC line, and their only title to go monthly. According to an article in **Pageant** about its sudden rise to fame, the circulation climbed to 750,000 (from the then industry average of 250,000 to 300,000). By the summer of 1955, Kurtzman felt that he had done everything that he could in the comic book format, and convinced Gaines to transform the title into a magazine. The first magazine issue sold out and actually went back to press for a second printing, an unheard-of phenomenon in the magazine field. Within a year, Kurtzman, Davis and Elder left because of editorial differences with Gaines. Al Feldstein took over as editor and **Mad**'s circulation and fame continued to rise.

The comic book **Mad** was being reprinted in paperback (in black and white) before the title even became a magazine, and in the seventies the **Mad** annuals had special comic book reprint inserts. But much of the original comic book **Mad** has **never** been reprinted until now.

To the aficionado of American humor in the fifties, these **Mad** volumes are the equivalent of the reemergence of the 52 "lost" **Honeymooners** episodes recently rebroadcast again for the first time since their original showings. Those rebroadcasts are made possible because Jackie Gleason faithfully saved the kinescopes of the original live shows. Likewise, these **Mad** reprint volumes are possible because Bill Gaines methodically stored away all of the original art, a rare practice in fifties comics publishing. For that, and for publishing **Mad** in the first place, we affectionately dedicate this volume to Bill Gaines.

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The quotations in this volume are from the following sources: Interview with Harvey Kurtzman by John Benson, recorded September 7, 1985 especially for these volumes. "*A Conversation with Harvey Kurtzman and Bill Gaines*" by John Benson; SQUA TRONT #9; copyright © 1983 by John Benson.

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Russ Cochran, Publisher P.O. Box 469 West Plains, MO 65775


TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
No. 1
OCT.-NOV.
MAD
10¢
THAT THING! THAT SLITHERING BLOB COMING TOWARD US!
WHAT IS IT?
IT'S MELVIN!
HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN



Greetings, you MAD readers! You're now holding in your MAD hands the very first MAD issue of MAD!

For us, the editors, this is a great occasion . . . for in the next few moments, you will be one of the many who are deciding the fate of MAD all over the country.

Many months ago, we had a meeting in the New York offices of Entertaining Comics. We decided we wanted to add another mag to our line . . . so we met behind locked doors to figure out what our new book would be. Well, we looked through our mail for a lead . . . we thumbed through our idea files . . . we paced the floor, beat our heads against the wall, and bit off all our fingernails! Should we do another war mag? No! Plenty of them on the stands already! Another science-fiction book? Nah! Market is filled to capacity! A horror book? Nyeh! Far too many of them around! Romance? Adventure? Western? Nope . . . nope . . . nope! We were tired of the war, ragged from the science-fiction, weary of the horror. Then it hit us! Why not do a complete about-face? A change of pace! A comic book! Not a serious comic book . . . but a COMIC comic book! Not a floppity rabbit, giggily girl, anarchist teenage type comic book . . . but a comic mag based on the short story type of wild adventure that you seem to like so well. THAT WAS IT! Immediately we leaped to our typewriters, our drawing boards, and our india ink . . . we worked like a crew of inspired demons! In no time at all, MAD was born.

You are now holding our dream child in your hands. We had a swell time creating MAD . . . and we hope that MAD will have a long successful life. But you, the reader, will decide that!

All right! We've said our piece. Now read! Enjoy yourself! When you're through with MAD, we'd like to know what you think of it. Any suggestions or criticisms you have to make will be greatly appreciated. Subscriptions to MAD, as to any other E.C. mag, will set you back 75c for six issues . . . full year's output! The address for letters or subscriptions is:

The Editors
MAD
Room 706, Dept. 1
225 Lafayette Street
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

The following is a complete list of titles published by



in the order of their publication.

•

THE HAUNT OF FEAR

•

WEIRD SCIENCE

•

CRIME SUSPENSTORIES

•

FRONTLINE COMBAT

•

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

•

WEIRD FANTASY

•

THE VAULT OF HORROR

•

SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES

•

TWO-FISTED TALES

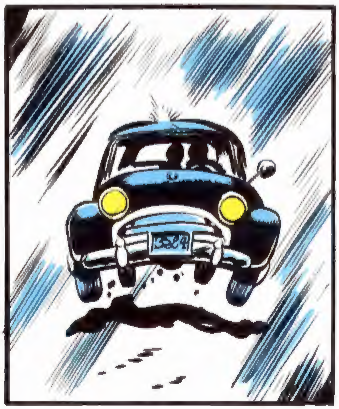
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NIGHT!...BLACK, WET, POURING NIGHT, WITH THE MUFFLED MONOTONOUS SIZZLE OF FAT RAINDROPS HITTING THE GROUND!



NIGHT...ROARING VELVETY NIGHT, PUNCTUATED BY BLUE-WHITE FLICKERING LIGHTNING AND BOWLING-BALL THUNDER!



NIGHT!...WHEN MEN SLEEP AND EVIL WAKES!...A BLACK SEDAN CAREENS THROUGH THE NIGHT, SWERVING MADLY ON THE WET ROAD!




GALUSHA! STOP SWERVING MADLY ON THE WET ROAD AND DRIVE WITH TWO HANDS! MUST YOU HUG ME ALL THE TIME?
I-I DON'T WANT HUGGIN', DAPHNE! I JUST WANT PROTECTION!
KAPOKA KAPOKA KAFONK FZZT
GALUSHA! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE CAR?
UH-OH! LOOK AT THE GAS METER! IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE OUT OF GAS!
UP TO YOUR TRICKS AGAIN, EH, GALUSHA? WELL I'LL JUST GET OUT AND WALK!
HONEST, DAPHNE! NO GAS!
OUT OF GAS IN A RAINSTORM ON A DESERTED ROAD! HOW CONVENIENT, GALUSHA!
PLEASE, DAPH! HONEST!
MEN RESORT TO ANYTHING..! WELL, I'M NOT AFRAID! I'LL JUST WALK HOME...
CRAK CRAK KBLOW!
...A LITTLE LATER, MAYBE!
LISTEN, DAPHNE! WE NEED HELP! I'VE GOT TO GET A BUCKET SO'S I CAN GO TO A GAS STATION AND BRING SOME GASOLINE BACK!
SUPPOSE'N I GO TO THAT HOUSE UP ON THE HILL THERE AND SEE IF I CAN BORROW A BUCKET, JUST SUPPOSE'N!
THAT HOUSE... ON TOP OF THAT HILL! OH N-NO, NO, GALOSHA... I MEAN GALUSHA! NOT THAT HOUSE!
2

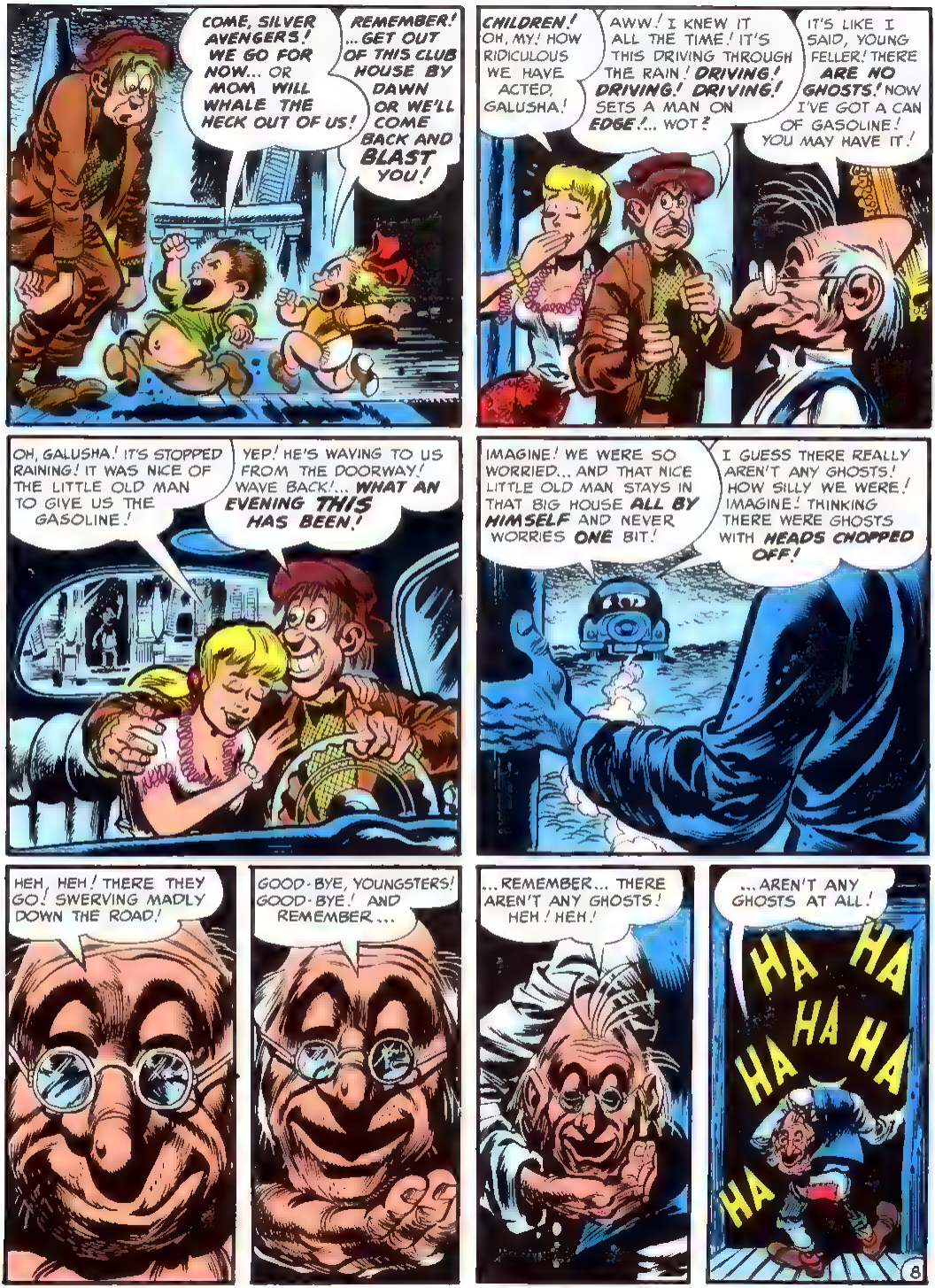

AHH, COME ON, DAPH! ALL I WANT IS A BUCKET!
GALUSHA! THAT'S THE BOGG HOUSE! THEY TELL MANY STORIES OF THE BOGG HOUSE IN THE VILLAGE!
STORIES OF TWO BROTHERS, GOG AND MAGOG BOGG WHO LIVED THERE ALONE! THEY HARDLY EVER LEFT THE MANSION! ONE DAY, GOG BOGG WAS FOUND UNDER A LOG, WITHOUT HIS HEAD!
MAGOG, WAS SUSPECTED AS THE MURDERER... WENT STARK RAVING INSANE! THEY SAY GOG'S HEAD IS STILL IN THE BOGG HOUSE... AND THEY SAY THAT GOG COMES LOOKING FOR IT EVERY NIGHT!
KLONK
BUT... WE DO NEED THAT GASOLINE BUCKET, EH, GALUSHA! I'LL KNOCK AND SEE IF ANYONE IS AT HOME!
KLONK
KLONK
KAWONK
WONK
WONK
WONK
SQUEEEEEEAAWK!
WELL... THE DOOR IS OPEN, GALUSHA! LET'S GO INSIDE!
3


...DOESN'T SEEM LIKE ANYONE IS HERE!
HELLO!
HELLO!
HELLO!
HELLO!
HELLO!
HELLO!
ANYBODY HOME?
HOME?
HOME?
HOME?
HOME?
HOME?
SQUEEK SQUAK
LISTEN! A SQUEEKING NOISE! C-COMING FROM THAT ROOM!
SOME-ONE OR SOME-THING... IS IN THAT ROOM!
SQEEK SQUAK
SQEEK SQUAK SQEEK
4


ALL RIGHT! WHOEVER IS IN THAT ROOM! COME ON OUT! WE HEAR YOU!
THE ROOM IS EMPTY! JUST A ROCKING CHAIR! THE ONLY EXIT OUT OF HERE IS THIS DOOR AND THAT TINY VENTILATOR, AND NOTHING HUMAN COULD FIT THROUGH THERE!
BUT SOMEONE... SOMETHING... WAS ROCKING THAT CHAIR! THE STORIES IN THE VILLAGE SAY HOW WHEN MAGOG BOGG WENT MAD, HE'D JUST SIT IN THE ROCKING CHAIR... AND ROCK AND ROCK!
THAT'S THE WAY HE DIED, THEY SAY! JUST ROCKING IN A SQUEEKY ROCKING CHAIR! AND THEM IN THE VILLAGE TELL HOW YOU CAN STILL HEAR THAT CHAIR IN THE NIGHT... ROCKING... EVER ROCKING... SQUEEK, SQUAWK SQUEEK, SQUAWK!
AND THEM IN THE VILLAGE TELL HOW ON STORMY NIGHTS, YOU CAN HEAR THE BROTHERS, MAGOG CHASING GOG, SCREAMING THROUGH THE HOUSE... WITH AN AXE RUNNING THROUGH THE HOUSE, CLUMPITTY, CLUMPITTY, CLUMP...
EE HA-
CLUMPITY CLUMP CLUMP
SCREAMING... RUNNING DOWN THE STEPS... CLUMPITTY CLUMP... COMING THROUGH THAT DOOR...
EEE
HEE HEE
CLUMPITY CLUMP
5

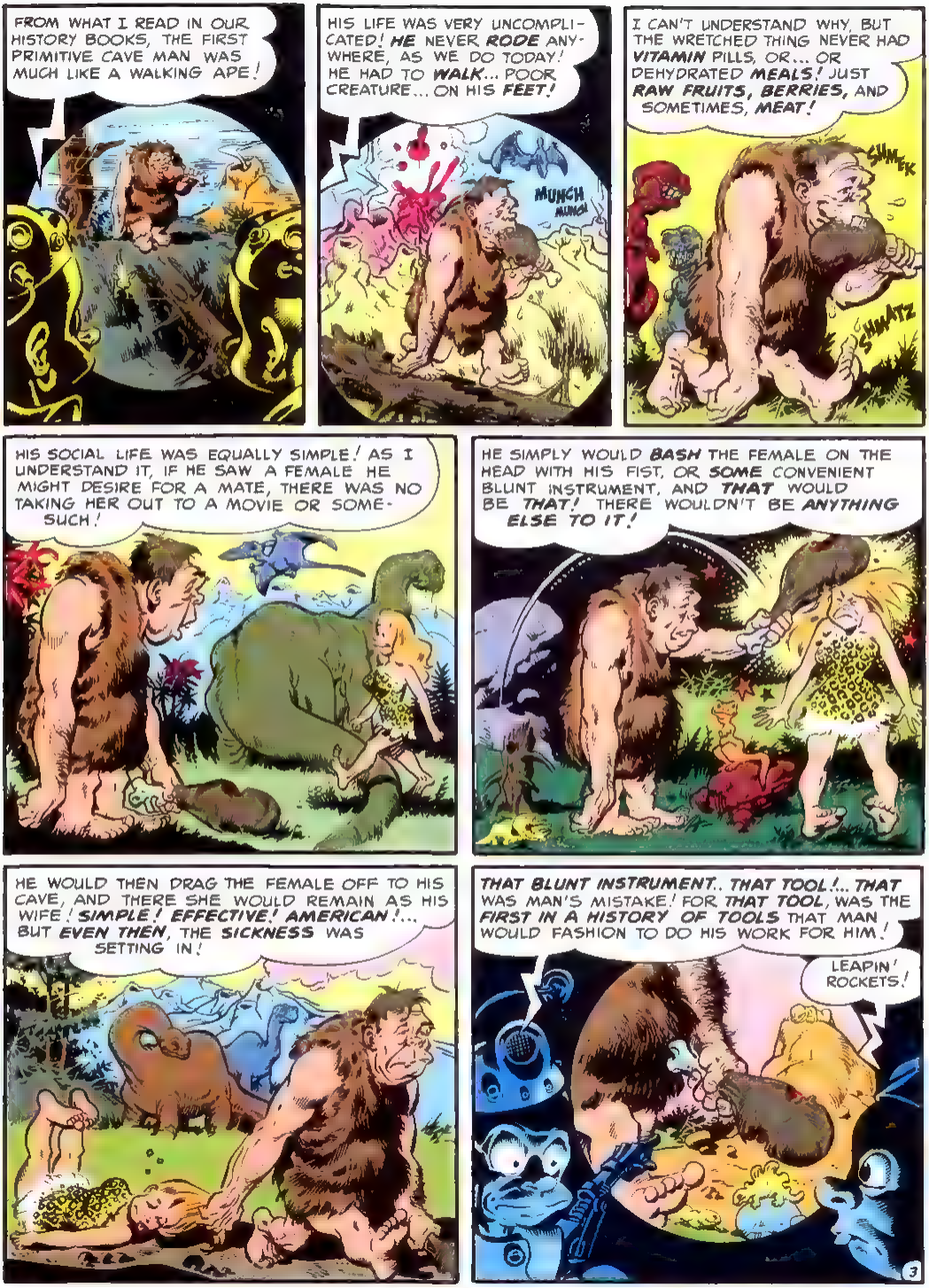

CLUMPITY CLUMP
THEY'VE STOPPED! I KNOW THEY'RE BEHIND THAT DOOR BUT THEY'VE STOPPED! GET UP OFF THE FLOOR, GALUSHA, AND PROTECT ME!
I'M ALL RIGHT NOW, DAPHNE! THE EXCITEMENT OF THE MOMENT GOT ME, BUT I'M ALL RIGHT NOW!
SUDDENLY I FEEL A DEADLY CALM SETTLING OVER ME. SUDDENLY I KNOW THAT. NOW MY NERVES ARE STEEL!
...NOW I CAN TAKE ANYTHIN...
EXCUSE ME!
YIIIII!
TAP TAP
GET AWAY! GET AWAY FUM ME!
I'LL CALLA COPS!
I'M SORRY I FRIGHTENED YOU! I'M MELVIN, THE CARETAKER HERE!
CARETAKER! A HAUNTED HOUSE WITH A CARE-TAKER?
LISTEN, CARETAKER! YOU BETTER TAKE BETTER CARE OF THIS HOUSE! IT'S FULL OF GHOSTS!
GHOSTS? A BIG BOY LIKE YOU BELIEVES IN GHOSTS? RUBBISH! THERE ARE NO GHOSTS!
WE HEARD THEM! BEHIND THAT DOOR! OPEN IT UP! YOU'LL SEE FOR YOURSELF!
6

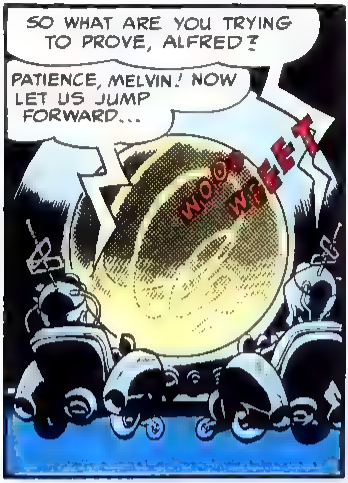

I'VE NEVER HEARD ANYTHING SO ABSURD IN MY LIFE! TSK TSK! VERY WELL! I'LL OPEN THE DOOR!
SQUEEEEEE
RUBBISH! THIS IS NO GHOST! THERE ARE NO GHOSTS! WILL YOU TAKE HOLD OF THAT ROBE, YOUNG LADY, AND YANK IT AWAY?
THAT'S THE TICKET! THERE!
THERE IS YOUR GHOST!
?
...TWO LITTLE CHILDREN!
THIS HAUNTED HOUSE IS OUR CLUB HOUSE! OUR CLUB IS THE SILVER AVENGERS AND YOU CAN'T JOIN!
YEAH! GET OUTTA OUR CLUB HOUSE OR WE'LL HAUNT YOU AND KILL YOU!
7

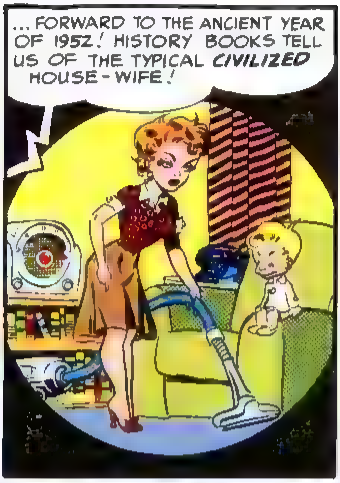

COME, SILVER AVENGERS! WE GO FOR NOW... OR MOM WILL WHALE THE HECK OUT OF US!
REMEMBER! ...GET OUT OF THIS CLUB HOUSE BY DAWN OR WE'LL COME BACK AND BLAST YOU!
CHILDREN! OH, MY! HOW RIDICULOUS WE HAVE ACTED, GALUSHA!
AWW! I KNEW IT ALL THE TIME! IT'S THIS DRIVING THROUGH THE RAIN! DRIVING! DRIVING! DRIVING! SETS A MAN ON EDGE!... WOT?
IT'S LIKE I SAID, YOUNG FELLER! THERE ARE NO GHOSTS! NOW I'VE GOT A CAN OF GASOLINE! YOU MAY HAVE IT!
OH, GALUSHA! IT'S STOPPED RAINING! IT WAS NICE OF THE LITTLE OLD MAN TO GIVE US THE GASOLINE!
YEP! HE'S WAVING TO US FROM THE DOORWAY! WAVE BACK!... WHAT AN EVENING THIS HAS BEEN!
IMAGINE! WE WERE SO WORRIED... AND THAT NICE LITTLE OLD MAN STAYS IN THAT BIG HOUSE ALL BY HIMSELF AND NEVER WORRIES ONE BIT!
I GUESS THERE REALLY AREN'T ANY GHOSTS! HOW SILLY WE WERE! IMAGINE! THINKING THERE WERE GHOSTS WITH HEADS CHOPPED OFF!
HEH, HEH! THERE THEY GO! SWERVING MADLY DOWN THE ROAD!
GOOD-BYE, YOUNGSTERS! GOOD-BYE! AND REMEMBER...
...REMEMBER... THERE AREN'T ANY GHOSTS! HEH! HEH!
...AREN'T ANY GHOSTS AT ALL!
HA HA HA HA HA HA
8

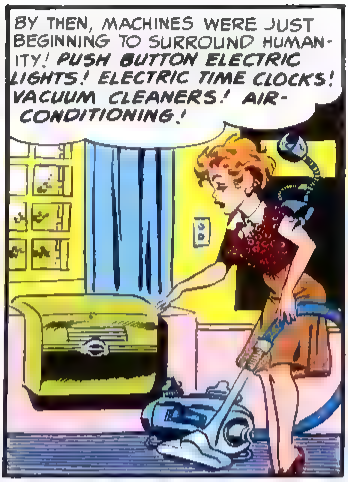

SCIENCE-FICTION DEPT.! GO FORWARD! GO FORWARD INTO SPACE, FORWARD INTO TIME! GO FORWARD... 1952! 1962! 1982! GO! GO TO 1,000,000 A.D.! THAT'S FAR ENOUGH! BACK UP A LITTLE! LOOK! THE EARTH! A MASS OF STEELY CITIES AND MEN! MEN? NO! NOT REALLY MEN! MORE LIKE ...
BLOBS!
SPEED! MORE SPEED! I'VE GOT TO SEE MELVIN!
WOOP
MELVIN, MY FRIEND! HE IS ONE OF THE FEW ACTIVE MINDS AROUND TODAY! I'VE GOT TO TELL HIM MY HORRIBLE THOUGHT!
MELVIN, MY BUDDY! ONE OF THE RARE BRAINS THAT STILL THINKS! I'VE GOT TO TELL HIM OF THE CALAMITY THAT MIGHT OVERTAKE US!
CHUG CHUG
MELVIN, MY PAL! HE WILL UNDERSTAND WHAT I AM THINKING! HE WILL SYMPATHIZE WITH ME! AAAH... THERE'S MELVIN'S SKYSCRAPER NOW!

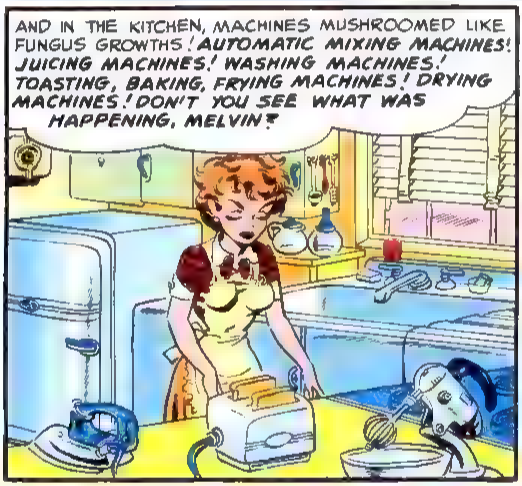

MELVIN! MELVIN! AM I GLAD YOU'RE HOME! WHILE I WAS ON THE MOON-EARTH SHUTTLE, A HORRIBLE THOUGHT STRUCK ME!
JUMPING PLUTONIUM! IT'S YOU, ALFRED!
LISTEN TO ME, MELVIN! THIS IS IMPORTANT! GET RID OF THAT DISPOSABLE PREFABRICATED ROBOT WOMAN! I'LL BUY YOU ANOTHER ONE LATER! LISTEN TO ME!
GALLOPING GALAXIES! CAN'T IT WAIT, ALFRED?
MELVIN! YOU'RE GETTING LIKE ALL THE REST! LIKE A KID WITH A TOY! ALL PLEASURE! NO GOOD HARD THINKING!
AWWW... MOLECULES!
DISPOS
FOLLOW ME, MELVIN! TO THE THOUGHT-VIEWER! I HAVE A VERY ALARMING IDEA I WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT!
SUFFERING SOLAR SYSTEMS! WHAT IS IT?
IT'S THE END OF HUMANITY! IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD! THAT'S WHAT IT IS!... AH! THE THOUGHT VIEWER!
LET ME JUST PLUG IN MY THOUGHT TRANSMITTER CABLE... THERE! WELL GIVE THE SCREEN A MOMENT TO WARM UP!... I'M SCARED, MELVIN! I TELL YOU, I'M SCARED!
WHAT, IN THE NAME OF ELECTRONS, IS BOTHERING YOU, ALFRED?
CLIK
WEE
OOP
MRRMM
IT'S THIS MACHINERY! ALL THIS MACHINERY! EVERYWHERE... EVERYTHING IS MACHINERY! IT'S WRONG! AND I'LL TELL YOU WHY! MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO, LIFE WAS COMPARATIVELY SIMPLE! TAKE THE CAVE-MAN, FOR INSTANCE!
GGAWRRRR

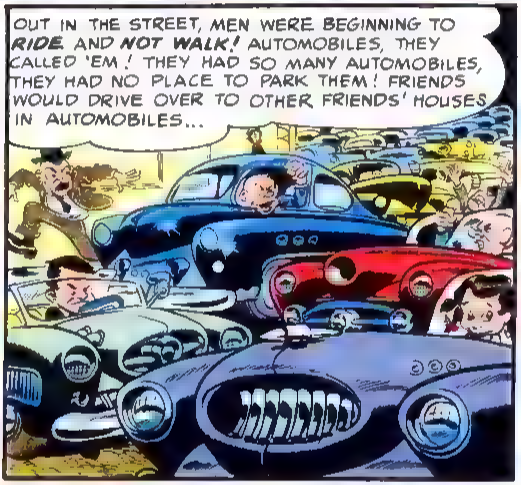

FROM WHAT I READ IN OUR HISTORY BOOKS, THE FIRST PRIMITIVE CAVE MAN WAS MUCH LIKE A WALKING APE!
HIS LIFE WAS VERY UNCOMPLICATED! HE NEVER RODE ANYWHERE, AS WE DO TODAY! HE HAD TO WALK... POOR CREATURE... ON HIS FEET!
MUNCH MUNCH
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY, BUT THE WRETCHED THING NEVER HAD VITAMIN PILLS, OR... OR DEHYDRATED MEALS! JUST RAW FRUITS, BERRIES, AND SOMETIMES, MEAT!
SHMEK
SHMATZ
HIS SOCIAL LIFE WAS EQUALLY SIMPLE! AS I UNDERSTAND IT, IF HE SAW A FEMALE HE MIGHT DESIRE FOR A MATE, THERE WAS NO TAKING HER OUT TO A MOVIE OR SOMESUCH!
HE SIMPLY WOULD BASH THE FEMALE ON THE HEAD WITH HIS FIST, OR SOME CONVENIENT BLUNT INSTRUMENT, AND THAT WOULD BE THAT! THERE WOULDN'T BE ANYTHING ELSE TO IT!
HE WOULD THEN DRAG THE FEMALE OFF TO HIS CAVE, AND THERE SHE WOULD REMAIN AS HIS WIFE! SIMPLE! EFFECTIVE! AMERICAN!... BUT EVEN THEN, THE SICKNESS WAS SETTING IN!
THAT BLUNT INSTRUMENT.. THAT TOOL!.. THAT WAS MAN'S MISTAKE! FOR THAT TOOL, WAS THE FIRST IN A HISTORY OF TOOLS THAT MAN WOULD FASHION TO DO HIS WORK FOR HIM!
LEAPIN' ROCKETS!
3

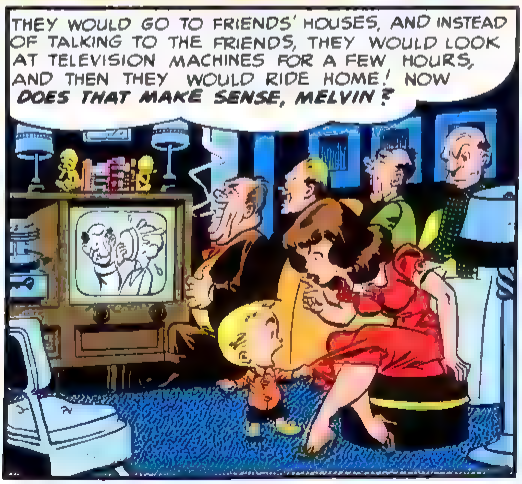

SO WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PROVE, ALFRED?
PATIENCE, MELVIN! NOW LET US JUMP FORWARD...
WOOF
WEEF

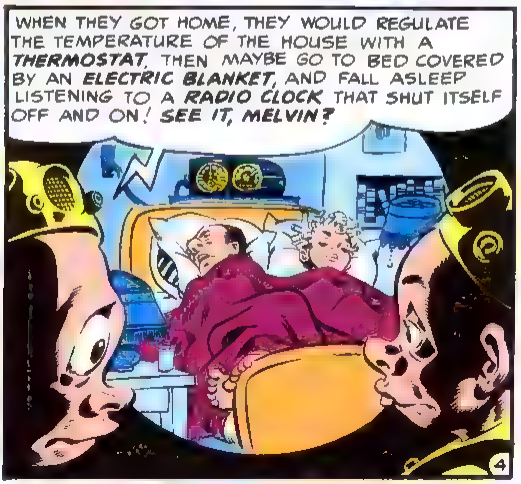

...FORWARD TO THE ANCIENT YEAR OF 1952! HISTORY BOOKS TELL US OF THE TYPICAL CIVILIZED HOUSE-WIFE!


BY THEN, MACHINES WERE JUST BEGINNING TO SURROUND HUMANITY! PUSH BUTTON ELECTRIC LIGHTS! ELECTRIC TIME CLOCKS! VACUUM CLEANERS! AIR-CONDITIONING!


AND IN THE KITCHEN, MACHINES MUSHROOMED LIKE FUNGUS GROWTHS! AUTOMATIC MIXING MACHINES! JUICING MACHINES! WASHING MACHINES! TOASTING, BAKING, FRYING MACHINES! DRYING MACHINES! DON'T YOU SEE WHAT WAS HAPPENING, MELVIN?

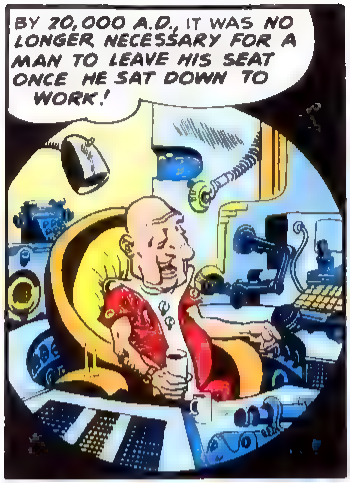

OUT IN THE STREET, MEN WERE BEGINNING TO RIDE AND NOT WALK! AUTOMOBILES, THEY CALLED 'EM! THEY HAD SO MANY AUTOMOBILES, THEY HAD NO PLACE TO PARK THEM! FRIENDS WOULD DRIVE OVER TO OTHER FRIENDS' HOUSES IN AUTOMOBILES...

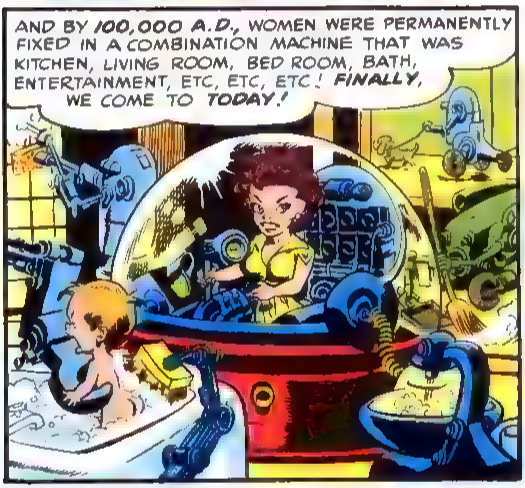

THEY WOULD GO TO FRIENDS' HOUSES, AND INSTEAD OF TALKING TO THE FRIENDS, THEY WOULD LOOK AT TELEVISION MACHINES FOR A FEW HOURS, AND THEN THEY WOULD RIDE HOME! NOW DOES THAT MAKE SENSE, MELVIN?

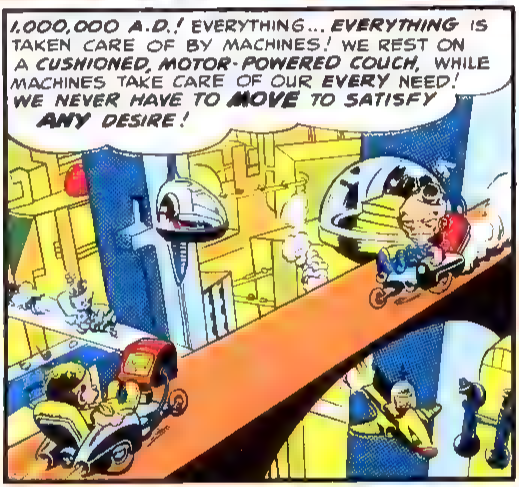

WHEN THEY GOT HOME, THEY WOULD REGULATE THE TEMPERATURE OF THE HOUSE WITH A THERMOSTAT, THEN MAYBE GO TO BED COVERED BY AN ELECTRIC BLANKET, AND FALL ASLEEP LISTENING TO A RADIO CLOCK THAT SHUT ITSELF OFF AND ON! SEE IT, MELVIN?

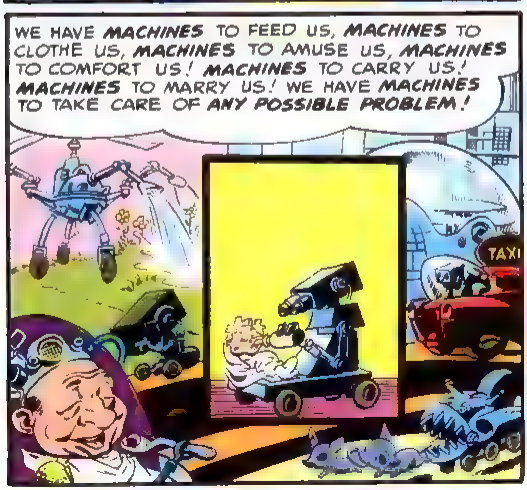

DON'T YOU SEE WHAT WAS HAPPENING?
FRIZZELING PHOTONS!
BEEOORT

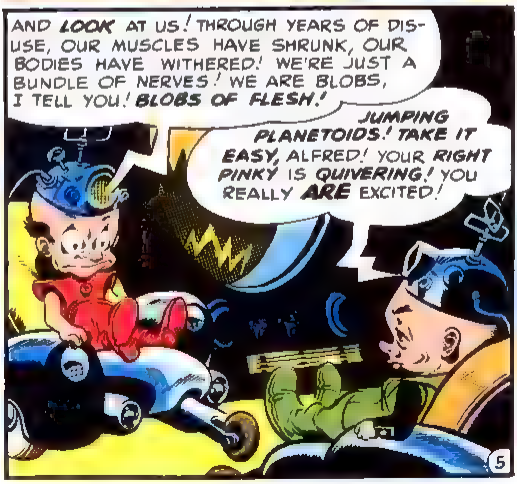

THAT'S THE WAY IT WAS IN THE CRUDE DAYS OF 1952! BY 2000 A.D., WORKING MAN'S OFFICE WAS A MASS OF BUTTONS AND SWITCHES!

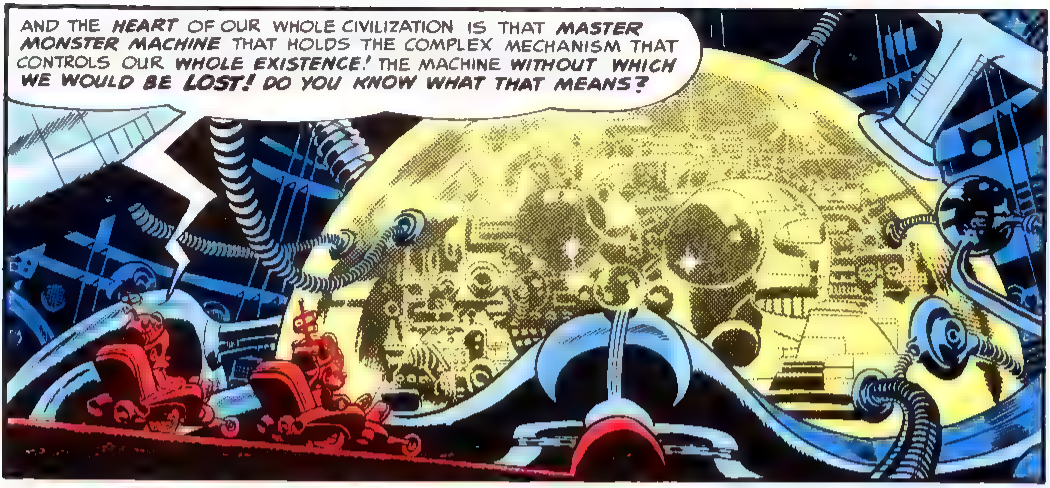

BY 20,000 A.D., IT WAS NO LONGER NECESSARY FOR A MAN TO LEAVE HIS SEAT ONCE HE SAT DOWN TO WORK!

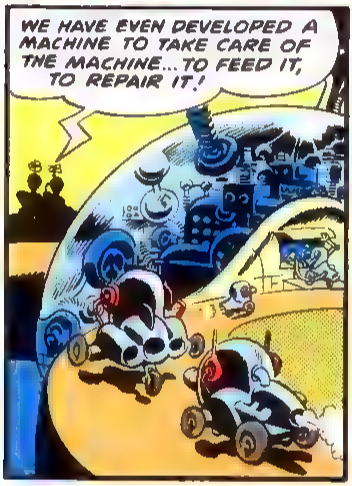

AND BY 100,000 A.D., WOMEN WERE PERMANENTLY FIXED IN A COMBINATION MACHINE THAT WAS KITCHEN, LIVING ROOM, BED ROOM, BATH, ENTERTAINMENT, ETC, ETC, ETC! FINALLY, WE COME TO TODAY!

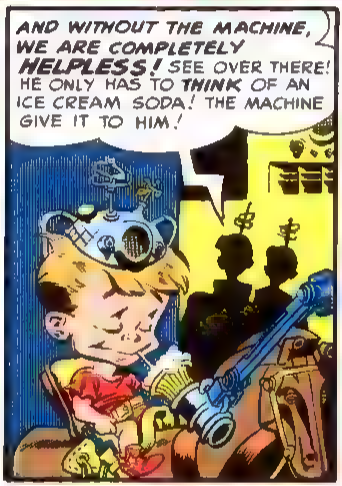

1,000,000 A.D.! EVERYTHING... EVERYTHING IS TAKEN CARE OF BY MACHINES! WE REST ON A CUSHIONED, MOTOR-POWERED COUCH, WHILE MACHINES TAKE CARE OF OUR EVERY NEED! WE NEVER HAVE TO MOVE TO SATISFY ANY DESIRE!

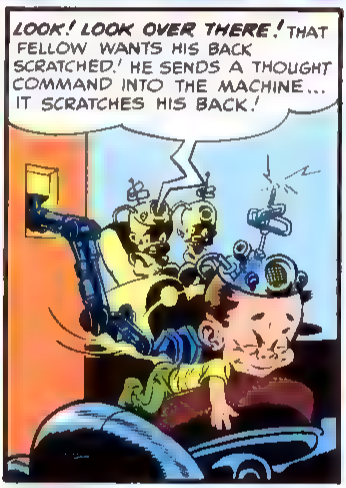

WE HAVE MACHINES TO FEED US, MACHINES TO CLOTHE US, MACHINES TO AMUSE US, MACHINES TO COMFORT US! MACHINES TO CARRY US! MACHINES TO MARRY US! WE HAVE MACHINES TO TAKE CARE OF ANY POSSIBLE PROBLEM!
TAXI

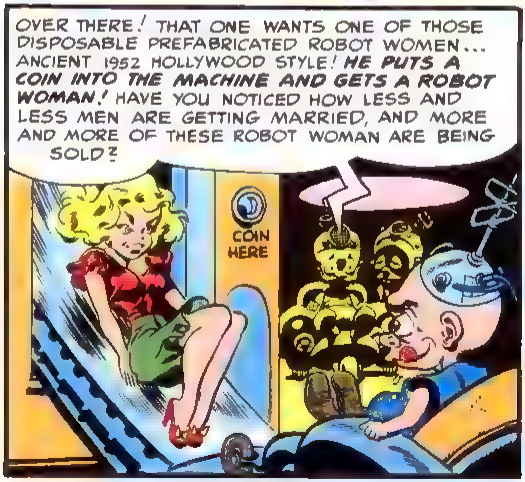

AND LOOK AT US! THROUGH YEARS OF DISUSE, OUR MUSCLES HAVE SHRUNK, OUR BODIES HAVE WITHERED! WE'RE JUST A BUNDLE OF NERVES! WE ARE BLOBS, I TELL YOU! BLOBS OF FLESH!
JUMPING PLANETOIDS! TAKE IT EASY, ALFRED! YOUR RIGHT PINKY IS QUIVERING! YOU REALLY ARE EXCITED!

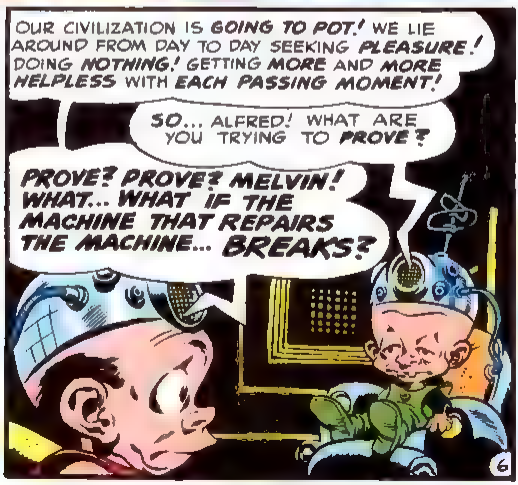

AND THE HEART OF OUR WHOLE CIVILIZATION IS THAT MASTER MONSTER MACHINE THAT HOLDS THE COMPLEX MECHANISM THAT CONTROLS OUR WHOLE EXISTENCE! THE MACHINE WITHOUT WHICH WE WOULD BE LOST! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?


WE HAVE EVEN DEVELOPED A MACHINE TO TAKE CARE OF THE MACHINE...TO FEED IT, TO REPAIR IT!


AND WITHOUT THE MACHINE, WE ARE COMPLETELY HELPLESS! SEE OVER THERE! HE ONLY HAS TO THINK OF AN ICE CREAM SODA! THE MACHINE GIVE IT TO HIM!


LOOK! LOOK OVER THERE! THAT FELLOW WANTS HIS BACK SCRATCHED! HE SENDS A THOUGHT COMMAND INTO THE MACHINE... IT SCRATCHES HIS BACK!


OVER THERE! THAT ONE WANTS ONE OF THOSE DISPOSABLE PREFABRICATED ROBOT WOMEN... ANCIENT 1952 HOLLYWOOD STYLE! HE PUTS A COIN INTO THE MACHINE AND GETS A ROBOT WOMAN! HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW LESS AND LESS MEN ARE GETTING MARRIED, AND MORE AND MORE OF THESE ROBOT WOMAN ARE BEING SOLD?
COIN HERE


OUR CIVILIZATION IS GOING TO POT! WE LIE AROUND FROM DAY TO DAY SEEKING PLEASURE! DOING NOTHING! GETTING MORE AND MORE HELPLESS WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT!
SO... ALFRED! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PROVE?
PROVE? PROVE? MELVIN! WHAT... WHAT IF THE MACHINE THAT REPAIRS THE MACHINE... BREAKS?


BREAKS? DON'T BE ABSURD, ALFRED! IT CAN NEVER BREAK!
L...LISTEN!
QUEEK
QUEEK POKKITA QUEEK
POKKITA QUEEK POKKITA QUEEK
MMRRM MROOM
KOBONG! KABANG! KAPHUD BDOOM
LEAPING URANIUM... EEEEEOOOP SQUONK! FZZZT...
YES, DEAR READER! THE MACHINE DID BREAK!
7

E.C. FANS!

WE AT E.C. ARE PROUDEST OF OUR SCIENCE - FICTION MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR...



AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

ANOTHER "NEW TREND" SURE-FIRE WINNER!

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

ON SALE NOW AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!



Captain Malfeasance O'Malley of the Bureau of Missing Persons was trying to console the unhappy and heart-broken couple who were sobbing holes through the hand-rolled, monogrammed Kleenex tissues he had received for Christmas! Poor Mr. and Mrs. Omar Kayak were weeping over the loss of their only son, little Lemur Kayak.

O'Malley grabbed the rest of the Kleenex out of their tear-soaked hands and shoved it into a desk drawer. "This department has left *no stone unturned* in searching for your son. In fact, the mayor has ordered us to put the sidewalks back as they were!! But be of stout heart, for I have called the eminent Professor Cosmo McMoon—of Embraceable U.—in on this baffling case!

"The professor is accomplished in many fields. He's the man who put chlorophyl in Sen-Sen! He's explored the wildernesses of the human mind with gun and camera! He's been *in* so many minds, he's practically *out* of his own!! Have you read his latest tome, 'The Rest of Your Mind May Not Work . . . But Your Medulla Oblong Gotta!'? He is also the force behind the proposed 'Impeach Ben Franklin' movement. Unfortunately, Franklin was never president. He is the author of our new financial recovery program. He plans to send all Americans to Europe to live off Uncle Sam. A marvelous plan . . . it would reduce taxes tremendously!"

The door flew open! A distinguished man with a tuning-fork beard, clad in a midnight-blue dinner jacket, yellow Tunisian trousers, and open-toed, hob-nailed boots, stomped in!

"I received your urgent message on my tie-clasp radio, O'Malley, just as I was presenting my latest bill to the Senate page-boys! A bill to empty the Pacific into the Atlantic by means of a coast-to-coast bucket brigade. No more would our glorious West be threatened with

floods! But what of the missing cherub?"

Mrs. Kayak began the strange tale amid sobs and wails.

"Our dear little Lemur was a healthy, alert and normal boy until the day I brought home that box of table salt from the grocer's."

"What's so unusual about a box of salt?", asked Cosmo.

"Nothing! It was a famous brand. You've seen it! It comes in a round red box with a yellow top and a little tin spout for pouring."

"Yes, go on please!"

"Well, on the box, in a diamond shaped frame, is a picture of a Shaker lady with a brown bonnet on her head. The lady is smiling and in her hand she's holding another box of salt and on it is a picture of another Shaker lady holding another box of salt on which there is a picture of—"

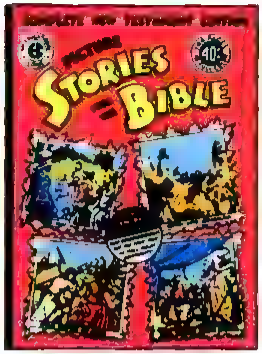
"I know . . . a Shaker lady with a box of salt!!! They keep diminishing. Go on, please!"

"Well, our dear little Lemur just sat for hours on end and stared from one Shaker lady on to the next. He seemed fascinated! And then one day . . . (sob) . . . he . . . (sob) . . . disappeared! And just when I was about to change to a brand of salt with just *one* little girl with an umbrella on the package! That's life! When it rains . . . it pours!"

Cosmo McMoon stroked his beard thoughtfully. Captain O'Malley dried some wilted Kleenex by the heat of his desk lamp. The poor Kayaks just sobbed. Then the magnificent mind of McMoon came up with the solution!

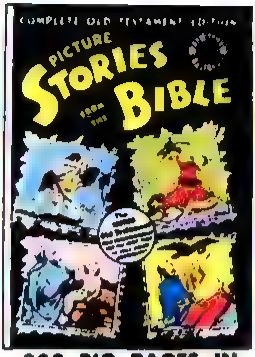
"My dear friends! Your little boy has gone off into another dimension—and I am sure he's very happy there. Yes, he has gone into INFINITY . . . with the Shaker lady! The infinite is the unattainable limit of an unending process of construction. The extended objects of our ordinary perception do not occupy all the span of our field of vision. Objects last for a longer or shorter period, before which they were not experienced and after which they are no longer experienced. Lemur has gone into infinity . . . right down to the last salt box in the hands of the last unseen Shaker lady!"

Now Mr. and Mrs. Omar Kayak were very happy. They hurried right home to talk to their little box of salt!



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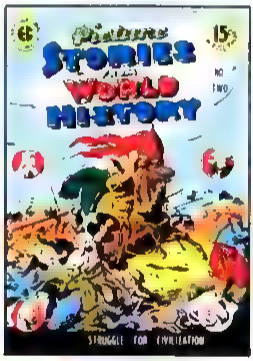


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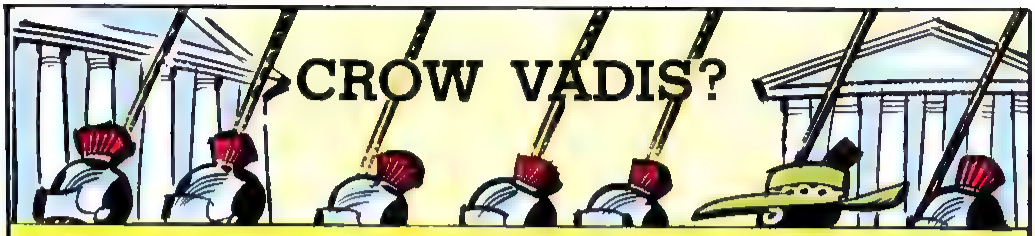
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Tiberius O'Leary—
Roman Counterspy!
Rome 106 B.C.

Senator Gaius Tobey assigned his best secret operative, Tiberius O'Leary, to crack down on gamblers who were fixing the spear-point spreads in the gladiator matches. The Romans had been shocked by the recent bribing of schoolboy athletes in the Colosseum!

Tiberius, working incognito, put on a zoot-toga and headed for a little poolroom just off the main drag, the Appian Way!

Inside the emporium, Marcus Sumatra, a dixieland lyre-player, crooned a tender refrain, "The Cry of the Wild Helvetian"! Tiberius quickly joined in a game of Roman Parchisi.

Amid cries of "You're faded, Brutus," "VII come XI," and "Baby needs a new pair of sandals," Tiberius raked in the chips! Suddenly, one of the heavy losers rapped Tiberius with a roll of denarii clenched in a closed fist. When Tiberius came to, the joint was raided by Chief Lucius Patton and the Forum Police, who put the bracchia on one and all!

Tiberius was thrown into solus confinement for 24 years and 8 months, despairing of ever fulfilling his secret mission. At this time, all men in Rome, between the ages of 18 and 25, received:

"Greetings from the Emperor! You are hereby ordered to report to local draft board MCXXV for a pre-induction physical!"

The Romans put Tiberius on their shoulders and marched with him to the Grand Central Forum. They sang rousing choruses of "When Graccus Comes Marching Home Again," "The Chariot-Wheel of Fortune," "Bell Bottom Togas," "This is the Pedites, Mr. Tiberius," and "I'm a Roman Doodle Dandy"!!

At the draft board, Tiberius was immediately classified 1-A and sent to Fort Dixiebus for basic training.

At the fort, he was given a glass of milk; some gefuelte fish, and then an R.I. (Roman Issue) haircut. Now he was ready to relieve a Vestal Virgin for active duty!

He entered the Chemical Corps at the out-break of the Second Punic War. He was assigned to a place called Oak Ridge to carry on his explosive experiments.

Then the Romans invaded the White Cliffs of Dover! They discovered that the white cliffs were made of chalk, so they brought home a galley-full! The Roman Board of Education was elated! Roman students could write on their slates at last!

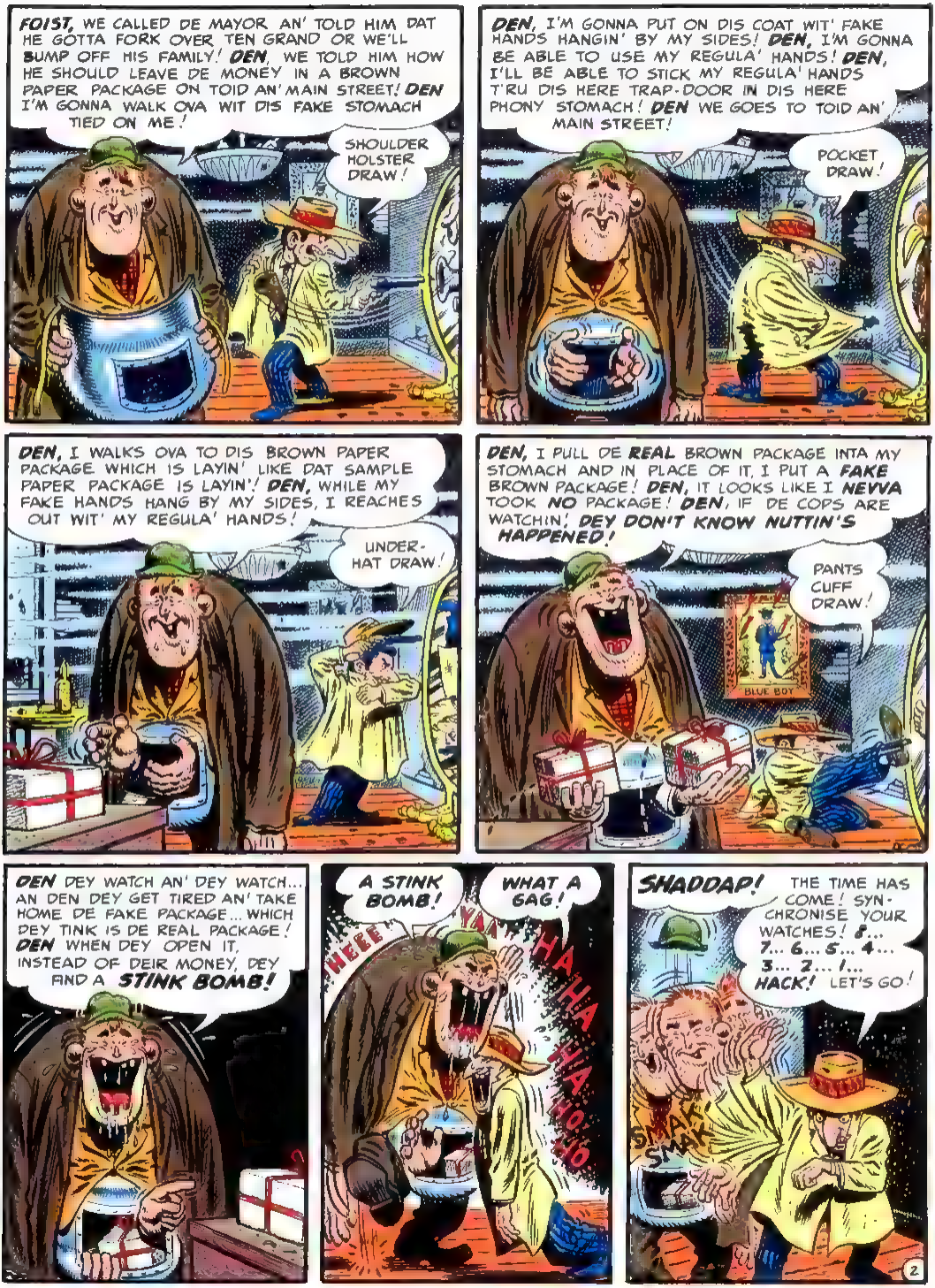
But the triumph of progress was short-lived! The kids were ruining their togas with chalk-dust. Tailors and cleaners were living off the fad of the land!!

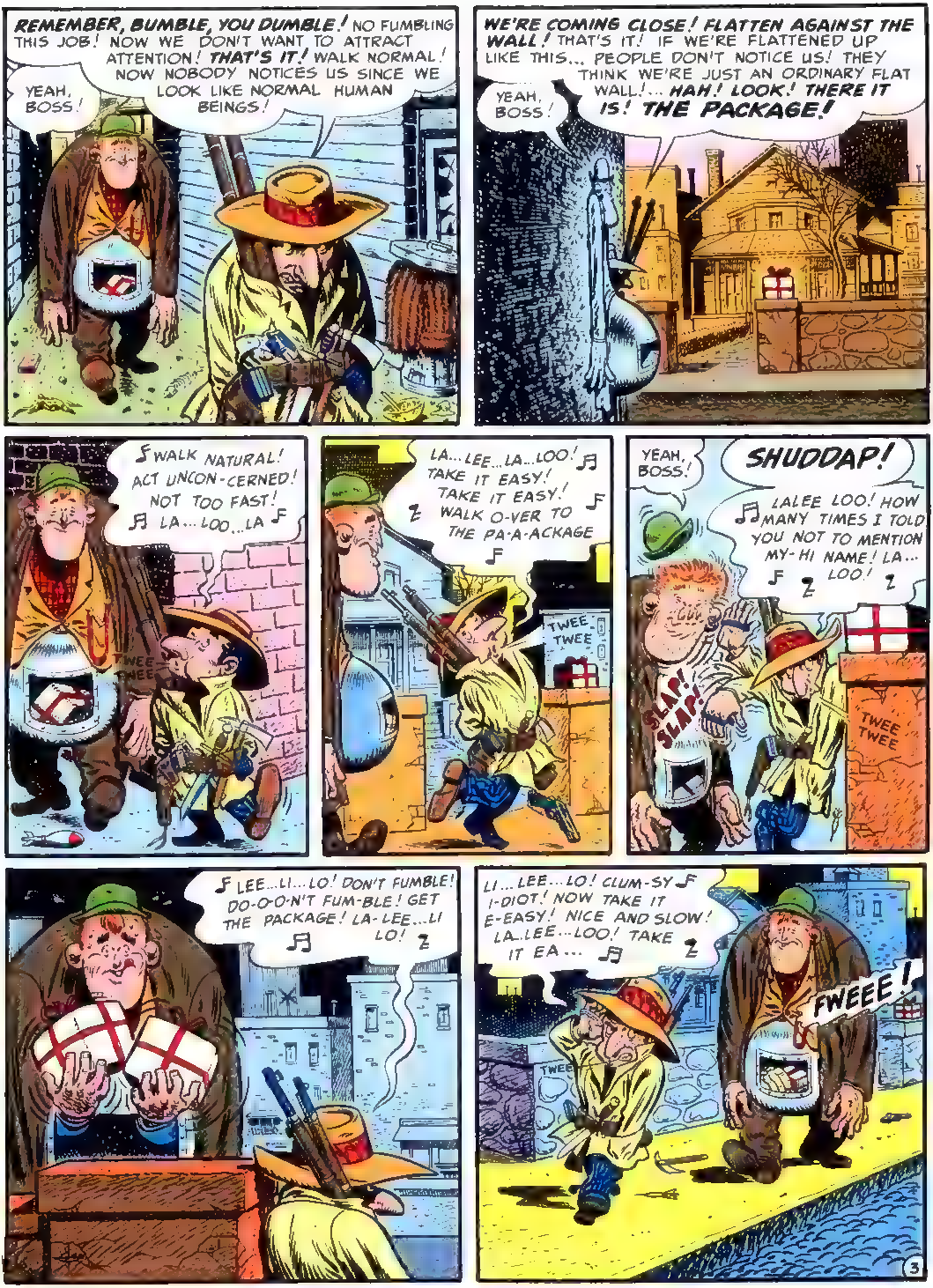
Tiberius retired to his lab, and after 32 years of research, came out with an implement to clean slates. It was called . . . "Eradico Scribendi"!

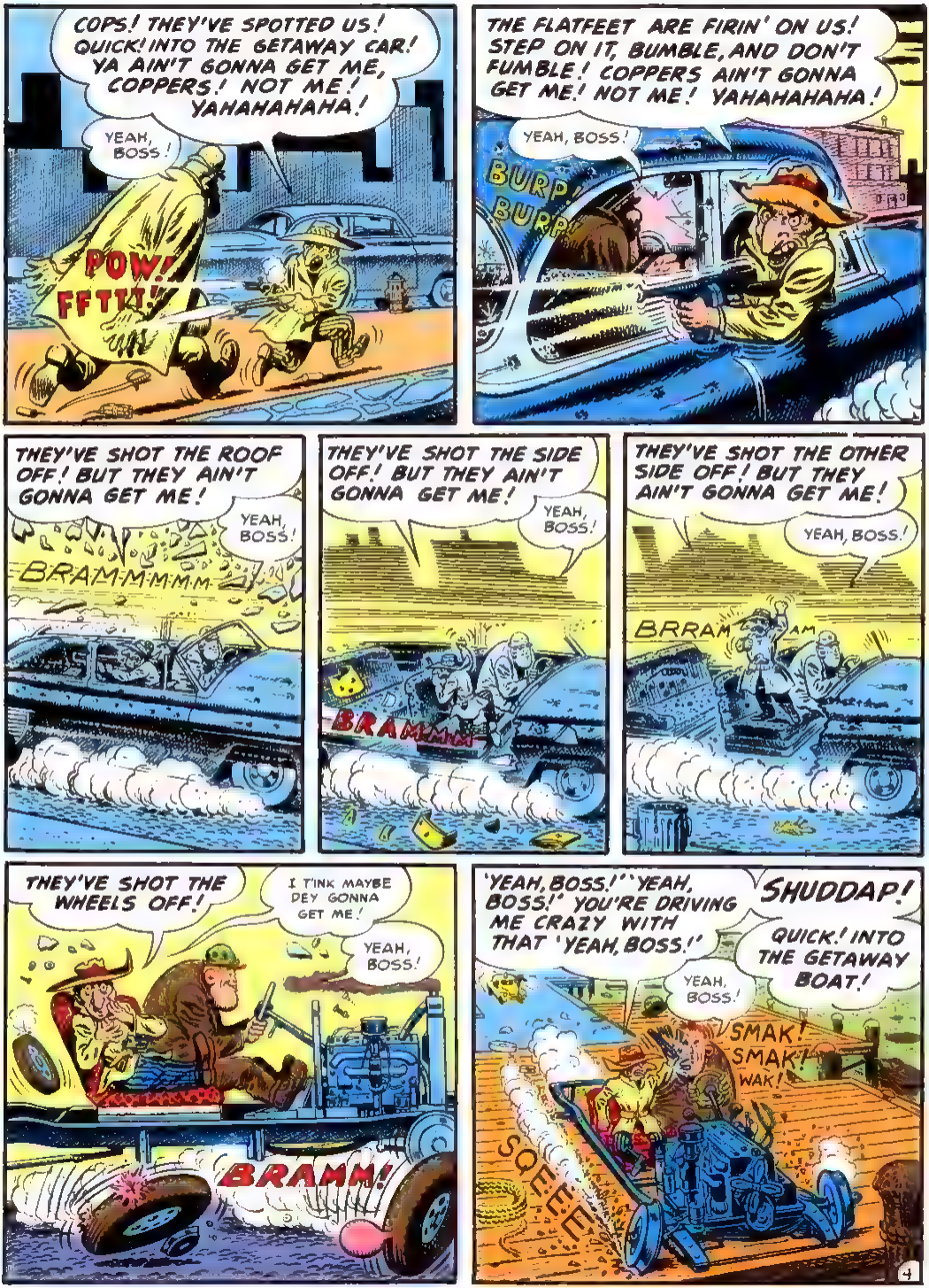
But, as he emerged from his sanctuary with his wonderful discovery, Rome fell!!

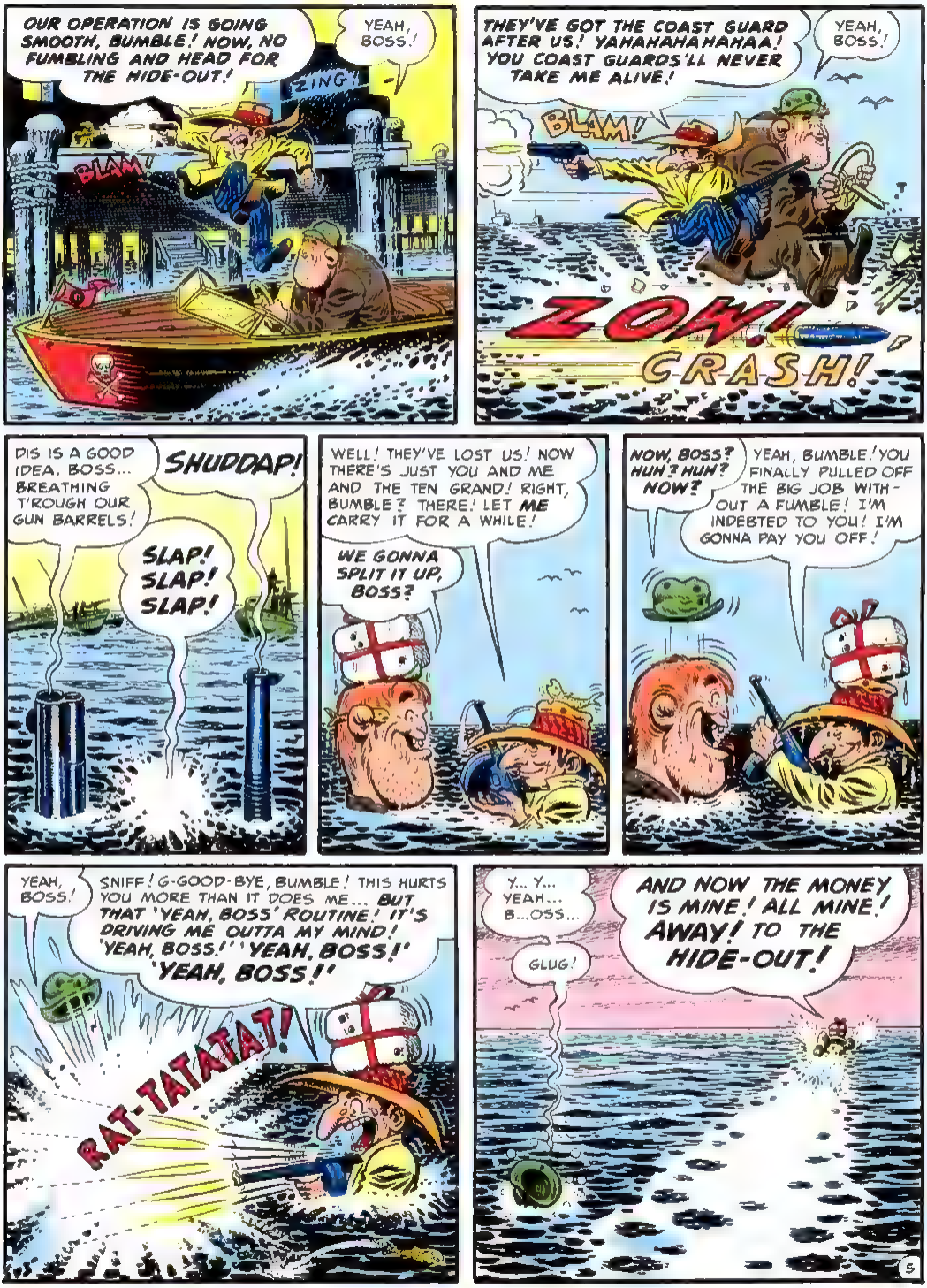
And that's how *ERASERS* were born!


CRIME DEPT.! COME AWAY FROM YOUR FRESH PAINT HOMES ON TREE-LINED STREETS!... AWAY FROM YOUR CLEAN LINEN, YOUR GRADE-A MILK! COME TO THE GARBAGE-CANNED, BROKEN WINDOWED LAND OF THE UNDERWORLD! COME TO THE HOME OF THE GANGSTERS, GORILLAS, AND...
GANEFS!
B. ELDER
BUMBLE! EVERY TIME WE PULL A JOB, YOU FUMBLE! THIS TIME, WE'RE GONNA PULL THIS BIG JOB WITHOUT FUMBLING!
YEAH, BOSS!
...EVERYTHING SET?... HUH? ARTILLERY OILED?... BULLETS SHINED UP?... SHOULDER HOLSTERS POLISHED AND DUBBINED?... GETAWAY CAR FIXED UP WITH FALSE LICENSE PLATES? HUH, BUMBLE?... HUH? HUH?
YEAH, BOSS!
SHUDDUP!
YOU TALK TOO MUCH!
SLAP
CRAK
FLAP FLAP
ALL RIGHT, BUMBLE! NOW LET'S GO THROUGH THIS THING ONCE MORE! HOW ARE WE GOING TO PULL THIS JOB?
YEAH, BOSS!


FOIST, WE CALLED DE MAYOR AN' TOLD HIM DAT HE GOTTA FORK OVER TEN GRAND OR WE'LL BUMP OFF HIS FAMILY! DEN, WE TOLD HIM HOW HE SHOULD LEAVE DE MONEY IN A BROWN PAPER PACKAGE ON TOID AN' MAIN STREET! DEN I'M GONNA WALK OVA WIT DIS FAKE STOMACH TIED ON ME!
SHOULDER HOLSTER DRAW!
DEN, I'M GONNA PUT ON DIS COAT WIT' FAKE HANDS HANGIN' BY MY SIDES! DEN, I'M GONNA BE ABLE TO USE MY REGULA' HANDS! DEN, I'LL BE ABLE TO STICK MY REGULA' HANDS T'RU DIS HERE TRAP-DOOR IN DIS HERE PHONY STOMACH! DEN WE GOES TO TOID AN' MAIN STREET!
POCKET DRAW!
DEN, I WALKS OVA TO DIS BROWN PAPER PACKAGE WHICH IS LAYIN' LIKE DAT SAMPLE PAPER PACKAGE IS LAYIN'! DEN, WHILE MY FAKE HANDS HANG BY MY SIDES, I REACHES OUT WIT' MY REGULA' HANDS!
UNDER-HAT DRAW!
DEN, I PULL DE REAL BROWN PACKAGE INTA MY STOMACH AND IN PLACE OF IT, I PUT A FAKE BROWN PACKAGE! DEN, IT LOOKS LIKE I NEVVA TOOK NO PACKAGE! DEN, IF DE COPS ARE WATCHIN', DEY DON'T KNOW NUTTIN'S HAPPENED!
PANTS CUFF DRAW!
BLUE BOY
DEN DEY WATCH AN' DEY WATCH... AN DEN DEY GET TIRED AN' TAKE HOME DE FAKE PACKAGE... WHICH DEY TINK IS DE REAL PACKAGE! DEN WHEN DEY OPEN IT, INSTEAD OF DEIR MONEY, DEY FIND A STINK BOMB!
A STINK BOMB!
WHAT A GAG!
HEE
HA HA HA HA HA
SHADDAP! THE TIME HAS COME! SYN-CHRONISE YOUR WATCHES! 8... 7... 6... 5... 4... 3... 2... 1... HACK! LET'S GO!
SMAK! SMAK!
2


REMEMBER, BUMBLE, YOU DUMBLE! NO FUMBLING THIS JOB! NOW WE DON'T WANT TO ATTRACT ATTENTION! THAT'S IT! WALK NORMAL! NOW NOBODY NOTICES US SINCE WE LOOK LIKE NORMAL HUMAN BEINGS!
YEAH, BOSS!
WE'RE COMING CLOSE! FLATTEN AGAINST THE WALL! THAT'S IT! IF WE'RE FLATTENED UP LIKE THIS... PEOPLE DON'T NOTICE US! THEY THINK WE'RE JUST AN ORDINARY FLAT WALL!... HAH! LOOK! THERE IT IS! THE PACKAGE!
YEAH, BOSS!
WALK NATURAL! ACT UNCON-CERNED! NOT TOO FAST! LA...LOO...LA
TWEE TWEE
LA...LEE...LA...LOO! TAKE IT EASY! TAKE IT EASY! WALK O-VER TO THE PA-A-ACKAGE
TWEE TWEE
YEAH, BOSS!
SHUDDAP!
LALEE LOO! HOW MANY TIMES I TOLD YOU NOT TO MENTION MY-HI NAME! LA... LOO!
SLAP! SLAP!
TWEE TWEE
LEE...LI...LO! DON'T FUMBLE! DO-O-O-N'T FUM-BLE! GET THE PACKAGE! LA-LEE...LI LO!
LI...LEE...LO! CLUM-SY I-DIOT! NOW TAKE IT E-EASY! NICE AND SLOW! LA..LEE...LOO! TAKE IT EA...
TWEE
FWEEE!
3


COPS! THEY'VE SPOTTED US! QUICK! INTO THE GETAWAY CAR! YA AIN'T GONNA GET ME, COPPERS! NOT ME! YAHAHAHAHA!
YEAH, BOSS!
POW! FFTTT!
THE FLATFEET ARE FIRIN' ON US! STEP ON IT, BUMBLE, AND DON'T FUMBLE! COPPERS AIN'T GONNA GET ME! NOT ME! YAHAHAHAHA!
YEAH, BOSS!
BURP! BURP!
THEY'VE SHOT THE ROOF OFF! BUT THEY AIN'T GONNA GET ME!
YEAH, BOSS!
BRAMMMMM
THEY'VE SHOT THE SIDE OFF! BUT THEY AIN'T GONNA GET ME!
YEAH, BOSS!
BRAMMMM
THEY'VE SHOT THE OTHER SIDE OFF! BUT THEY AIN'T GONNA GET ME!
YEAH, BOSS!
BRRAM AM
THEY'VE SHOT THE WHEELS OFF!
I T'INK MAYBE DEY GONNA GET ME!
YEAH, BOSS!
BRAMM!
'YEAH, BOSS!' 'YEAH, BOSS!' YOU'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY WITH THAT 'YEAH, BOSS!'
SHUDDAP!
QUICK! INTO THE GETAWAY BOAT!
YEAH, BOSS!
SMAK! SMAK! WAK!
SQEEE!
4


OUR OPERATION IS GOING SMOOTH, BUMBLE! NOW, NO FUMBLING AND HEAD FOR THE HIDE-OUT!
YEAH, BOSS!
ZING!
BLAM!
THEY'VE GOT THE COAST GUARD AFTER US! YAHAHAHAHAHAA! YOU COAST GUARDS'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!
YEAH, BOSS!
BLAM!
ZOW!
CRASH!
DIS IS A GOOD IDEA, BOSS... BREATHING T'ROUGH OUR GUN BARRELS!
SHUDDAP!
SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!
WELL! THEY'VE LOST US! NOW THERE'S JUST YOU AND ME AND THE TEN GRAND! RIGHT, BUMBLE? THERE! LET ME CARRY IT FOR A WHILE!
WE GONNA SPLIT IT UP, BOSS?
NOW, BOSS? HUH? HUH? NOW?
YEAH, BUMBLE! YOU FINALLY PULLED OFF THE BIG JOB WITHOUT A FUMBLE! I'M INDEBTED TO YOU! I'M GONNA PAY YOU OFF!
YEAH, BOSS!
SNIFF! G-GOOD-BYE, BUMBLE! THIS HURTS YOU MORE THAN IT DOES ME... BUT THAT 'YEAH, BOSS' ROUTINE! IT'S DRIVING ME OUTTA MY MIND! 'YEAH, BOSS!' 'YEAH, BOSS!' 'YEAH, BOSS!'
RAT-TATATAT!
Y... Y... YEAH... B...OSS...
GLUG!
AND NOW THE MONEY IS MINE! ALL MINE! AWAY! TO THE HIDE-OUT!


(PUFF!) I'M GETTING WEAK! (PUFF!) TIRED! (PUFF!) CAN HARDLY LIFT MY ARMS! (PUFF!) MOTHER! (PUFF!) WHERE ARE YOU! (PUFF!)
THERE! IN THE DIS-TANCE! NO!...IT CAN'T BE!
THE HIDE-OUT! I, MELVIN, HAVE MADE IT TO THE HIDE-OUT! I'VE CHEATED THEM AGAIN! I GAMBLED AND WON... YOU HEAR... WON! YAHAHAHA!
NOW... HIHIHIH... I CLIMB UP THE PALM TREE... HIHIHIHIH... WITH MY MONEY... HIHIHIHIH!
I CLIMB UP... HIHIHIH... TO THE HIDE-OUT SHACK... HIHIHIH... WITH THE SECRET COMBINATION... OPEN DOOR... HIHIHIH... GET INSIDE WITH MY MONEY!
KEEP OUT
LOCK DOOR BEHIND... HEE HEE HEE... OPEN PACKAGE... HEE HEE ... MONEY... HEE HEE... PRETTY MONEY...
PHUD!
6
A FOUL STENCH OF A CELLULOID STINK BOMB RISES INTO THE CLEAR OCEAN AIR! FOR, YOU SEE...
BUMBLE... FUMBLED!


WESTERN DEPT: GIMME A DRINK, JOE, AN' LET ME TELL YOU A STORY 'BOUT THE ROOTINEST, TOOTINEST, STRAIGHTEST SHOOTINEST COWPOKE EVER TO RIDE THE PECOS TRAIL! YOU SEE... WHEN HE MADE UP HIS MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', HE DIDN'T CHANGE EASY... AN' WHAT HE MADE UP HIS MIND TO DO WUZ... TO KILL A...
VARMINT!
J. SEVERIN
BLAM!
YAHOO!
PLINK!
PLONKAPLINK!
KLUNK!
PLONK!
KLUNK!
WHO DEALT THISMESS?
SWE KLINK!
-DADA LINE
KLINK!
HAW HAW!
HONK!
PLINKAPLINK!
HA HOO!
PLINK!
PLINK!
BLAM!
MYAD--
DALINE!
KLINK!
WHO HA?
YIIIIHA!
POW!
PLINK-PLINK!
BLONGABLONG
PLINK!


PLINK!
PLINK!
PLINK!
PLINK!
SWISH!
KLINK!
KLINK!
KLINK!
KLINK!
BEG PARDON, GENTS!
BARTENDER! LEMME HAVE A GLASS OF...
...MILK!
TEX! TEXTRON QUICKDRAW! YOU'VE COME BACK TO YUCCA-PUCCA GULCH... TO DO SUMTHIN'! AN' WHEN YOU MAKES UP YOUR MIND TO DO SUMTHIN', YOU DON'T CHANGE EASY! ONE Y'AR AGO, YORE BUDDY, MELVIN, WAS SHOT IN THE BACK BY SOME UNKNOWN VARMINT!
YEP, SADDLE-SORE!
ONE Y'AR AGO, YOU SET OUT ON THE PECOS TRAIL TO HUNT DOWN THAT VARMINT... AN' WHEN YOU MAKES UP YER MIND TO DO SUMTHIN', YOU DON'T CHANGE EASY! ONE Y'AR AGO YOU STRAPPED ON YER GUNS AND VOWED NOT TO TAKE 'EM OFF TILL YOU GOT THAT VARMINT! 'P-PEARS LIKE Y-YOU STILL G-GOT YORE GUNS S-S-STRAPPED ON!
YEP, SADDLE-SORE!
2

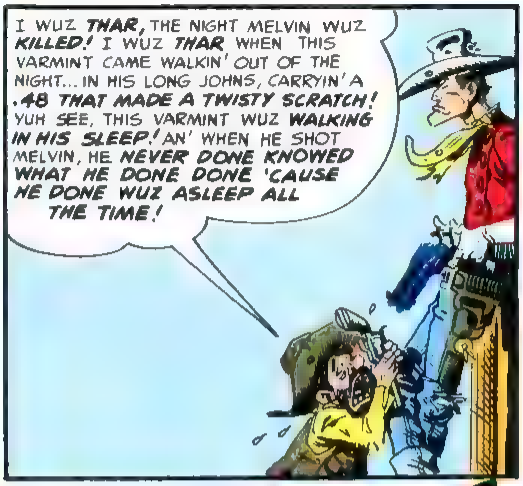

I BEEN RIDIN'... FER THE PAST Y'AR SADDLE-SORE.! 'CAUSE WHEN I MAKES UP MUH MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', I DON'T CHANGE EASY.! AN' I GOT MUH GUNS STRAPPED ON 'CAUSE WHEN I FIND THE VARMINT THAT SHOT MUH BUDDY, AH'M GONNA GIVE 'IM THE SAME CHANCET HE GAVE MELVIN.!
I BEEN RIDIN'... 'CAUSE WHEN I MAKES UP MUH MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', I DON'T CHANGE EASY.! I DUG THE BULLET OUTTA MELVIN.! A .48 SLUG WITH A TWISTY SCRATCH! I BEEN RIDIN' CROSS'T THE PECOS TRAIL FOLLOWING THE GUN THAT THAT THERE BULLET CUM F'UM.! AN' THE TRAIL BRUNG ME BACK H'AR.! H'AR TO YUCCA-PUCCA GULCH.!
I BEEN RIDIN'... 'CAUSE WHEN I MAKES UP MUH MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', I DON'T CHANGE EASY.! RIDIN' TILL I'M SADDLE-SORE, SADDLE-SORE.! I BEEN FOLLOWING A .48 REVOLVER THAT MAKES A TWISTY SCRATCH.! I BEEN FOLLOWING IT HERE TO THE MAN WHO OWNS IT.! A MAN BY THE NAME OF KICKIMINABELLY KELLY!
GULP!
HOWDY, STRANGER.!
I'M ... KICKIMINA-BELLY... KELLY.!
KICKIMINA-BELLY KELLY.!
HOO HAH.!
THE FASTEST DRAW WEST OF LAREDO.!
TEX DON'T HAVE A CHANCE.!
HE WUZ A NICE FELLER.!
DUST OFF A PLOT ON BOOT-HILL BOYS, 'CAUSE I'M REACHIN' FOR MY GU...
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLUDABL-BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
... N.!
3


DID YOU SEE WHAT HE DONE DID?
IN THE TIME IT TOOK KICKIM-INABELLY TO DRAW, TEX PUT DOWN HIS GLASS O'MILK, DREW HIS GUNS, FIRED, HOLSTERED HIS GUNS AND PICKED UP HIS MILK!
YUH GOT ME, STRANGER!
B-BUT I -- I DIDN'T DO IT! I DIDN'T KILL M-MELVIN! IT'S TRUE I OWNED THAT .48 REVOLVER THAT MADE A TWISTY SCRATCH... BUT I DONE LOST IT IN A FARO GAME! I DONE LOST IT TO... TO...
LI-DE-DI-DOE... DEE-DEE-DI...
TO...TO...TO... SLIPPERY S-SAM, THE GAMBLIN' M-MAN!
...UGH!
SLIPPERY SAM, THE GAMBLIN' MAN, EH?
HUM-TE-TYUM! LA-LA-LOO... LEE-LA-LO
HOLD ON, STRANJUH!
YOU LOOKS SLIPPERY, AN' YOU LOOKS SAM, AN' YOU LOOKS LIKE A GAMBLIN' MAN!
...I BEEN RIDIN' 'CAUSE WHEN I MAKES UP MUH MIND...
NOW LOOKY HERE, BOY!...TELL YOU WHAT I'M GONNA DEW! I DIDN'T KILL NO MELVIN, BOY! WHUT THE HECK I WANNA KILL MELVIN FOR?...
BLAM! BLAM! KA-BLAM! BLAOW! BLAM! BLAM! KA-BLAM!
4


YUH GOT ME, STRANGER!
THAT TINY LITTLE DERRINGER PISTOL YOU HAD HIDDEN UNDER YOUR FINGER NAIL DIDN'T FOOL ME ONE BIT! LIKE I SAID... WHEN I MAKES UP MUH MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', I DON'T CHANGE EASY!
LOOKY H'AR, TEX! IN SLIPPERY SAM, THE GAMBLIN' MAN'S POCKET! A BILL O' SALE! IT SAYS SLIPPERY SAM SOLD THAT 48 REVOLVER THAT MADE A TWISTY SCRATCH TO THE P-PIG-FACED KID!
WAL... GO TELL THE PIG-FACED KID I BE A-WAITIN' HERE FER HIM AT SUN-UP!
SUN-UP! I HEAR THE CLINKIN' OF A SET O' SPURS COMIN' UP THE SILENT STREET! THE PIG-FACED KID... MEANEST KILLER IN THE WEST, IS A-COMIN'!
KLINK! KLINK! KLINK!
SUN-UP! I SEES THE HAT OF A TALL HOMBRE, OVER THE SWINGIN' DOORS! THE PIG-FACED KID... THE TERROR OF ABILENE AN' ALL POINTS NORTH OF THE RIO... IS A-COMIN'!
SUN-UP! AN' WHEN I MAKES UP MUH MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', I DON'T CHANGE EASY, I THINK... EVEN THOUGH I'M FACE TO FACE WITH THE PIG-FACED KID!


KPOW!
KPOW!
KPOW!
BLABAM!
BLABAMBAM
RATTATTATAT!
POW!
ACK! POW!
ACK!
RAT-A-TAT-TAT-A-TAT!
BOING!
WHOMP!
BOW!
WHOMP!
KA WHOMP!
BAM!
WOW! WO HOPPEN?
THE PIG-FACED KID IS IN THERE WITH TEX AN' AFORE THIS HYAR'S OVER, ONE MAN'S A-GOIN' TO BE ALIVE, AN T'OTHER'S GOIN' TO BE DAID!
SOMEONE'S COMING OUT!
IT'S THE PIG-FACED KID!
THE PIG-FACED KID'S ALIVE AND TEX IS DAID!
NO, NO!
TEX IS ALIVE AND THE PIG-FACED KID IS DAID!
NO! NO!
SHUCKS! WE'RE ALL MIXED UP!
KLUNK!
TEX! TEX, MUH BOY! YOU'RE ALIVE! HALLELUJAH! YOU ARE ALIVE! COME TO YORE OL' PAL, SADDLE-SORE, BOY!
CAIN'T UNDERSTAN' IT, SADDLE-SORE! I DIDN'T SEE NO .48 PISTOL THAT MAKES A TWISTY SCRATCH ON THE PIG-FACED... ON... THE...PIG-FACED...
KLUNK!
A .48 PISTOL THAT MAKES A TWISTY SCRATCH! ... SADDLE-SORE! I KNOWN YOU LIKE A PAPPY! YEW DONE RAISED ME F'UM A COLT AN' TEACHED ME HOW TUH SHOOT AN' RIDE! BUT WHEN I MAKES UP MUH MIND TO DO SOMETHIN' I DON'T CHANGE EASY! GOT ANY PRAYERS TO SAY, OL' MAN?
NO-NO, TEX, BOY!
CLICK! CLICK!
6


DON'T DO IT, BOY! I WUZN'T THE VARMINT WHO KILLED MELVIN! BUT I DO KNOW WHO THE VARMINT WUZ! ALL THESE Y'ARS, WHILE YOU BEEN RIDIN', RIDIN', RIDIN', I BEEN A-KEEPIN' THE SECRET IN MUH OLD LEATHERY HEART! AN' NOW, (SNIFF)... NOW I'M A-GONNA HAFTA TELL ALL (SNIFF)!

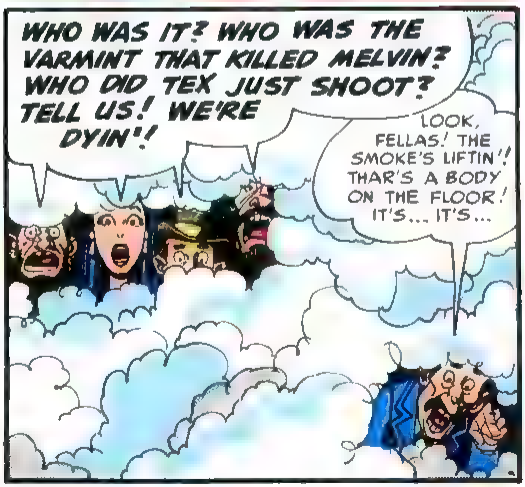

I WUZ THAR, THE NIGHT MELVIN WUZ KILLED! I WUZ THAR WHEN THIS VARMINT CAME WALKIN' OUT OF THE NIGHT... IN HIS LONG JOHNS, CARRYIN' A .48 THAT MADE A TWISTY SCRATCH! YUH SEE, THIS VARMINT WUZ WALKING IN HIS SLEEP! AN' WHEN HE SHOT MELVIN, HE NEVER DONE KNOWED WHAT HE DONE DONE 'CAUSE HE DONE WUZ ASLEEP ALL THE TIME!

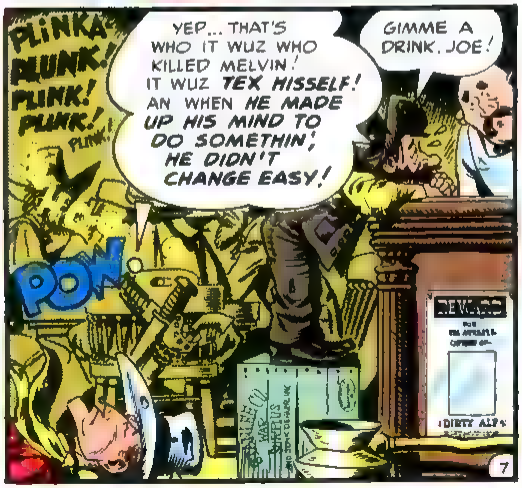

AND THE NAME OF THAT VARMINT... THE NAME OF THAT VARMINT WUZ PSSST SST SST PSST SSST!




WAAL... LIKE I SAID! WHEN I MAKES UP MUH MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', I DON'T CHANGE EASY!
CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!


BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!


WHO WAS IT? WHO WAS THE VARMINT THAT KILLED MELVIN? WHO DID TEX JUST SHOOT? TELL US! WE'RE DYIN'!
LOOK, FELLAS! THE SMOKE'S LIFTIN'! THAR'S A BODY ON THE FLOOR! IT'S... IT'S...


PLINK! PLUNK! PLINK! PLUNK! PLINK!
YEP... THAT'S WHO IT WUZ WHO KILLED MELVIN! IT WUZ TEX HISSELF! AN WHEN HE MADE UP HIS MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', HE DIDN'T CHANGE EASY!
GIMME A DRINK, JOE!
POW
REWARD
WANTED
DEAD OR ALIVE

Q: *"Hoohah" isn't a parody of the EC horror stories.*

HARVEY KURTZMAN: *That makes sense.*

Q: *It's more like a horror movie from the twenties or the thirties, with a series of shocks that are false alarms, and then a final rational explanation that's undercut in the last panel. Did you read horror, or see horror movies? Where did this story come from?*

KURTZMAN: *I saw what everybody else saw, the horror and mystery movies. I can't remember exactly what led to what, but my input was the same as everybody else's. We were all watching the same things. But I can't tell you what movies specifically.*

Q: *I suppose the same is true for the science fiction, except that "Blobs" parodies a very specific story, E.M. Forster's "The Machine Stops."*

KURTZMAN: [looking at "Blobs"] *This Wally Wood drawing is magnificent. For a moment I got this confused with the Jello story, "Gookum"* [issue 2], *because the title "Blobs" suggested gookum and I remember the punch ending of the gookum story. But I don't remember the punch ending of this one, because it just wasn't strong enough, to my way of thinking. It isn't a story that I remember. I remember "Gookum", because it's something that was near and dear to horror and science fiction writers' hearts, the blob of stuff that comes slithering. And I used that device in several stories, if I'm not mistaken. The Heap* [issue 5], *same thing, the mysterious alien blob that absorbs everything in its path.*

Q: *Maybe you don't remember "Blobs" as well because it's actually someone else's story.*

KURTZMAN: *Yeah. It was a cliche and I wasn't particularly inspired by it. The Jello thing was something that I could say something original about. And that's what it's all about, when you have something to say. That's when writing is fun.*

Q: *You mentioned Wood's art, and the one thing that impressed me as I reread* **Mad** *is how fluid Wood's art was then, and how supple his characters were. I'd forgotten that because he became so stiff later.*

KURTZMAN: *He was stiff all along. When he was good, Wally did a lot of work. He used different techniques and he worked hard. And with work, the stories . . . provided a pleasure. You didn't notice the stiffness, but the stiffness was lurking there all the time. And when he finally went into a tailspin of fast work you saw the bad side of Wally, you saw the stiffness.*

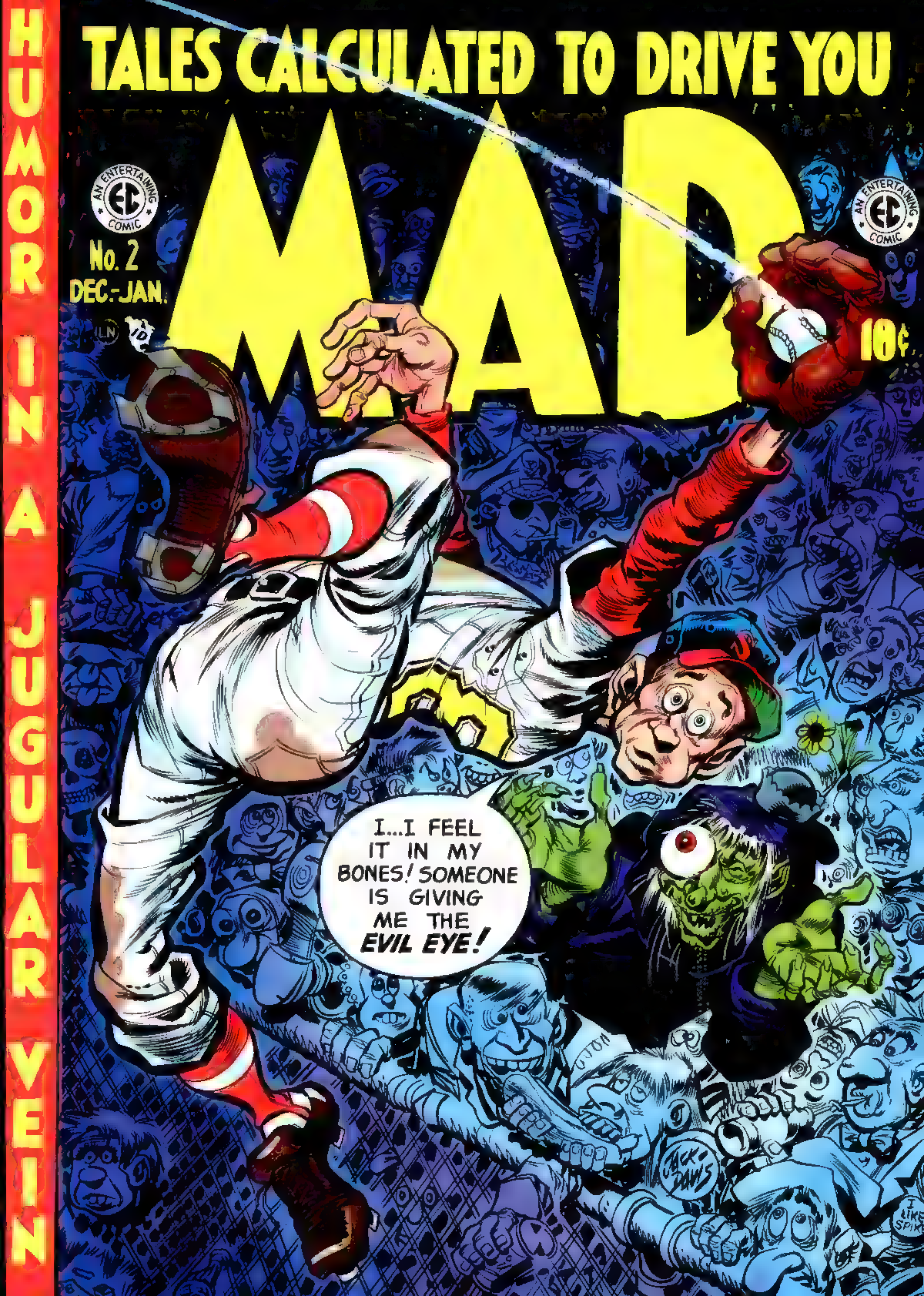
Q: *But the figures are so fluid here. That could be partly due to your layouts?*

KURTZMAN: *I drew a lot of stuff for him. That is, the movement was something that I did well, and it rubbed off on Wally, I'm sure. But I always saw stiffness in Wally's work from the very beginning. He was that kind of an artist. His figures looked like the joints were cemented. But I don't want to take away from Wally; he was one of a kind.*

In the midst of the Cold War fifties, **Mad** seemed to burst forth full blown from nowhere on an unsuspecting comic book reading public. Though **Mad** changed and developed over the years, there was an organic unity, a kind of perfection, from the start which was undoubtedly due to the fact that editor/writer Harvey Kurtzman and his small crew of artists had already developed into a closely integrated team on the EC war titles over the previous year-and-a-half. And the humorous style of the stories had actually been used earlier by Kurtzman in his **Hey Look** (1946-49), **Genius** (1950-51), and particularly **Pot-Shot Pete** (1950-51). The final essential ingredient was a publisher who was willing to gamble on something as untried and irreverent as **Mad**, and to carry the title as a losing proposition for the first four issues until it found its audience. (A slick magazine may be carried for a long period, but most comics publishers in the fifties expected a success from the first issue.)

EC had no special reason to believe that a comic featuring Kurtzman's style of humor, previously produced as fillers for teen and Western comics, would take off and become an institution. So how did **Mad** come about at all? Unfortunately, the detail of **Mad**'s origins differ according to the teller. But the key probably lies in the comment by publisher Bill Gaines that **Mad** was born so that Kurtzman's income could be increased by editing and writing a third book that could be produced more quickly than the two research-intensive war books. Thus, as always, art and commerce are inseparable.

—John Benson


HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN
TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU
MAD
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
No. 2
DEC.-JAN.
10¢
I...I FEEL IT IN MY BONES! SOMEONE IS GIVING ME THE EVIL EYE!
CRACK-JAWS

E.C. FANS!

WE ARE PROUDEST OF OUR SCIENCE-FICTION MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR





AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

ON SALE NOW AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

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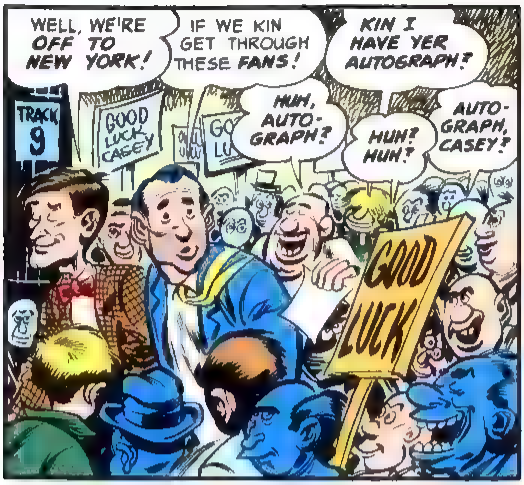

TERROR DEPT.: THERE ARE MANY THINGS GOING ON IN THE WORLD THAT ARE VERY STRANGE... THAT HAVE NO EXPLANATION! MANY THINGS IN MANY PHASES OF LIFE... EVEN IN THE GAME OF BASE-BALL! THERE ARE THE SUPERSTITIONS, THE BELIEFS IN THE UNNATURAL, THE BELIEFS IN THE...
HEX!
OOOH, NO!
STRRRIKE THREE!
YER OUT!
SWEATSOX
MELVIN DAVIS
I'M SORRY, LEO! I GUESS THIS JUST ISN'T MY DAY!
SORRY, HE SAYS! SORRY! WE PRACTICALLY GOT THE PENNANT IN OUR POCKETS... TWO PLAYOFF GAMES TIED... THE FINAL GAME... WOT HAPPENS!
...I'LL TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENS... MY PITCHERS SUDDENLY CAN THROW FAT PITCHES, WILD PITCHES! THE OTHER TEAM STEALS BASES ON US, CATCHES US NAPPING... AND MY BIG TIME CLEANUP MAN CAN'T CLEAN BEANS... AN' FURTHERMORE...
SOX

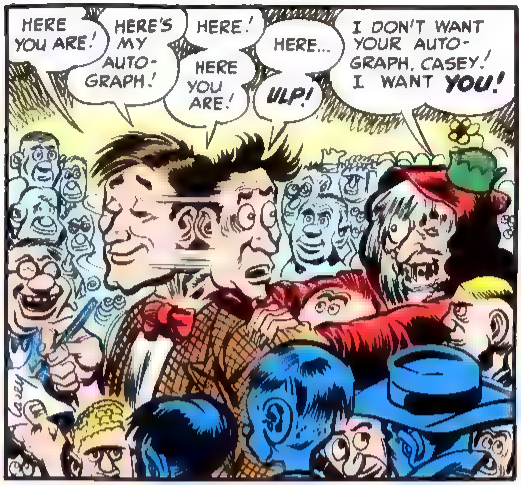

AAH! I DON'T KNOW WHATSA MATTER WITH ME, YEGGI! I CAN'T SEEM TO BUY A HIT!
YOU MIGHT BE HEXED, CASEY! DID YUH TOUCH 2ND BASE ON YOUR WAY OUT?
NINE RUNS BEHIND... AN' YAKETTY YAK YAK YAK
AAAAH! DON'T GIVE ME ANY OF THAT SUPERSTITION STUFF, YEGGI!
MAYBE YUH TOOK DUH LAST BAT IN DUH RACK! BAD LUCK TO USE LAST BAT IN DUH RACK!
YAKKETY YAK YAK YAK!
HERE, CASEY! HERE'S A GOOD LUCK CHARM! IT'LL BRING YUH LUCK!
AAAH... WELL, THANKS, YEGGI! ... IF ANYTHING IS GIVING ME BAD LUCK, IT'S HER!
WHOZAT, CASEY?
THAT OLD DAME IN THE CENTERFIELD BLEACHERS! EVERY GAME, THAT OL' DAME SITS AN' LOOKS AT ME! A REGULAR GIRL FRIEND!
OOH! DAT'S... DAT'S DUH EVIL EYE! SHE'S GIVIN' YOU DUH WHAMMY!
EH, YOU BEEN READIN' TOO MANY COMIC BOOKS, YEGGI! LET'S PLAY BALL!
HMF! YEGGI SURE IS SUPERSTITIOUS! THAT OL' DAME IS PROBABLY MADLY IN LOVE WITH ME!... OOP! HERE COMES ONE MY WAY!
CLONK
IT'S GOIN' BACK INTO THE BLEACHERS... BACK... BACK...
2


ATTABOY, CASEY LOVER! THAT'S THE WAY TO SNAG 'EM, LOVER!
AAAH, YOU'VE BEEN BAD LUCK, DOLL! WE WON'T WIN THE PENNANT TODAY!
I'LL GIVE YOU LUCK, CASEY! PROMISE TO MARRY ME AND I'LL WIN YOU THE PENNANT!
SURE, I'LL MARRY YOU, DOLL! NOW LEMME CLIMB OUTTA YOUR LAP BACK INTO THE GAME...
OWCH
DUMB DAME! WHATSA IDEA STICKIN ME WITH A PIN?
BLOOD, CASEY! YOU AGREED TO A PACT AND WE'LL SIGN IT IN BLOOD!
X
QUIT TALKIN' TA THEM SPECTATORS, CASEY. ER I'LL SLAP A FINE ON YA!
CRAZY OL' DAME! STICKS ME WITH A PIN!
BLOOD! YAHAHA! A PACT IN BLOOD! YOU BELONG TO ME, CASEY... YAHAHA... TO ME!
THUNDER! THAT'S FUNNY! THERE AIN'T A CLOUD IN THE SKY!
VLAB
ADOOMMMM
3


...NOW LISTEN, CASEY! THIS IS IT! LAST OF THE NINTH INNING... TWO MEN DOWN... NO MAN ON BASE... WE NEED A RALLY, BOY! A RALLY! GO OUT THERE, BOY! SHOW ME THE OL' CLUTCH HITTIN' CASEY I USED TO KNOW, BOY! (SOB) GO HIT A HOME RUN FER OL' LEO!
SWE
WELL, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! LOOKS LIKE THE BALL GAME IS JUST ABOUT OVER! SPECTATORS'RE BEGINNING TO LEAVE! CASEY'S COMIN' UP TO BAT! HERE'S THE WINDUP... THE PITCH...
MEL
WOOP... POP FLY TO THE INFIELD...
... PEEWEE RUSS STANDING EASILY UNDER IT...
...FLICKS HIS SUN-GLASSES...AND HE MAKES THE CA---
... WAIT A MINUTE!
SOMETHING'S HAPPENED! THE BALL HAS HOPPED AWAY FROM PEEWEE'S GLOVE! THIS OLD ANNOUNCER'S EYES MUST BE GOING BAD!
MEL
THERE'S A BIG RHUBARB GOING ON! THE UMPIRE IS EXAMINING THE BALL! HE SAYS NOTHING'S WRONG WITH THE BALL! CASEY'S SAFE ON FIRST!
PLAY BALL!

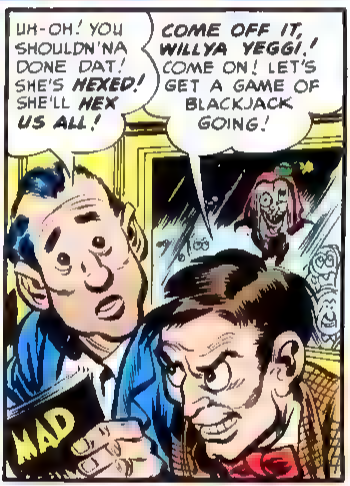

IT LOOKS LIKE THE SWEAT SOX ARE RALLYING! YEGG! BORRA BELTS ONE OUT!
...STAN MUSICAL CONNECTS!
... PREACHER ROWBOAT CONNECTS!
...EDDY STUNKY CONNECTS!
WHAT A GAME, FOLKS! WHAT A GAME! WITH TWO MEN OUT, THE SWEAT SOX HAVE RALLIED IN THE LAST HALF OF THE NINTH AND JUST NEED FOUR MORE RUNS TO CLINCH THE PENNANT! NOW CLEANUP MAN CASEY STEPS TO THE PLATE...
...HE HITS A LINE DRIVE TO THE CENTERFIELD... MELVIN DEMOOGIO'S GOT IT...
...NO!!!...THE BALL IS TAKING A CRAZY HOP... SAILING OVER DEMOOGIO'S HEAD... OUT... OUT... OUT OF THE PARK!
BEEEEEEEEOOOOOOOOOO
...HOME RUN!
5

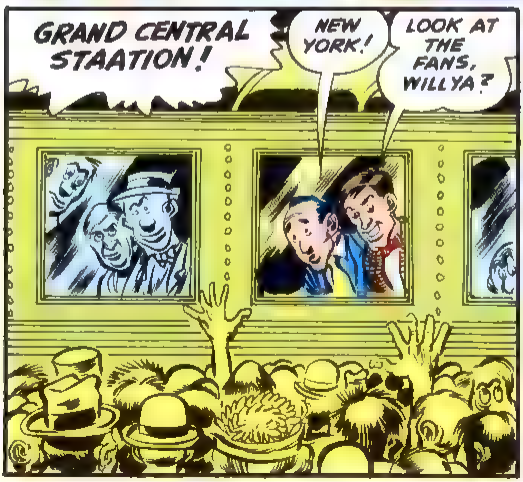

WELL, WE'RE OFF TO NEW YORK!
IF WE KIN GET THROUGH THESE FANS!
KIN I HAVE YER AUTOGRAPH?
TRACK 9
GOOD LUCK CASEY
HUH, AUTO-GRAPH?
HUH? HUH?
AUTO-GRAPH, CASEY?
GOOD LUCK


HERE YOU ARE!
HERE'S MY AUTO-GRAPH!
HERE!
HERE YOU ARE!
HERE...
ULP!
I DON'T WANT YOUR AUTO-GRAPH, CASEY! I WANT YOU!


THE PACT! YOU SIGNED THE PACT IN BLOOD...
PACT, SHMACT! BE A GOOD DOLL AN' GET LOST!
X


WHO WUZ DAT, CASEY? WHO WUZ DAT OL' WOMAN YOU PUSHED IN DE FACE?
AAAH! THAT DOLL IS STILL FOLLOWING ME AROUND!


UH-OH! YOU SHOULDN'NA DONE DAT! SHE'S HEXED! SHE'LL HEX US ALL!
COME OFF IT, WILLYA YEGGI! COME ON! LET'S GET A GAME OF BLACKJACK GOING!
MAD


GRAND CENTRAL STAATION!
NEW YORK!
LOOK AT THE FANS, WILLYA?


AUTO-GRAPH?
AUTO-GRAPH, MR. CASEY?
OOH PLEASE?
OOH! OOH! OOH!
PLEASE GIMME AUTO-GRAPH?
AH, C'MON!
6


OKAY!
HERE'S MY AUTOGRAPH!
HERE!
HERE Y'ARE!
HERE YOU ARE!
ONE AT A T... YOING!
X
NO MORE AUTOGRAPHS TODAY!
SORRY!
NO MORE!
NO MORE, I SAID!
NOBODY ALLOWED IN HERE
GID-DADDA HERE!
WHEW!
AT LAST! I'M ALONE IN MY HOTEL ROOM!
ALONE AT LAST ALONE... ALO... AL... A...
HEE HEE HEE HEE!
X
THE PACT! I'VE COME TO FULFILL THE PACT! THE PACT WE MADE IN BLOOD!
X
7


I TELL YA, LEO! I HOID A HORRIBLE SHRIEK IN CASEY'S ROOM! A HORRIBLE SHRIEK!
HERE WE GOT THE SERIES IN OUR POCKET, AN' WOT HAPPENS... WOT HAPPENS?
OPEN UP, CASEY!
THE WINDOW!
HE JUMPED! HOW COULD HE DO THIS TO ME?
CRASH
TWENTY STORIES TO THE GROUND! HOW COULD THAT FILTHY DOUBLE-CROSSING RAT KILL HIMSELF?
YEGGI! I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK! IS THE BODY BADLY MUTILATED? DID HE LAND FLAT OR ON HIS HEAD? I CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF BLOOD!
HE DID'N LAND AT TALL' HE... HE ... HOO...
LEO!
LEO!
WHAT'S DAT UP DERE?
WHERE, UP THERE? WHERE? WHERE? UP THERE? WHERE? WHAT? WHO! WHO! HOW!
WHA?
I T'OUGHT I SAW TWO PEOPLE... R-RIDIN' ON A B-B-BROOM STICK... I T'OUGHT!
PINK
OW!
WHATSAT FELL OUTTA THE SKY! A GOOD LUCK CHARM? WHA? WHA? WHO? WHO? WHO?
HOW?
THE CHARM I GAVE CASEY! I GOT A FEELING CASEY'S GONE FOR GOOD! I GOT A FEELIN' WE GONNA LOSE THE SERIES! I GOTTA FEELIN' WE BEEN HEXED!
6


JUNGLE DEPT.: AFRICA! WILD...UNTAMED LAND WHERE TIME STANDS TANGLED IN THE JUNGLE! AFRICA!... HOME OF THE FIERCE GMOWGLI PYGMIES... THE TERRIBLE NGAMBWALI CANNIBALS, AND THE HORRIBLE OOKABALLAKONGA HEAD HUNTERS! ALSO, HOME OF THE JUNGLE APEMAN ... AN APEMAN NAMED...
MELVIN!
OOK! OOK!
OOK! OOK!
OOK!
OOK! OOK! OOK!
OOK! OOK?
OOK!
OOK!
EEK!
HO HUM! ME, MELVIN OF APES, TIRED DIS NONSENSE! I TINK I GO HOME TO JANE! I TINK I GIVE WAR CRY OF KING OF APES...
OOK!
OOK!
OOK! OOK!
HOOOO HAA!
HEY! ME FORGET!... WHERE IS BOY? JANE TELL ME KEEP EYE ON BOY! WHERE BOY?
HEY! LOOK AT DAT MUSCLE!
SWOOSH!


HEY, MELVIN OF APES! HERE ME COME! HERE COME BOY!
TRASH!
HOO HA!
THUMP!
KOMP!
HOOOOP!
THUD!
OOPS! ME GET SUDDEN CRAMP IN LEG, BUT HERE ME COME, MELV!
HOO HA!
CLEARUM DECK, MELV! ME GONNA SWING OUT ON VINE AN...
EEEEE
BOY MISS!
BOY! HOW MANY TIMES ME TELL YOU TO USE HANDS WHEN SWING FROM VINE! SHOW-OFF! ...FOR THAT YOU WALK HOME!
KRASH!
HO! AT LAST AFTER MUCH SWINGING SWIFTLY O'ER AERIAL SKYWAY IN TREE-TOPS, ME COME IN SIGHT OF JUNGLE HOUSE WHERE JANE WAITS!
2


HELLO, JANE! WHAT COOKIN'?
OOOH MELVIN! JANE AFRAID! I HEAR TANTOR THE ELEPHANT TALKING WITH NGAMBO THE LION! TANTOR SAY, OOKABALLAKONGA GOIN' ON WARPATH!
WHAT FOR SUPPER? MMM! CHOPPED JAMBO LEAVES AN HOMINY GRITS!
MELVIN! WHEN OOKABALLAKONGA GO ON WARPATH... THEY TAKE HEADS AND SHRINKUM! MELVIN! SAY OOKABALLAKONGA WON'T GO ON WARPATH! PLEASE SAY...
MOTHER?
LISTEN, MELVIN!
IS WARDRUM OF OOKABALLAKONGA! DIS SERIOUS!
BOMTiDDiBOMTiDDiBOMBOM!!
WE DON'T HAFTA TAKE NONE O' THAT BOLONEY, MELV! LET'S GO OUT AN' BLAST 'EM!
UGH, JANE! YOU GOT FIRE STICK OF MANY THUNDERS! MELVIN NO LIKE FIRESTICK! BAD WHITE MAN INVENTION! MELVIN BREAK!
KONK
BOMTiDDiBOM!
COME, JANE! ME GO PICK UP SPOOR OF OOKABALLA-KONGA! ME TELL 'EM TO CUT DAT NOISE OUT!
HO JANE! ME PICK UP SPOOR OF TRAIL! MAN SCENT GROWING STRONGER! IS VERY STRONG NOW!
SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF
3


THE OOKABALLAKONGA
STAN' BACK, JANE! ME GONNA FIGHT! ME GIVE WAR CRY OF N'GOWA... BIG BULL APE!
HOOO HAA!
HA... OOKABALLAKONGA! PUT 'EM UP! ME HEAR HOW YOU SHRINK HEADS!
HAH! ME KNOW HOW YOU GOT STRANGE MYSTERIOUS FORMULA TO SHRINK 'EM!
PLOPPLOPPLOP!
HEY! BUT YOU NO SHRINKUM MY HEAD! COME ON! PUT 'EM UP... PUT 'EM UP!
HAH! ME KNOCK OUT ALL OOKABALLAKONGA EXCEPT DIS ONE PUNK! ME KNOCK HIM OUT, DEN GIVE VICTORY CRY OF N'GANDI, BIG BULL APE!
HOPPY FAN CLUB
OW!
POK!
PTOO!
4


MELVIN! DE OOKABALLAKONGA S ARE TAKING US AWAY TO SHRINK HEADS!
JANE! WHERE DAT OL' 50 CALIBER FIRE STICK? YOU SURE I BUST IT?
MELVIN! WE GONNA FIX YOUR WAGON! WE GONNA TIE YOU TO FOUR ELEPHANTS AN' TEAR YOU IN FOUR EQUAL PARTS!
ANY LAST REQUESTS, OL' MAN?
SKULL CAP
YES! JUST LET MELVIN GIVE ONE L'IL OL' CRY OF BULL-APE, N'GOKKA, IN TROUBLE!
HOOO HA!
HOOO HAAAAA
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE?
HOOO HA!
HOOOO HAAA
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!
HOO HA!
HOOO HAAAAA
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!
5


HOOOO HAAAA
HOOOOO HAAAA
HOOOO HAAAAA
HOOOO HAAAA
H2O
SURRENDER!
WE SURRENDER!
FINS, I GOT!
KAMERAD! FINGERS!
WHITE FLAG!
MELVIN! US OOKA-BALLAKONGAS GIVE UP! YOU BIG BOSS AROUND HERE FROM NOW ON! FORGIVE US! WE GIVE YOU GIFTS AND ALL KINDS BRIBES!
6


FIRST WE HAVE BIG FEAST! FRIED WART-HOG WARTS AND LITTLE LEFT-OVER HAUNCH OF EXPLORER WE HAD IN ICE BOX!
DEN WE GIVE YOU GIFTS! VOODOO DOLL YOU CAN STICK PINS IN! KEEP YOU MATE IN LINE!
OWCH!
DEN WE GIVE YOU COUPLA EXTRA WIVES! DIS ONE HERE... SHE KISS YOU... HOBOY! YOU STAY KISSED!
NOW FOR MAIN GIFT OF EVENING! VERY FINE GIFT MADE BY SECRET OL' OOKABALLAKONGA FORMULA! MAKE GOOD TELEVISION SET DECORATION!
BRING SPECIAL GIFT!
CLAP! CLAP!
NO!
IT CAN'T BE!
CHIEF CHOW CHEF
IS SHRUNKEN HEAD!
...IS BOY!
UGH! GO WAY, BOY! YOU REPULSIVE!
AH COM'ON MELV! ME GOOD! ME SWING ON VINE WIT' TWO HANDS NOW! TAKE BOY BACK TO TREE HOUSE, WILLYA? HUH? WILLYA? HUH? HUH? WILLYA?
7

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ANOTHER "NEW TREND" SURE-FIRE WINNER!

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

ON SALE NOW

AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!



Monongahela Wheeler, private eye, flashed his badge at Babalou O'Brien, his nagging secretary.

"Listen, Mo! We owe Mr. Gaines, the Baron of Lafayette Street, five months back rent on this broom closet. You haven't made a prune since you caught the counterfeiter, Two-Buck Tim from Timbuktu! Now you have a chance for an interview and free publicity on the coast-to-coast broadcast, 'Breakfast with Max and Minx'!

"Desist, woman! I don't believe in *mind over mattress* . . . rising at 6 in the a.m. to chit-chat with a couple of bleary-eyed early birds! Besides . . . I can't stomach their sponsor's product, the breakfast food that's packed in shell casings. What with Minx's canaries chirping the Anvil Chorus, the cereal exploding, and the friction in Max's diction, I won't get a plug in edgewise! No! I refuse!"

Just then, a beautiful woman, with mascara-smeared eyelids, swivel-hipped into the office. As Babalou leered at the lovely intruder, Mo looked her over like the Sunday supplement.

"What *is* it, Mo? A raccoon???"

Mo observed that the mysterious lady was wearing a soft sighing whisp of a black chiffon chapeau with a rayon net cascading over a pure silk print dinner dress of mauve, aqua, topaz, and tissue faille beige. The whole effect was one of melodious cacophony, quiet dignity and unstudied flawlessness!! She was obviously a retired taxi-dancer.

The lady placed 498 one-dollar bills and a two-spot on Mo's desk. She spoke in a voice smooth as warm butterscotch pudding. "This is a small retainer, Mr. Wheeler! There's been foul play at 24 Claw St.!!" Then she turned on her wedgies and left.

Mo stuck the loot in his suit, the two-spot in an envelope for the landlord, and headed for

the house of evil with Babalou in tow!!

* * * * * *

Soon, the sleuth and his steno were standing in the sinister, spider-webbed hallway of 24 Claw!

"Let's try that door at the top of the stairs, sweetheart! Watch that first step. Looks rotten!" . . . *"Right, Mo!"* . . . "Watch that second step. Pretty weak!" . . . *"Right, Mo!"* . . . "The third step, too!" . . . *"Right, Mo!"* . . . "Fourth's bad!" . . . *"Right, Mo!"* "Fifth's worse yet!" . . . *"Right, Mo!"* . . . Watch the SEVENTH step . . . very bad!"

There was a resounding crash! Mo would have to carry on alone, now! Reaching the landing, he opened the foreboding door! There, on the floor, was a murdered seaman in a blood-soaked oilskin coat and a sou'wester . . . a harpoon impaled in his back!!

"Here's one sailor who found a *storm* in a *port!* Judging from the angle this 600 pound Nantucket needle entered the body, it was thrown at close range! The serial number has been filed off. There must be hundreds of harpoons of the same caliber around town!"

As Mo whipped his magnifying glass into focus, the Lady-in-Mascara flounced into the room.

"Mr. Wheeler! The solution to this crime lies in that room across the hall!"

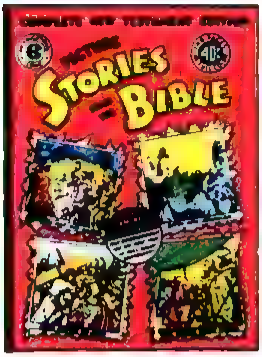
Mo raced to that perilous portal! He kicked it in with the toe of his tennis shoe. A red light flashed . . . ON THE AIR! Canaries chirped and breakfast food exploded. Radio technicians were absorbed in their decibels. A man with ear-phones threw a frantic finger at Max and Minx!

"Welcome to breakfast with the McSnarys, Mo! This was the only way we could get you on our precious program. Will you be our guest before you take us down to police headquarters?"

"You both will get the hot-divan for this caper! But I might comply with your last request. I haven't had my second cup of coffee as yet this morning."

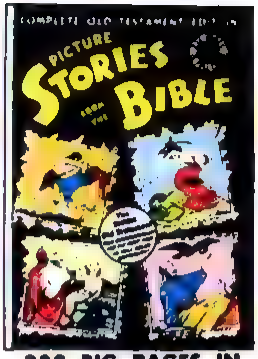
As Mo looked around for the elusive Lady-in-Mascara, Babalou's voice came up from the cellar . . .

"Mo . . . you lout!!! Why didn't you tell me about that SIXTH step?????"



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CALLING COSMO McMOON!

On a quiet stretch of meadowland in the midwest, a lonely steel tower reaches into the ether and pulls radio waves into the generator housed at its base. Then it sends the waves, now nourished and revitalized, out into space again to continue on their coast-to-coast journey.

One day, things went awry at this small but important transmitter. President F. M. Wavelength, the big chime of the Irrational Broadcasting System, called an emergency Board of Directors meeting.

"Gentlemen! I don't have to tell you why you are here! Just turn on the radio and you'll hear jumbled programs. H. V. Kettledrum, news analyst . . . Martin Cohen, private eye . . . and Mr. Trace, Loser of Keen Persons, are all working on the *same* case apparently. Jock Beanny appears to be playing *first violin* on the Boston Synphony broadcast! Actually, some unknown force, within the radius of one of our midwestern powerhouses, is jamming all the networks together! We have resorted to every known mechanical contrivance to detect the source of the interference, but to no avail!

"Therefore, I have called in an old schoolchum of mine, Prof. Cosmo McMoon, to solve this mystery. The professor and I went to Common Knowledge College together where I was captain of the All-American Tiddly-Winks Team. He played a very solid Left Tiddle!"

Just then, Prof. McMoon entered. Taking off his pith helmet, he addressed his old schoolmate. "Got your call, F. M.! I was spending a bit of a vacation at Lake Indian-name-to-end-all-Indian-named-lakes, in exclusive Westchester County. I hate to admit it, but I was about to be tossed out anyway! They discovered a knothole in my polo mallet. A breach of social etiquette if there ever was one!"

"Have you heard my new song, 'I'll take you home again, Kathleen — the last three cocktails turned you green!'? Or would you rather hear my theories on why the Missing Link is still missing?"

* * * * *

Prof. McMoon and F. M. arrived by plane at the site of the berserk transmitter. As Cosmo began his investigations in the vicinity, the oscillator in his bow tie started to blink and light up! He was hot on the trail!

The signals became strongest when he approached a little hut, tucked away in the woods, not far from the tower.

The door of the humble abode was opened by Walla-Walla Bazinski, a poor but honest farmer. He invited the two men into the plain interior. He introduced his wife, Mrs. Croton-on-the-Hudson Bazinski. On her lap sat ten month old Baden-Baden Bazinski. Music wafted through the room. The Bazinskis were too poor to own a radio, but the sound emanated from their little son's mouth!

"Incredible," cried Cosmo! "This little cherub is a human generator! He opens his mouth and his teeth act as a positive attractor of radio waves. His tongue acts as a conductor of electricity while his teeth are like the push-button station selectors on a radio. He has merely to run his tongue along his teeth to change from station to station!"

"Yes, and he doesn't take long to warm up like them hand-made radios!", offered Walla-Walla.

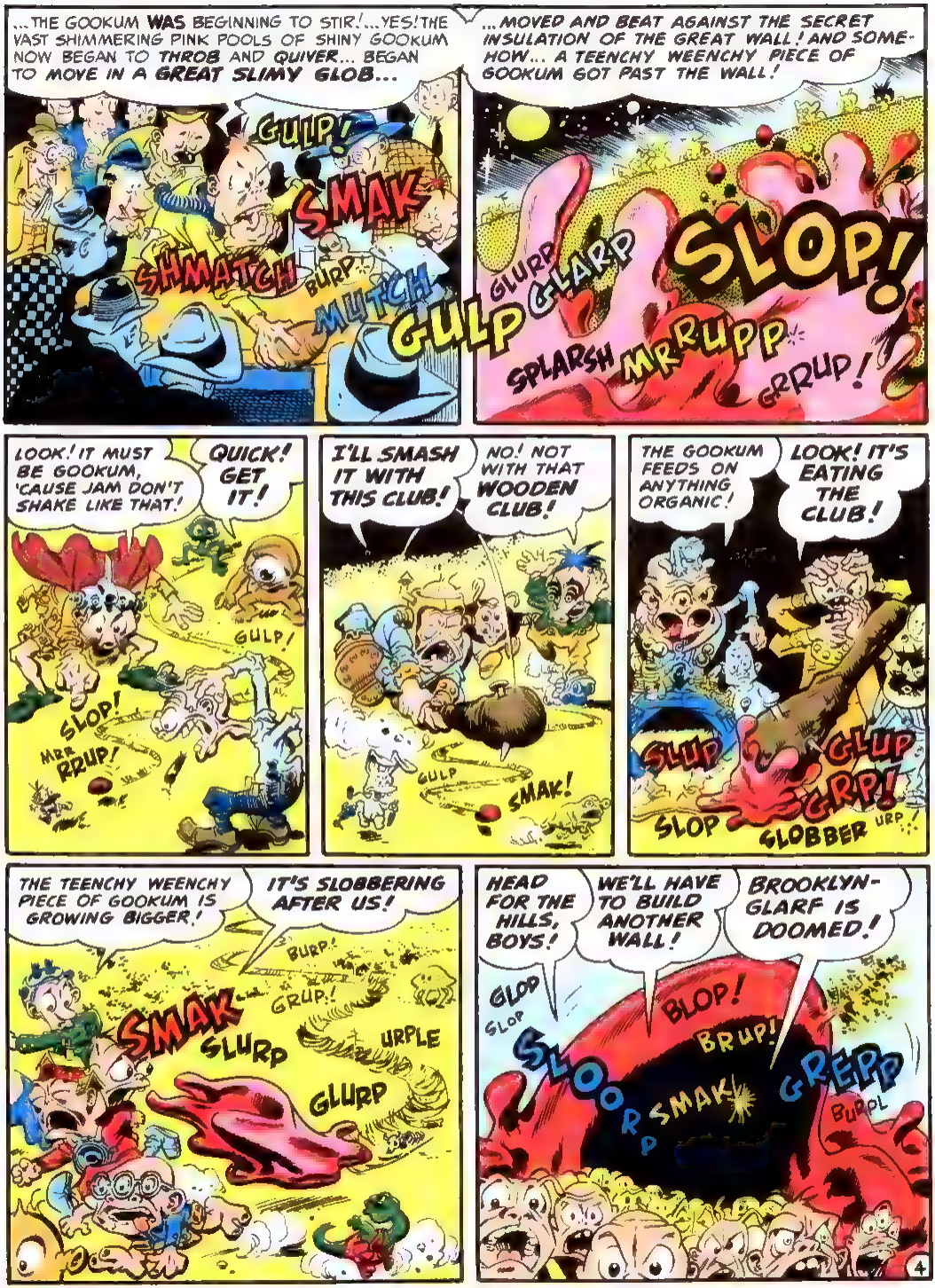
Now that the cause of the radio-wave jumbling was unearthed, Mr. F. M. Wavelength paid Mr. Bazinski $100,000 to have little B.B.'s baby teeth extracted. This done, stations only carried *one* program at a time as before.

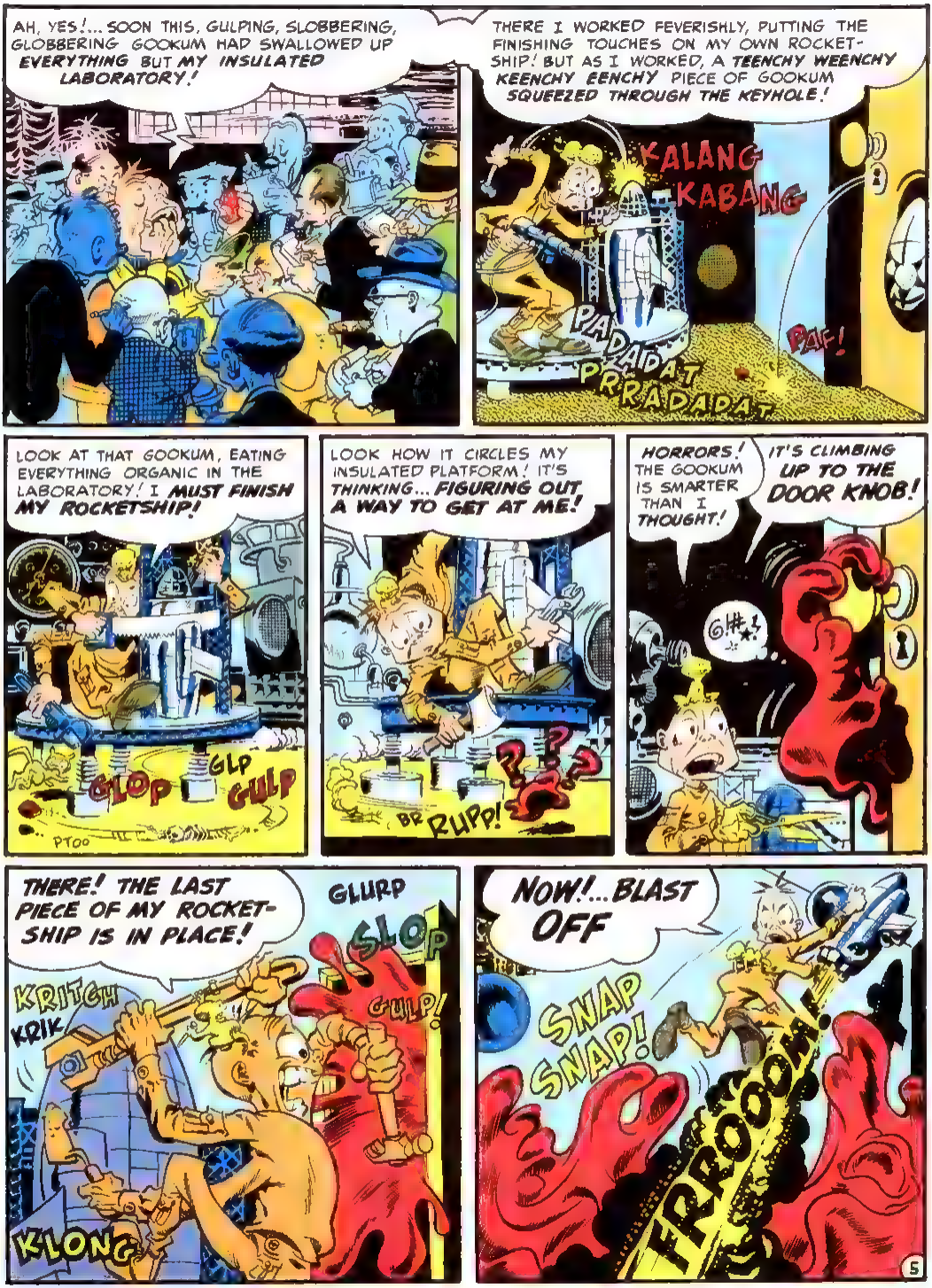
Oh, yes!! The happy Bazinskis are now living in the heart of New York . . . near Radio City! They are waiting anxiously for their little boy's *second set* of teeth to cut gum!


SCIENCE-FICTION DEPT.: NIGHT! A MIGHTY, GLEAMING SPACE-SHIP SWOOPS GRACEFULLY OUT OF THE STARRY SKY MAKING A GENTLE LANDING ON THE NEVADA SANDS! INSIDE, GLARF NERFNICK, MARTIAN, SITS, SHAKING AND HAGGARD FROM HIS ESCAPE FROM THE ...
GOOKUM!
EEEE

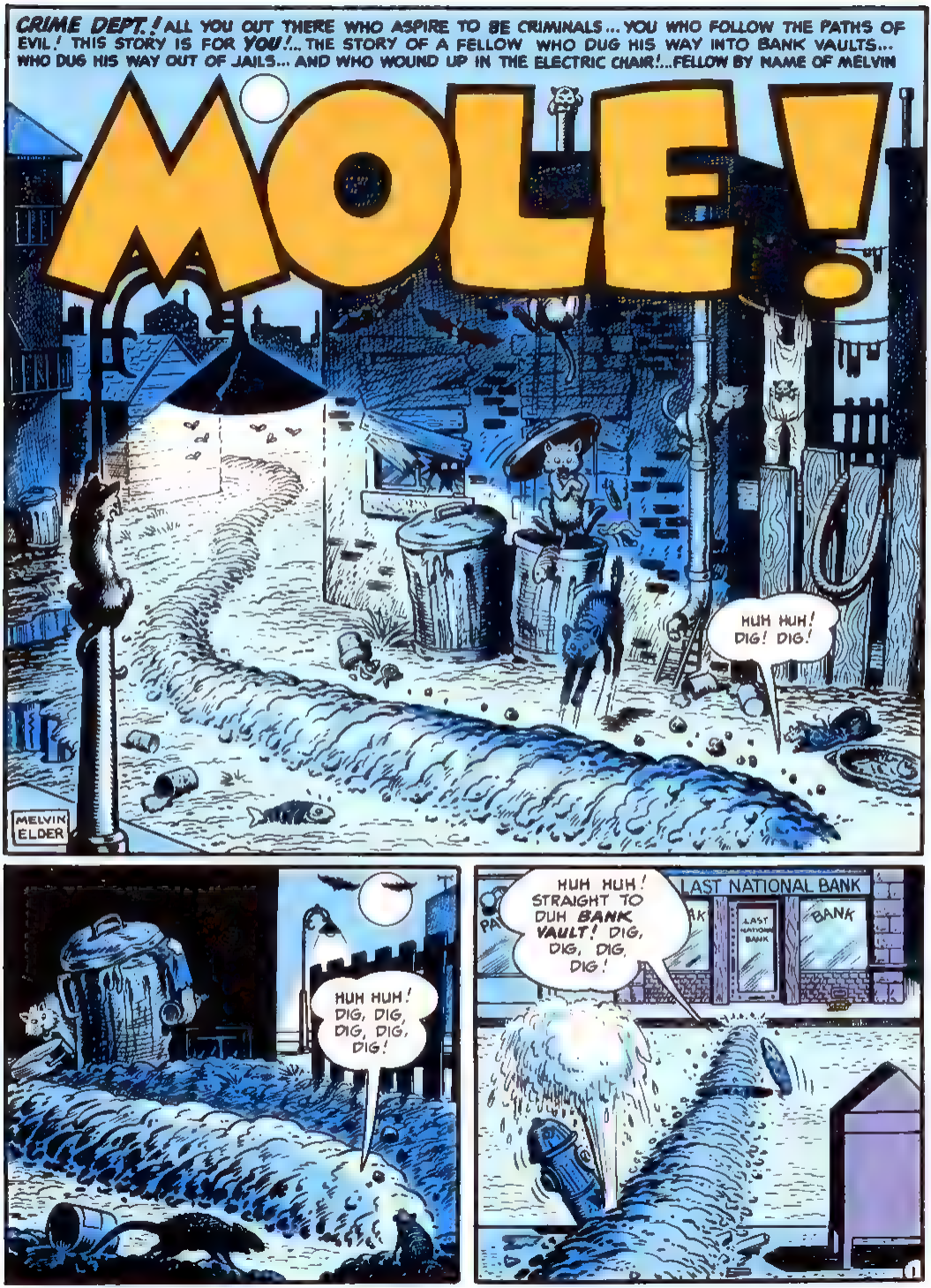

AAAH! THIS IS BETTER! IF YOU REPORTERS WILL EXCUSE ME, I'LL TELL YOU MY STORY WHILE I EAT! WAITER! LET ME HAVE SOME STEWED HOMINY GRITS AN' FRIED JAMBO LEAVES!
MY STORY STARTS AS A HAPPY YOUTH, STROLLING ALONG THE GOWANUSGLARF CANAL IN THE LITTLE MARTIAN CITY OF BROOKLYNGLARF WITH MY GRANDFATHER!
COME, LITTLE GLARF! IT IS TIME TO TELL YOU THE FACTS OF LIFE... TO TELL YOU OF THE GREAT WALL!
THE GREAT WALL... BUILT BY OUR ANCESTORS MANY YEARS AGO!
FOR THE FIRST TIME LITTLE GLARF, I SHALL TAKE YOU OUTSIDE THE GREAT WALL!
CHEE, GRANFODDER! THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' THIS SIDE OF THE GREAT WALL!
NOTHING, GLARF! N-NOTHING HERE GLARF! N-N-N-NOTHING BUT THE GOOKUM!
M-MILES AND MILES OF SHIMMERING, JELLY-LIKE PINK GOOKUM! THIS IS WHY OUR ANCESTORS BUILT THE GREAT WALL, LITTLE GLARF!... TO PROTECT US FROM THE GOOKUM!
I'M AFRAID I DON'T QUITE FOLLOW YOU, GRANDFODDER!
THIS GOOKUM LIVES, LITTLE GLARF! RIGHT NOW THE GOOKUM SLEEPS... LIES DORMANT! FOR 500 YEARS IT HAS SLEPT, BUT SOON IT WILL WALK AND COME AFTER US! THIS GOOKUM IS FANTASTIC... LIKE A THING FROM EARTH!
2

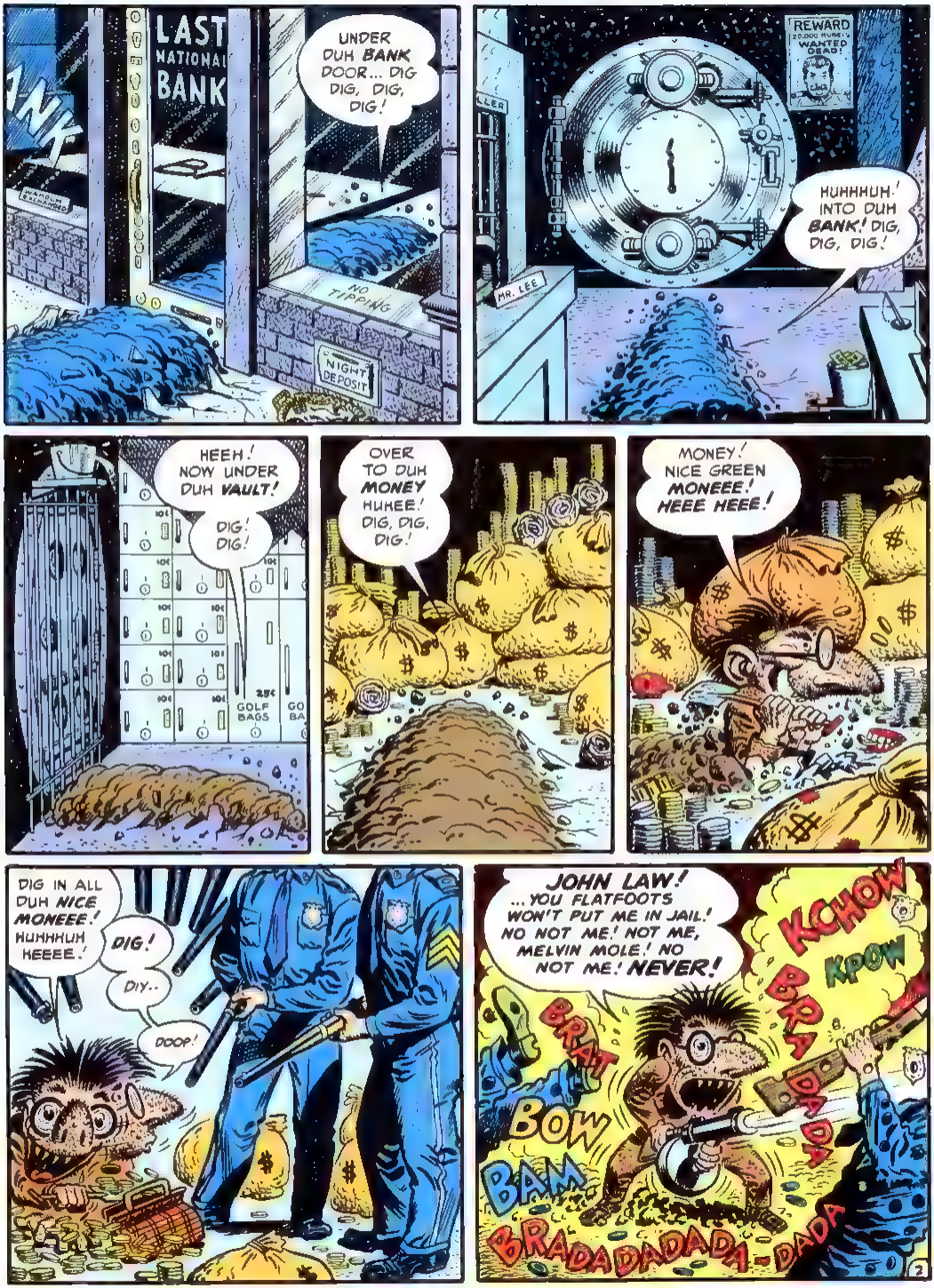

AND SO... I LIVED IN THE LITTLE CITY OF BROOKLYNGLARF ON THE GOWANUSGLARF CANAL! AS I GREW INTO MANHOOD, I DECIDED TO BE A PHYSICIST!
...BEING A PARTICULARLY BRILLIANT STUDENT, INTERESTED IN THE FUTURE WELFARE OF MY PLANET, I DEVOTED ALL MY TIME TO PERFECTING A ROCKETSHIP THAT WOULD GET ME THE HECK OUTTA THERE IN CASE THE GOOKUM CLIMBED THE GREAT WALL!
2 PLUS ONE... MOVE THE DECIMAL POINT...
E=MC²
DON'T FORGET THE X-FACTOR!
A MINUS THE SQUARE ROOT! EQUALS ZIBBEN UND TZVONTZIK!
PLUS THE SQUARE ROOT... ZOOT SUIT... ROOTY TOOT TOOT...
GLARF! GLARF!
BLAST IT, MAN! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU, MELVIN, NOT TO INTERRUPT ME WHILE I'M THINKING?
SPLAT!
..... SODDY, OLD FELLOW! LOST MY TEMPER! NERVES YOU KNOW... WHAT WITH THIS FILTHY GOOKUM BUSINESS...
THAT'S IT, GLARF... THE GOOKUM!
THE 500 YEARS ARE UP! THE GOOKUM! IT'S BEGINNING TO STIR!
3

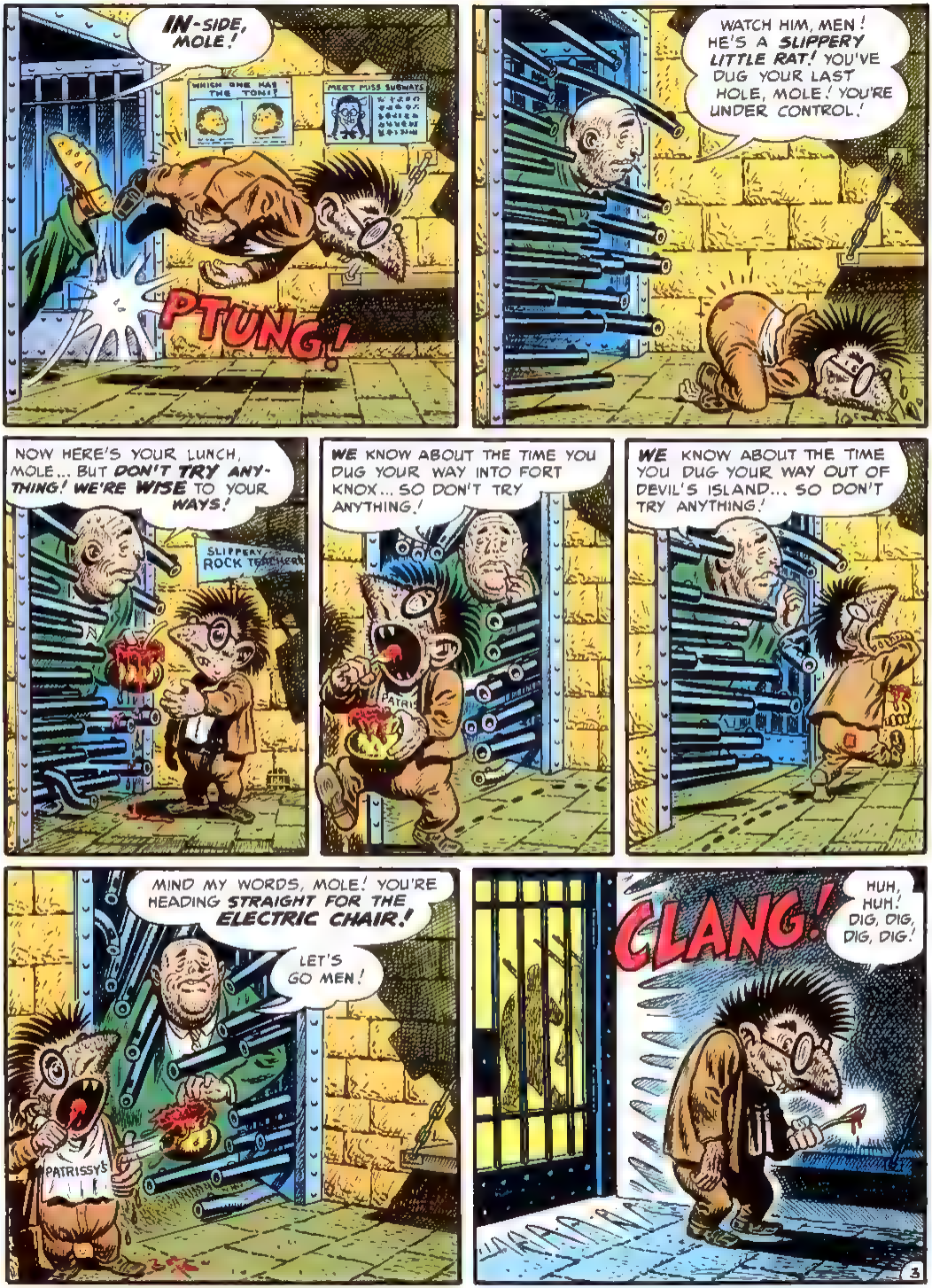

...THE GOOKUM WAS BEGINNING TO STIR!...YES! THE VAST SHIMMERING PINK POOLS OF SHINY GOOKUM NOW BEGAN TO THROB AND QUIVER... BEGAN TO MOVE IN A GREAT SLIMY GLOB...
GULP!
SMAK
SHMATCH
BURP
MLITCH
GULP
...MOVED AND BEAT AGAINST THE SECRET INSULATION OF THE GREAT WALL! AND SOMEHOW... A TEENCHY WEENCHY PIECE OF GOOKUM GOT PAST THE WALL!
GLURP
GLARP
SLOP!
SPLARSH
MRRUPP
GRRUP!
LOOK! IT MUST BE GOOKUM, 'CAUSE JAM DON'T SHAKE LIKE THAT!
QUICK! GET IT!
GULP!
SLOP!
MRR RRUP!
I'LL SMASH IT WITH THIS CLUB!
NO! NOT WITH THAT WOODEN CLUB!
GULP
SMAK!
THE GOOKUM FEEDS ON ANYTHING ORGANIC!
LOOK! IT'S EATING THE CLUB!
SLUP
GLUP
GRP!
SLOP
GLOBBER
URP
THE TEENCHY WEENCHY PIECE OF GOOKUM IS GROWING BIGGER!
IT'S SLOBBERING AFTER US!
BURP!
GRUP!
SMAK
SLURP
URPLE
GLURP
HEAD FOR THE HILLS, BOYS!
WE'LL HAVE TO BUILD ANOTHER WALL!
BROOKLYN-GLARF IS DOOMED!
GLOP
GLOP
BLOP!
BRUP!
SLOOPP
SMAK!
GREPP
BURPL
4

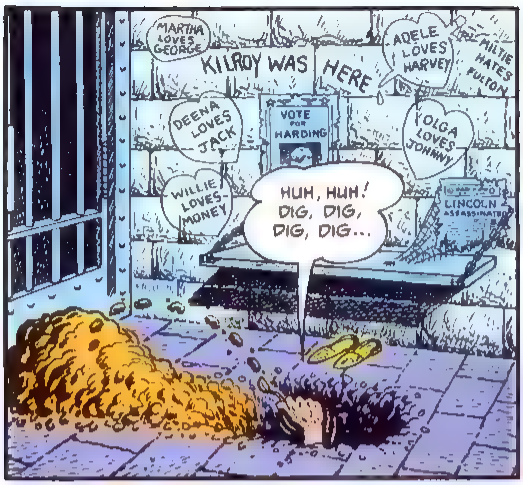

AH, YES!... SOON THIS, GULPING, SLOBBERING, GLOBBERING GOOKUM HAD SWALLOWED UP EVERYTHING BUT MY INSULATED LABORATORY!
THERE I WORKED FEVERISHLY, PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON MY OWN ROCKET-SHIP! BUT AS I WORKED, A TEENCHY WEENCHY KEENCHY EENCHY PIECE OF GOOKUM SQUEEZED THROUGH THE KEYHOLE!
KALANG KABANG
PA DADAT PRRADADAT
PAF!
LOOK AT THAT GOOKUM, EATING EVERYTHING ORGANIC IN THE LABORATORY! I MUST FINISH MY ROCKETSHIP!
GLOP
GLP
GULP
PTOO
LOOK HOW IT CIRCLES MY INSULATED PLATFORM! IT'S THINKING... FIGURING OUT A WAY TO GET AT ME!
BE RUPP!
HORRORS! THE GOOKUM IS SMARTER THAN I THOUGHT!
IT'S CLIMBING UP TO THE DOOR KNOB!
GLK!
THERE! THE LAST PIECE OF MY ROCKET-SHIP IS IN PLACE!
GLURP
SLOP
GULP!
KRITCH
KRIK
K'LONG
NOW!... BLAST OFF
SNAP SNAP!
FRROOOM!
5

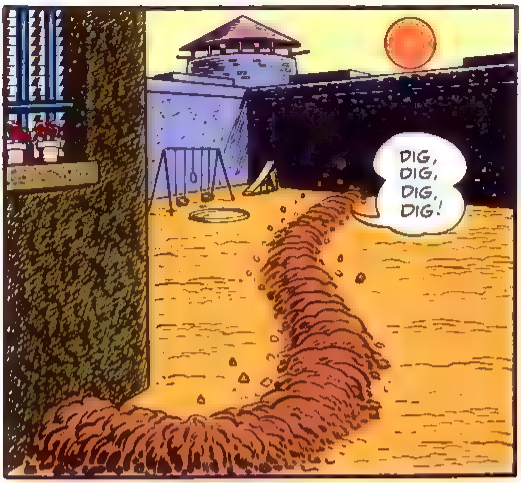

YES, GENTLEMEN! I ESCAPED FROM THE GOOKUM ON MARS ONLY BY THE BAREST BIT OF SHEER LUCK!
THE GOOKUM SHALL STAY ON THE RAMPAGE FOR A WHILE, AND THEN IT WILL GO BACK TO SLEEP AGAIN!
...AND THEN IT WILL LIE IN FLAT PINK SHIMMERING POOLS, INNOCENT AS A QUIET POND OF WATER... NEVERTHELESS... SINISTER DORMANT GOOKUM!
BUT, WHY TALK OF THAT! HERE I AM, EATING A FINE EARTHIAN MEAL!... I SHALL LAUGH, HA HA, AND BE HAPPY! THE GOOKUM IS OUT OF MY LIFE FOREVER!
HERE IS YOUR DESSERT, SIR!
CHERRY JELLO PARFAIT... TOPPED WITH AMERICAN ICE CREAM... THAT IS!
AAAAH... THIS HOW-YOU-CALL IT... ICE CREAM IS GOOD! NOW WHAT IS UNDERNEATH...
PTAAH
THAT... HOW-YOU-CALL IT... CHERRY JELLO PARFAIT! HOW WE CALL IT IN MARS IS...
D-DORMANT GOOKUM!
6

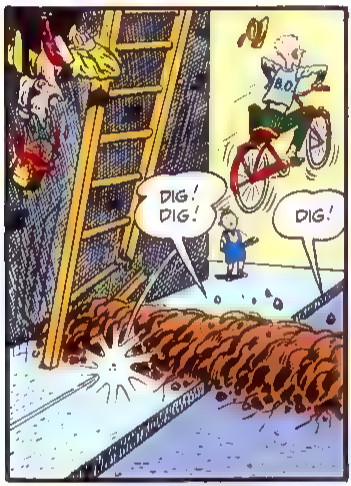

CRIME DEPT.! ALL YOU OUT THERE WHO ASPIRE TO BE CRIMINALS... YOU WHO FOLLOW THE PATHS OF EVIL! THIS STORY IS FOR YOU!... THE STORY OF A FELLOW WHO DUG HIS WAY INTO BANK VAULTS... WHO DUG HIS WAY OUT OF JAILS... AND WHO WOUND UP IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!...FELLOW BY NAME OF MELVIN
MOLE!
HUH HUH! DIG! DIG!
MELVIN ELDER
HUH HUH! DIG, DIG, DIG, DIG, DIG!
HUH HUH! STRAIGHT TO DUH BANK VAULT! DIG, DIG, DIG, DIG!
LAST NATIONAL BANK
BANK


LAST NATIONAL BANK
UNDER DUH BANK DOOR... DIG DIG, DIG, DIG!
NO TIPPING
NIGHT DEPOSIT
REWARD
WANTED DEAD!
MR. LEE
HUHHHUH! INTO DUH BANK! DIG, DIG, DIG!
HEEH! NOW UNDER DUH VAULT!
DIG! DIG!
GOLF BAGS
OVER TO DUH MONEY HUKEE! DIG, DIG, DIG!
MONEY! NICE GREEN MONEEE! HEEE HEEE!
DIG IN ALL DUH NICE MONEEE! HUHHHUH KEEEE!
DIG!
DIY..
DOOP!
JOHN LAW! ...YOU FLATFOOTS WON'T PUT ME IN JAIL! NO NOT ME! NOT ME, MELVIN MOLE! NO NOT ME! NEVER!
KCHOW
KPOW
BRAT
BRA DA DA
BOW
BAM
BRADADADADA-DADA
2

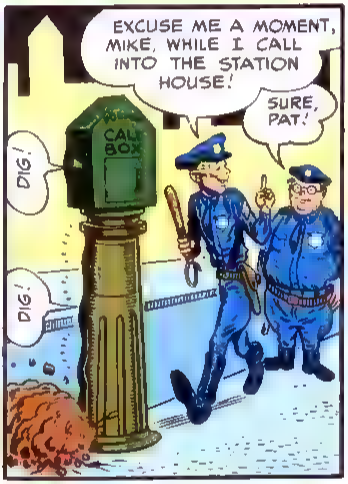

IN-SIDE, MOLE!
WHICH ONE HAS THE TONIC?
MEET MISS SUBWAYS
PTUNG!
WATCH HIM, MEN! HE'S A SLIPPERY LITTLE RAT! YOU'VE DUG YOUR LAST HOLE, MOLE! YOU'RE UNDER CONTROL!
NOW HERE'S YOUR LUNCH, MOLE... BUT DON'T TRY ANY-THING! WE'RE WISE TO YOUR WAYS!
SLIPPERY ROCK TEACHERS
WE KNOW ABOUT THE TIME YOU DUG YOUR WAY INTO FORT KNOX... SO DON'T TRY ANYTHING!
WE KNOW ABOUT THE TIME YOU DUG YOUR WAY OUT OF DEVIL'S ISLAND... SO DON'T TRY ANYTHING!
MIND MY WORDS, MOLE! YOU'RE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!
LET'S GO MEN!
PATRISSYS
CLANG!
HUH, HUH! DIG, DIG, DIG, DIG!
3

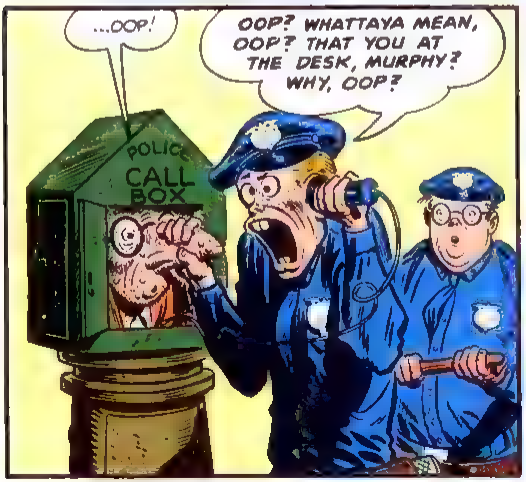

MARTHA LOVES GEORGE
KILROY WAS HERE
ADELE LOVES HARVEY
MATTIE HATES FULTON
DEENA LOVES JACK
VOTE FOR HARDING
OLGA LOVES JOHNNY
WILLIE LOVES MONEY
LINCOLN ASSASSINATED
HUH, HUH! DIG, DIG, DIG, DIG...

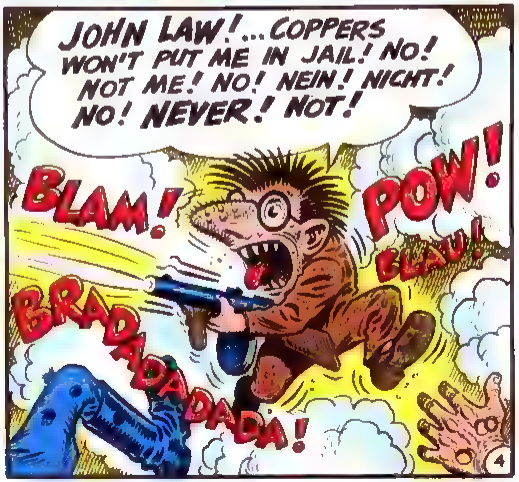

DIG, DIG, DIG, DIG!

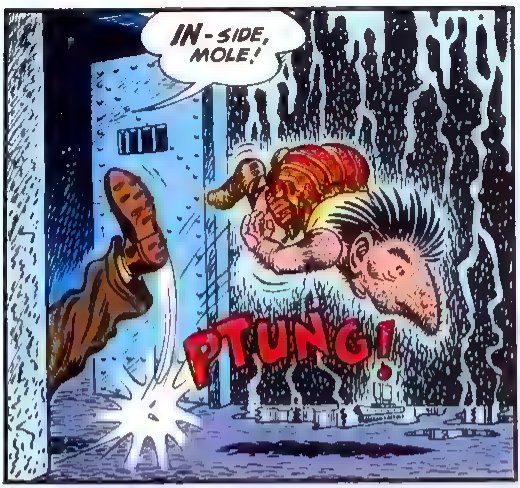

DIG! DIG!
DIG!

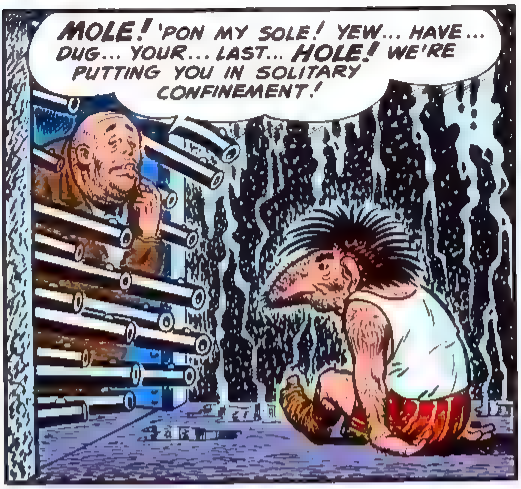

DIG!
DIG!

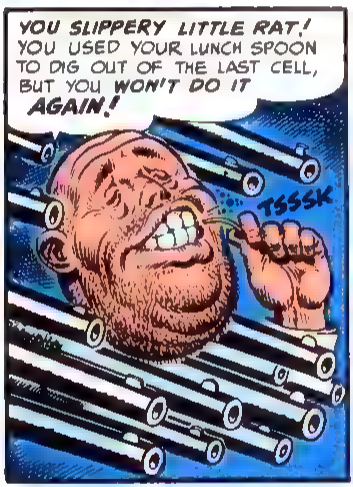

EXCUSE ME A MOMENT, MIKE, WHILE I CALL INTO THE STATION HOUSE!
SURE, PAT!
CALL BOX
DIG!
DIG!


...OOP!
OOP? WHATTAYA MEAN, OOP? THAT YOU AT THE DESK, MURPHY? WHY, OOP?
POLICE CALL BOX


JOHN LAW!...COPPERS WON'T PUT ME IN JAIL! NO! NOT ME! NO! NEIN! NICHT! NO! NEVER! NOT!
BLAM!
POW!
BLAU!
BRADADADADA!

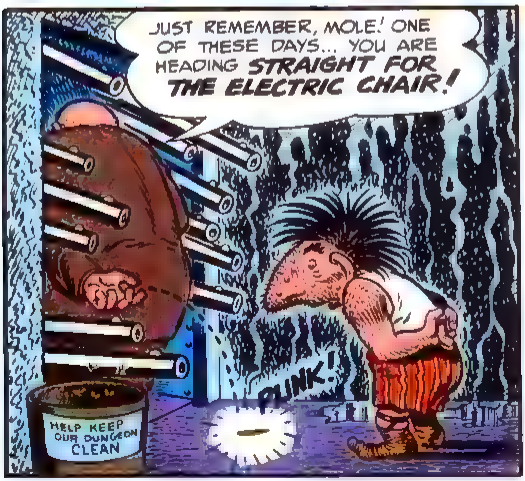

IN-SIDE, MOLE!
PTUNG!

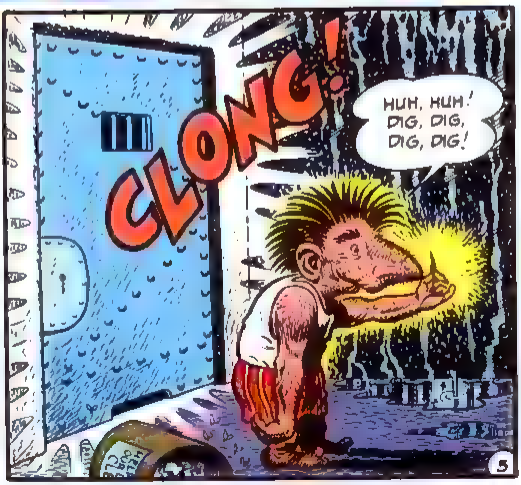

MOLE! 'PON MY SOLE! YEW... HAVE... DUG... YOUR... LAST... HOLE! WE'RE PUTTING YOU IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT!

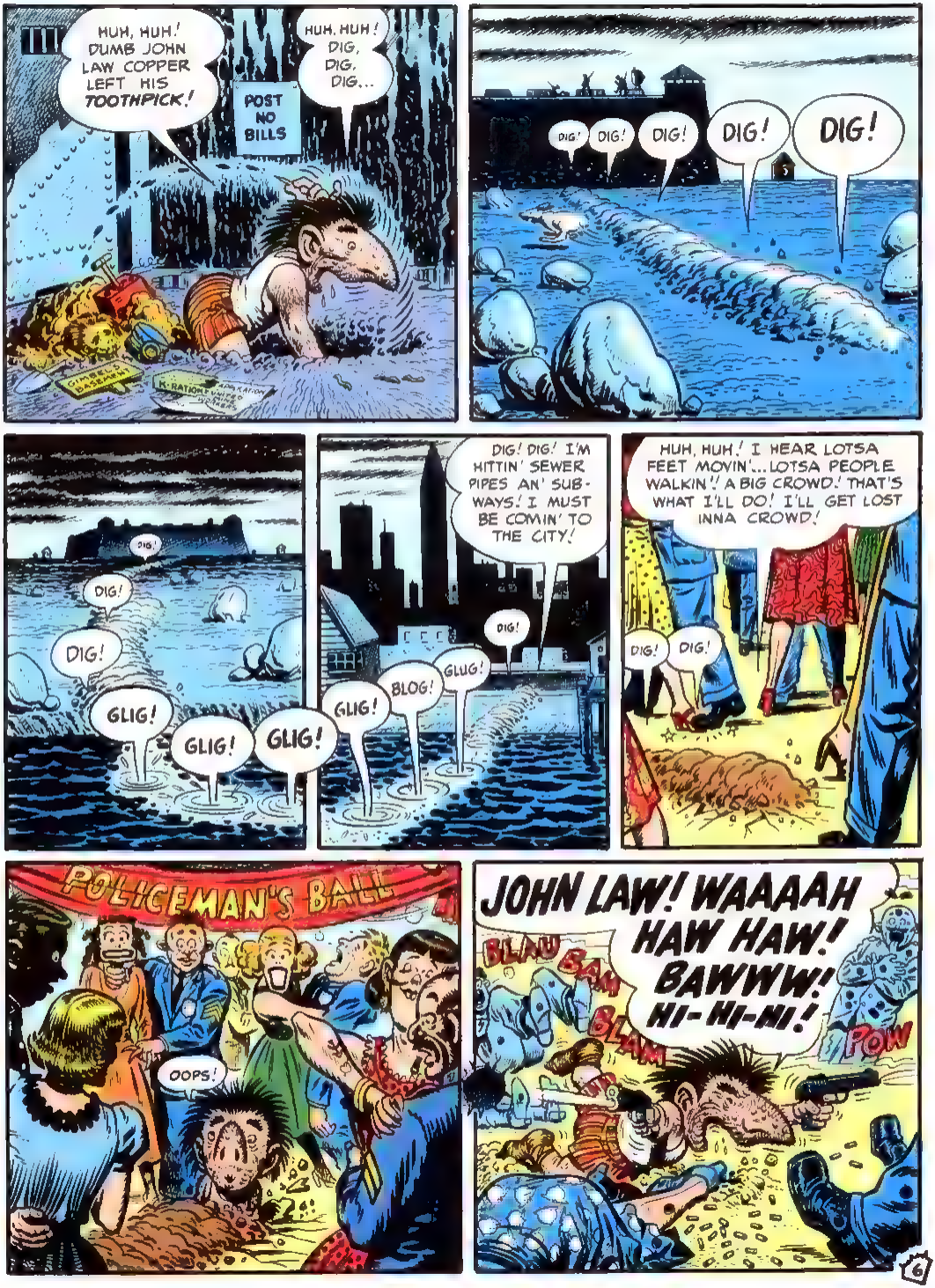

YOU SLIPPERY LITTLE RAT! YOU USED YOUR LUNCH SPOON TO DIG OUT OF THE LAST CELL, BUT YOU WON'T DO IT AGAIN!
TSSSK

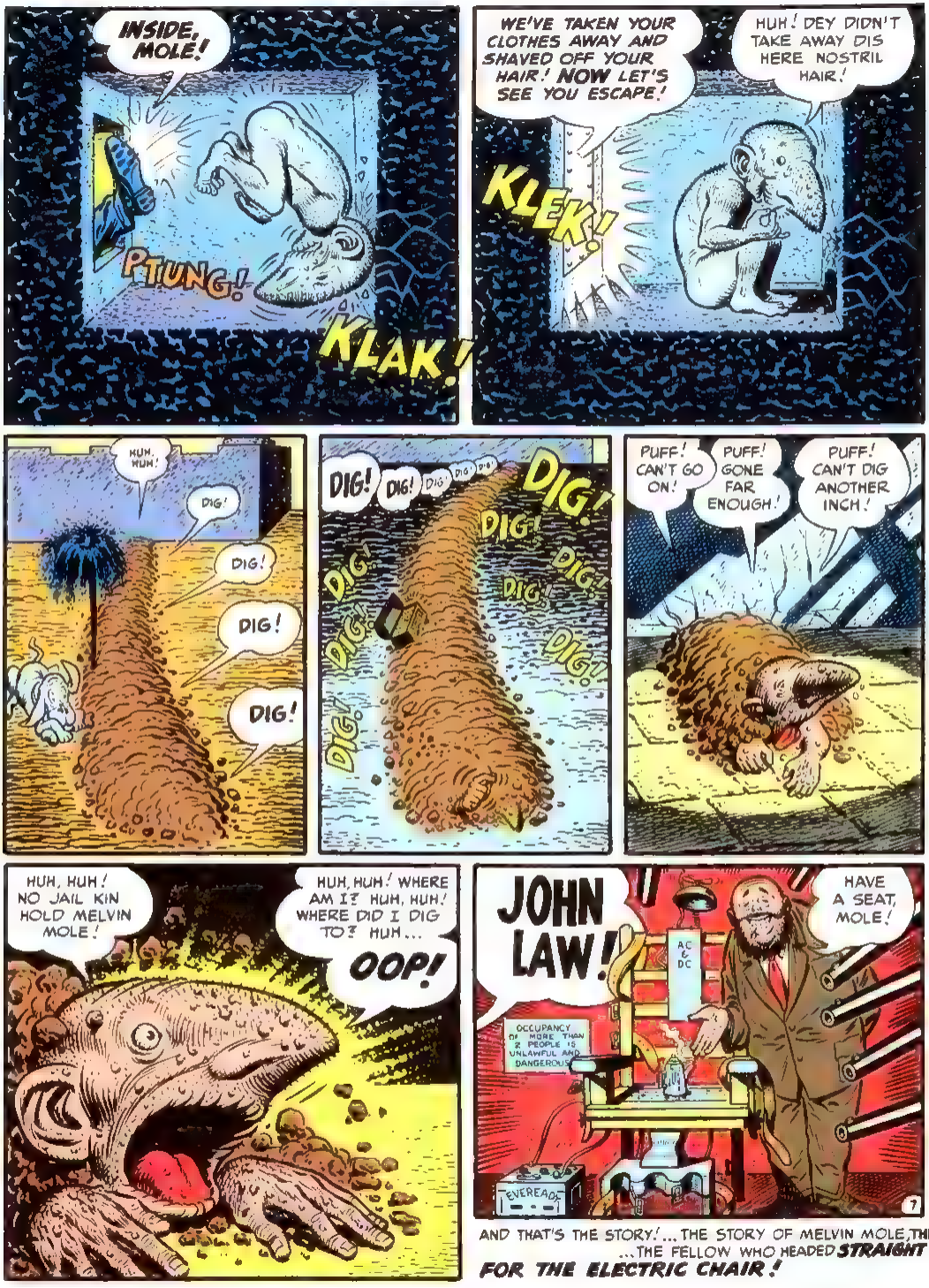

WE'RE GOING TO PUT YOU IN THIS COMPLETELY BARE CELL WITHOUT A SINGLE OBJECT TO DIG WITH!
BRSSK


WE'VE TAKEN ALL YOUR CLOTHES THAT HAVE BUTTONS! WE'VE CLIPPED YOUR FINGER AND TOE NAILS, AND WE'VE TAKEN YOUR FALSE TEETH! NOW LET'S SEE YOU ESCAPE!


JUST REMEMBER, MOLE! ONE OF THESE DAYS... YOU ARE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!
CLINK!
HELP KEEP OUR DUNGEON CLEAN


CLONG!
HUH, HUH! DIG, DIG, DIG, DIG!


HUH, HUH! DUMB JOHN LAW COPPER LEFT HIS TOOTHPICK!
POST NO BILLS
HUH, HUH! DIG, DIG, DIG...
DIG!
DIG!
DIG!
DIG!
DIG!
DIG!
DIG!
DIG!
GLIG!
GLIG!
GLIG!
DIG! DIG! I'M HITTIN' SEWER PIPES AN' SUB-WAYS! I MUST BE COMIN' TO THE CITY!
DIG!
GLUG!
BLOG!
GLIG!
HUH, HUH! I HEAR LOTSA FEET MOVIN'... LOTSA PEOPLE WALKIN'! A BIG CROWD! THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL GET LOST INNA CROWD!
DIG!
DIG!
POLICEMAN'S BALL
OOPS!
JOHN LAW! WAAAAH HAW HAW! BAWWW! HI-HI-HI!
BLAW
BAM
BLAM
POW



AND THAT'S THE STORY!... THE STORY OF MELVIN MOLE, THE ...THE FELLOW WHO HEADED ***STRAIGHT FOR THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!***

Q: *"Hex" is one of the strangest stories in* ***Mad****. I don't know exactly what the reference is. It reminds me of non-EC fifties horror comics, but I doubt that you were reading those.*

KURTZMAN: *I don't even remember this story. I mean, I recognize it; I recognize the witch with the evil eye. But I can't remember what it was all about, which is a bad omen. If I can't remember what it was I was trying to say, then I probably wasn't saying much. I think "Hex" was inspired by the horror stories that Gaines was doing. And it was really a bad try, a bad story. It was the old plot that I go back to again and again, where one sells one's self to the devil . . . "The Devil and Daniel Webster."*

Q: *Or Faust?*

KURZTMAN: *Exactly.*

Q: *"Melvin" was the first parody that wasn't a genre parody.*

KURTZMAN: *I really started getting on target with* ***Tarzan****. To this very day* ***Tarzan*** *is a never ending source of material for satire and parody. It's such an easy target. It's basically the same kind of target as* ***Dracula****, Bela Lugosi. There's a strong element of sex. The author talks about the jungle, and the jungle man. That dumb movie that just came out,* ***Greystoke****, sets up all the targets that* ***Tarzan*** *has set up for ages. I mean, the whole idea, the young man who inherits the Greystoke fortune and decides to go back and live with the apes rather than live with civilization. Such nonsense! And he runs around naked, of course, and that's the primary attraction of the* ***Tarzan*** *mystique—nudity.*

Q: *It almost seems that you thought of* ***Tarzan*** *as an genre—jungle movies—so the turn to specific satire was gradual. And yet it was very fateful.*

KURTZMAN: *We were working by the seat of our pants. I didn't really know what the hell I was doing. All I was doing was "funny." Funny. Gotta make it funny, gotta make me laugh, gotta tickle myself. And so, while influences were shaping me, I wasn't necessarily aware of what they were, except my own brain. And, you're right; with* ***Tarzan*** *we slipped into that area of satire and parody that would become more and more specific as the years went by. And we only recognized that we were on the right track when we saw it was funny. "Melvin" was one of the stories that I knew was good, but I didn't have the right artist.*

Q: *Bill Mason suggested that if you'd done* ***Tarzan*** *two years later, you would have had Bill Elder draw it in a hideous Hogarth style.*

KURTZMAN: *Willie would have done a good job with* ***Tarzan****. Willie was our number one cartoonist.*

Typical of the humor magazines on the newsstands during **Mad**'s first year were Dell's quarterly **1000 Jokes** (cartoons and short humor pieces, with comedians caricatured on the covers) and **Charlie Jones' Laugh Book** (cartoons and gags continuing the World War II tradition of digest-size gag humor aimed at servicemen). The thirties humor magazine **Ballyhoo**, which had emphasized advertising burlesques, was revived in 1952 by Dell editor Bill Yates almost simultaneously with the debut of **Mad**, and **Ballyhoo**'s sixth issue (Spring 1954), with a **Life** cover parody, was on display at newsstands the same month as **Mad** #11's **Life** cover parody. For the most part, the fifties **Ballyhoo** avoided specific ad lampoons and instead mainly reprised the **1000 Jokes** format.

This was not the case with the Canadian parody magazine **Foo**, which was distributed in the United States. **Foo** began with the October-November 1951 issue and continued well into 1952. Edited by "Ferdinand Foo" and published by Monarch Publishing (Toronto), this bimonthly combined cartooned and photographic ad parodies (Belcha Seltza, Arthur Hurry Dancing School, Shriek Razor), cartoon features ("Foo's Zoo in America," "Explained Cartoons"), photo features and photo-illustrated text pieces, oddball items (such as a page entirely in red, "especially designed and printed for Communist readers of **Foo Magazine**") and cartoon covers. The cover of the third issue displays nine parody magazine logos, including "Kook," "Lime," "E'squeer" and "Ghastly Comics."

—Bhob Stewart

HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
No. 3
JAN-FEB.
10¢

MAD

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
10¢



MAD MUMBLINGS



The letters finally have been coming in on MAD No. 1. Very sorry that we can't begin to print all the notes we received, due to space limitations. Nevertheless, our most heartfelt thanks to all of you who did send letters. Every one has been carefully read and digested!

Dear Editors,

Our most appreciative thanks for putting out a "comic" book... Yours is the first one that has stayed in the barracks without being thrown out after being read. I have never heard people laugh out loud at a comic magazine before!—Cpl. Eugene F. Shanlin—U.S.M.C.—Cherry Point, N. C.

...Being up here in Alaska gives a person a lot of spare time. MAD gives us a lot to laugh about. A/2c Corker Sapp—USAF—A.P.O. 942.

...MAD is the latest door to a section 8 discharge. —"Spider" Stanek, Mike Brennan, and "Melvin" Harris—USN—F.P.O., N.Y.

...Allow me to congratulate you! You did it again. —Bill Dennis—Easton, Pa.

...MAD was so funny that...I just had to stop and lean against a telephone pole while I laughed.—Nancy Cash—Louisville, Ky.

...Why didn't you did this before?—Jim Bruffey—Parkersburg, W. Va.

...Before I read it, I was a happy carefree person. Now they won't even let me out of this padded cell.—Laurin Lewis—Mental Hospital, Calif.

...If I didn't have a nice soft floor to roll on, I'd have probably landed in the hospital.—Richard Grant—no address.

...I am knocking my head against the wall....—Don Emkens—San Bernardino, Calif.

...Your new magazine is a scream.—Larry Van Cleef—Nampa, Idaho.

...Nearly died laughing.—Jerry Widener—Portales, N. Mex.

...Just what the doctor ordered.—Jon Doy—Chicago, Ill.

...Knockout!—Aristo Lumbre—Wash., D.C.

...Simply delirious.—James L. Bartz—El Paso, Texas

...Oh, you silly boys!—Ronnie Baumgardner—Bloomington, Ill.

...A real peachy-keen jim-dandy comic.—Ted Eggers—Yonkers, N. Y.

...Real George. Quite gone.—Mary Moseler—Muskegon, Mich.

...It's cool. It's crazy!—Melvin—Mishawaka, Ind.

...I flipped!—Wamial Dundle—Rochester, N. Y.

...Great! Great! Great! Great! Great!—Joe Anderson—Brooklyn, N. Y.

...WOW!!!—Edward Saffin—Ft. Wayne, Ind.

...YAHOO!—Tommy Balacek—Astoria, L. I.

...AAAAIEEE!!—Joe Hahn—Seattle, Wash.

...We started a MAD club.—Fred Delse—Shaker Heights, Ohio.

...Long live MAD!—Bob Galeria—Merced, Calif.

...My love to Melvin.—Joan M. Robinson—Phila., Pa.

...Please inform how to get one disposable, prefabricated robot woman.—M. C. Sinald—Canton, Ohio

As you can see, MAD readers certainly are! However, all is not peaches and cream in the mail-box. Here's a sampling of some of the criticism we got!

Dear Editors,

All I have to say about your new magazine... is that it is disgusting.—R. Schmitt—Chicago, Ill.

...I didn't find it one bit funny.—B. J. D.—Kansas City, Mo.

...Not only weren't your stories not funny, I found some of them very stupid.—Joseph Raymond—Baltimore, Md.

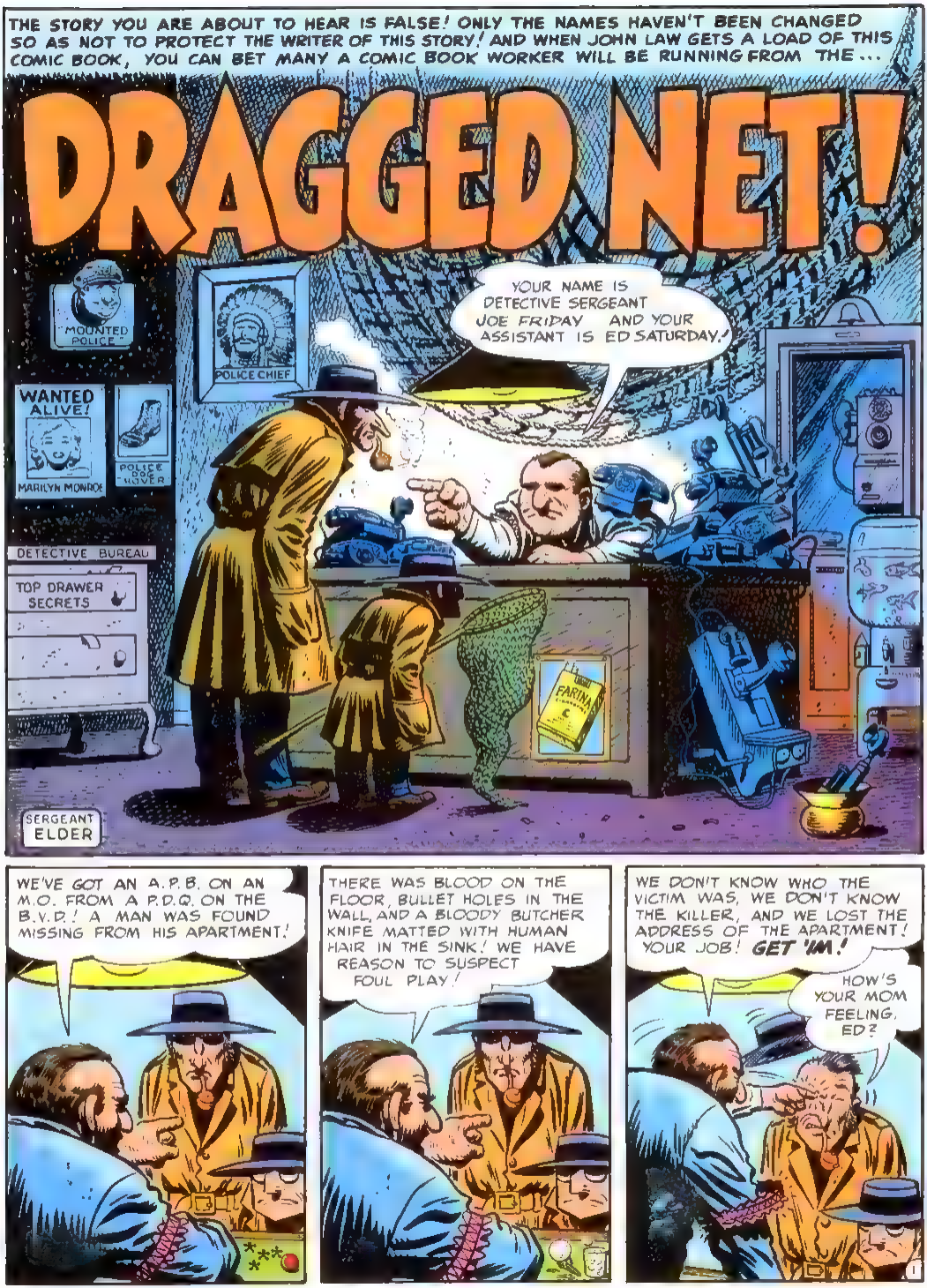
...MAD is awful.—Francis Minick—Marceline, Mo.

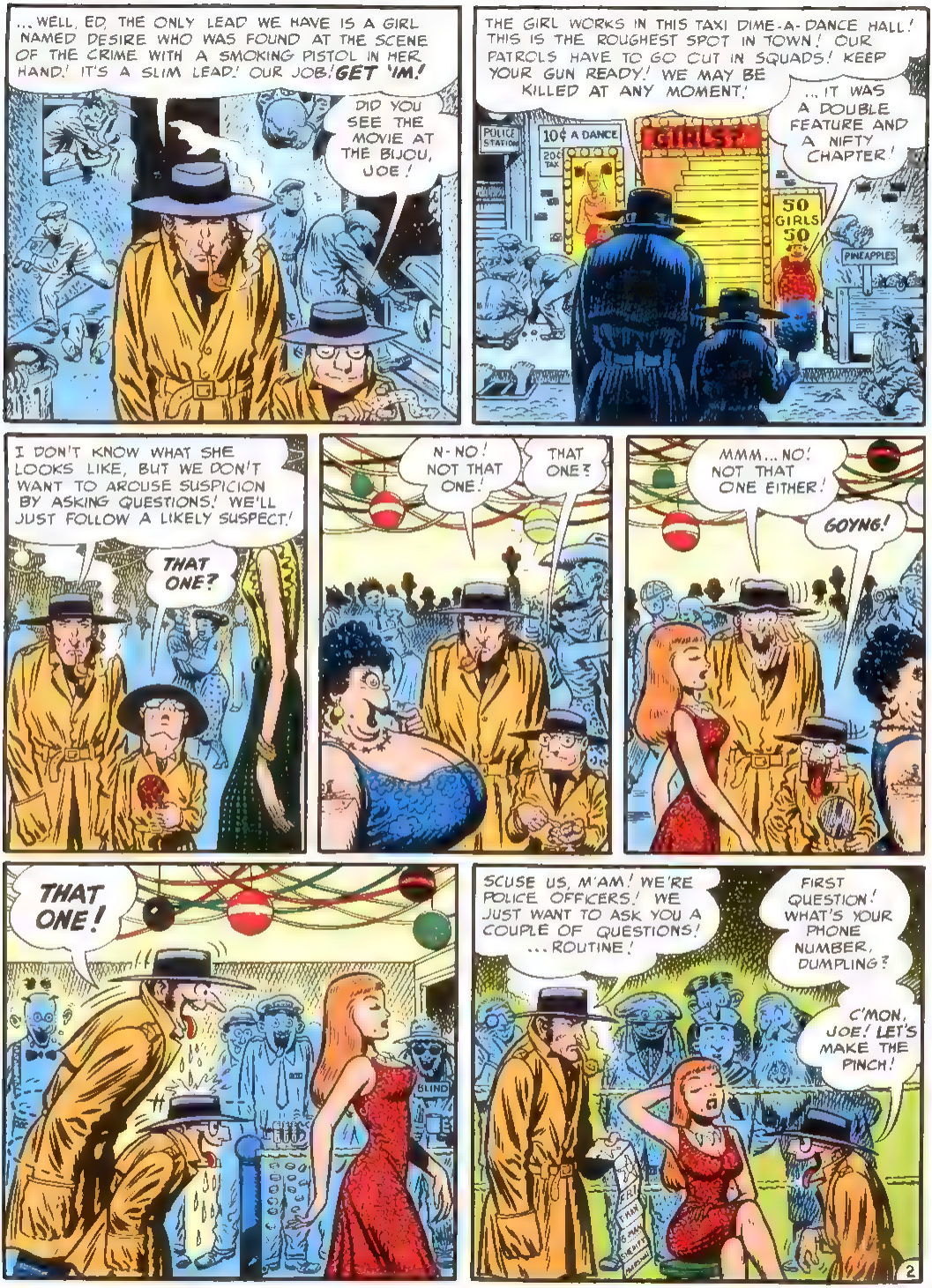
...A new low in the comic book industry.—Joe White—Chicago, Ill.

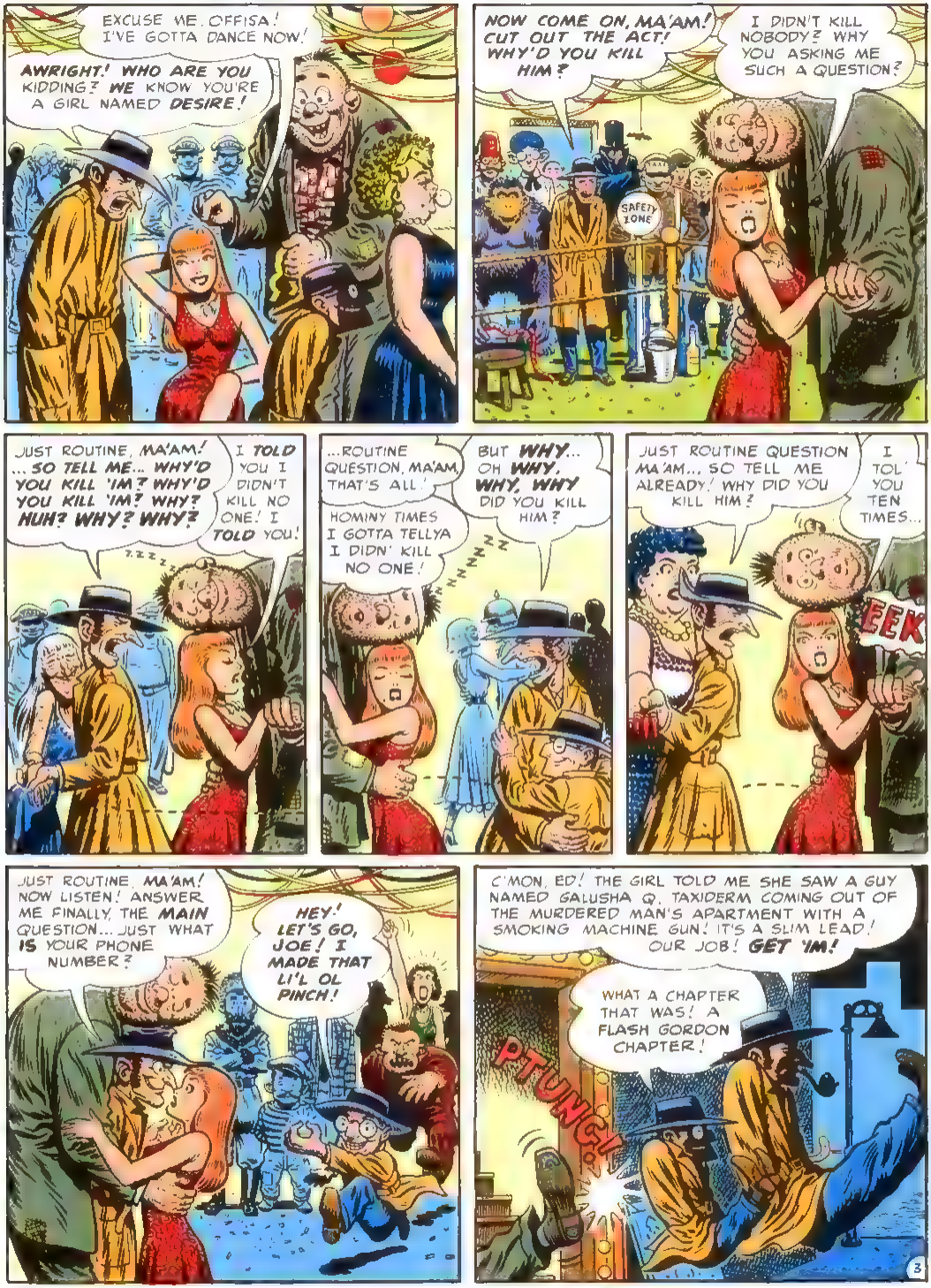
Well, we hope the critics are wrong! In any case, as long as we have a drop of India ink left in our veins, MAD will go marching on! Subscriptions to MAD, or any other E. C. mag, cost 75c each... six issues... full year's output! Please keep writing, suggesting, criticising, etc. The address for mail or subscription orders is:

Mad Editors
Room 706, Dept. 3
225 Lafayette St.
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

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THE STORY YOU ARE ABOUT TO HEAR IS FALSE! ONLY THE NAMES HAVEN'T BEEN CHANGED SO AS NOT TO PROTECT THE WRITER OF THIS STORY! AND WHEN JOHN LAW GETS A LOAD OF THIS COMIC BOOK, YOU CAN BET MANY A COMIC BOOK WORKER WILL BE RUNNING FROM THE...
DRAGGED NET!
"MOUNTED POLICE"
POLICE CHIEF
YOUR NAME IS DETECTIVE SERGEANT JOE FRIDAY AND YOUR ASSISTANT IS ED SATURDAY!
WANTED ALIVE!
MARILYN MONROE
POLICE DOG "HOVER"
DETECTIVE BUREAU
TOP DRAWER SECRETS
FARINA
SERGEANT ELDER
WE'VE GOT AN A.P.B. ON AN M.O. FROM A P.D.Q. ON THE B.V.D.! A MAN WAS FOUND MISSING FROM HIS APARTMENT!
THERE WAS BLOOD ON THE FLOOR, BULLET HOLES IN THE WALL, AND A BLOODY BUTCHER KNIFE MATTED WITH HUMAN HAIR IN THE SINK! WE HAVE REASON TO SUSPECT FOUL PLAY!
WE DON'T KNOW WHO THE VICTIM WAS, WE DON'T KNOW THE KILLER, AND WE LOST THE ADDRESS OF THE APARTMENT! YOUR JOB! GET 'IM!
HOW'S YOUR MOM FEELING, ED?

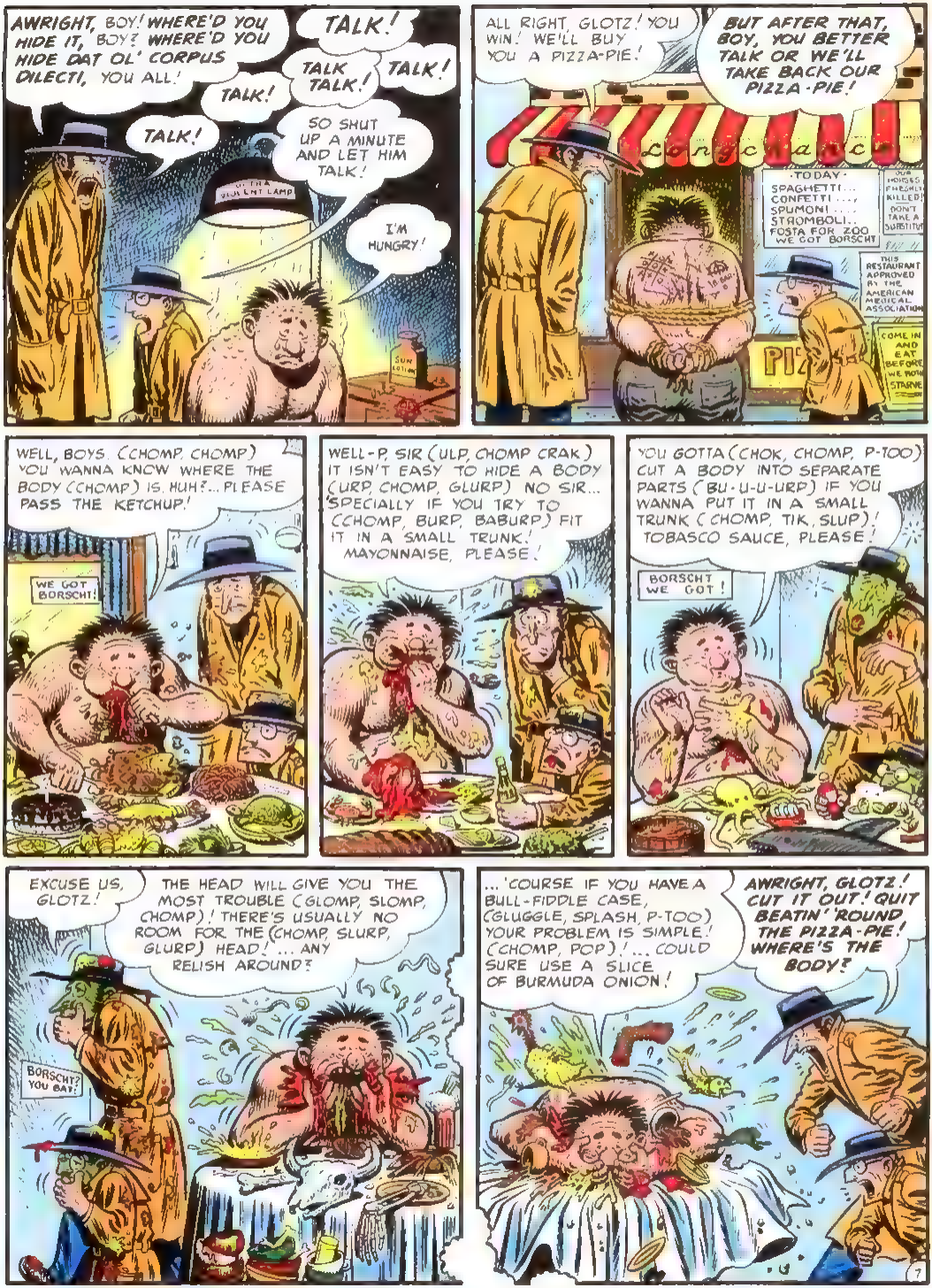

...WELL, ED, THE ONLY LEAD WE HAVE IS A GIRL NAMED DESIRE WHO WAS FOUND AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME WITH A SMOKING PISTOL IN HER HAND! IT'S A SLIM LEAD! OUR JOB! GET 'IM!
DID YOU SEE THE MOVIE AT THE BIJOU, JOE!
THE GIRL WORKS IN THIS TAXI DIME-A-DANCE HALL! THIS IS THE ROUGHEST SPOT IN TOWN! OUR PATROLS HAVE TO GO OUT IN SQUADS! KEEP YOUR GUN READY! WE MAY BE KILLED AT ANY MOMENT!
...IT WAS A DOUBLE FEATURE AND A NIFTY CHAPTER!
POLICE STATION
10¢ A DANCE
20¢ TAX
GIRLS?
50 GIRLS 50
PINEAPPLES
I DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE LOOKS LIKE, BUT WE DON'T WANT TO AROUSE SUSPICION BY ASKING QUESTIONS! WE'LL JUST FOLLOW A LIKELY SUSPECT!
THAT ONE?
N-NO! NOT THAT ONE!
THAT ONE?
MMM... NO! NOT THAT ONE EITHER!
GOYNG!
THAT ONE!
BLIND
SCUSE US, M'AM! WE'RE POLICE OFFICERS! WE JUST WANT TO ASK YOU A COUPLE OF QUESTIONS! ...ROUTINE!
FIRST QUESTION! WHAT'S YOUR PHONE NUMBER, DUMPLING?
C'MON, JOE! LET'S MAKE THE PINCH!
2

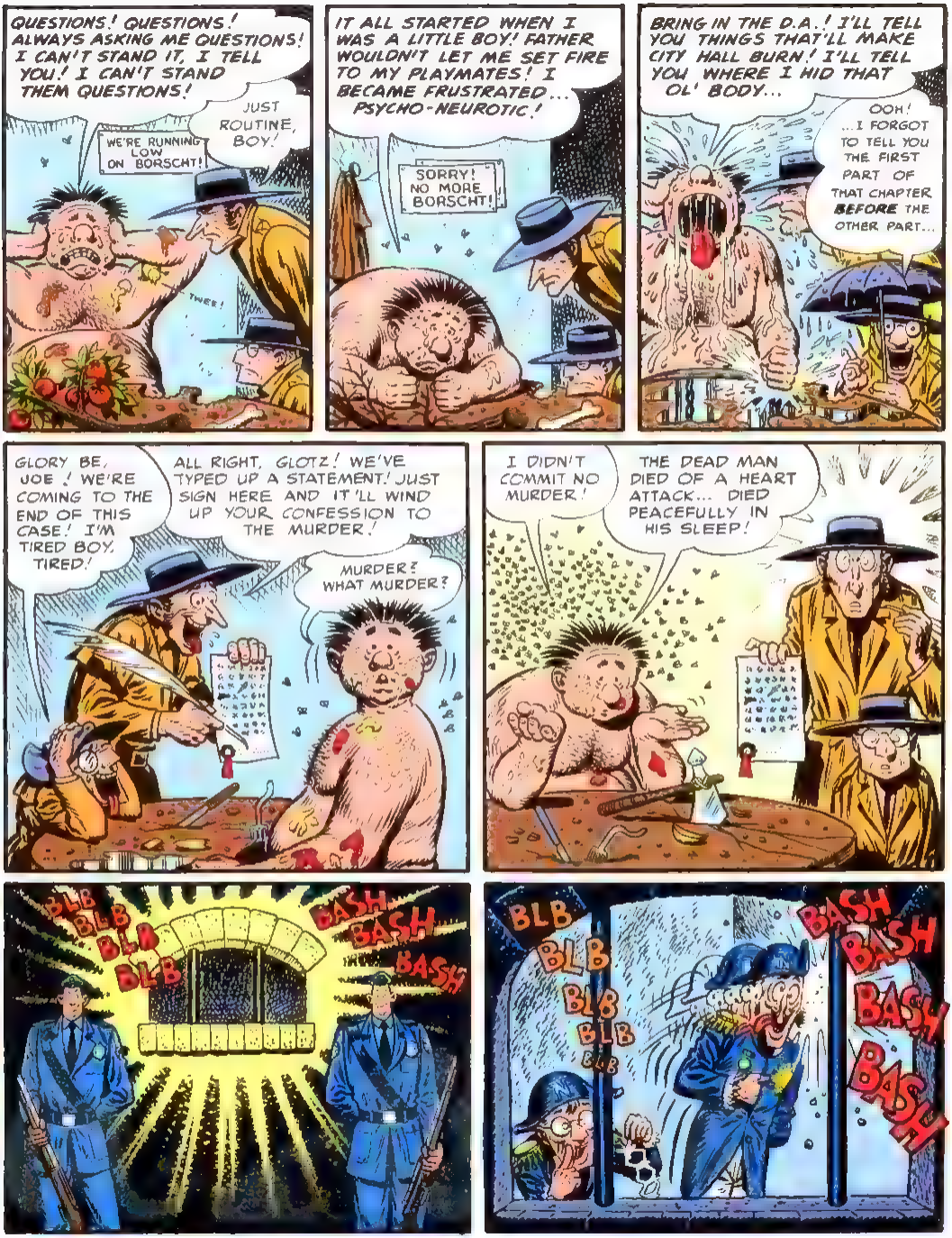

EXCUSE ME, OFFISA! I'VE GOTTA DANCE NOW!
AWRIGHT! WHO ARE YOU KIDDING? WE KNOW YOU'RE A GIRL NAMED DESIRE!
NOW COME ON, MA'AM! CUT OUT THE ACT! WHY'D YOU KILL HIM?
I DIDN'T KILL NOBODY? WHY YOU ASKING ME SUCH A QUESTION?
SAFETY ZONE
JUST ROUTINE, MA'AM! ...SO TELL ME... WHY'D YOU KILL 'IM? WHY'D YOU KILL 'IM? WHY? HUH? WHY? WHY?
I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T KILL NO ONE! I TOLD YOU!
...ROUTINE QUESTION, MA'AM, THAT'S ALL!
HOMINY TIMES I GOTTA TELLYA I DIDN' KILL NO ONE!
BUT WHY... OH WHY, WHY, WHY DID YOU KILL HIM?
JUST ROUTINE QUESTION MA'AM... SO TELL ME ALREADY! WHY DID YOU KILL HIM?
I TOL' YOU TEN TIMES...
EEK
JUST ROUTINE, MA'AM! NOW LISTEN! ANSWER ME FINALLY, THE MAIN QUESTION... JUST WHAT IS YOUR PHONE NUMBER?
HEY! LET'S GO, JOE! I MADE THAT LI'L OL PINCH!
C'MON, ED! THE GIRL TOLD ME SHE SAW A GUY NAMED GALUSHA Q. TAXIDERM COMING OUT OF THE MURDERED MAN'S APARTMENT WITH A SMOKING MACHINE GUN! IT'S A SLIM LEAD! OUR JOB! GET 'IM!
WHAT A CHAPTER THAT WAS! A FLASH GORDON CHAPTER!
PTUNG!


I SENT TO WASHINGTON, D.C. AND HAD THEM RUN THE I.B.M. ON TAXIDERM'S M.O.! GOT BACK AN A.P.B. AND HIS M.C. SHOWS HE'S DEFINITELY GOT B.O.!... TAXIDERM IS HIDING HYAR... HYAR IN THE HEART OF THE CONGO!
SAFARI UP AHEAD JOE!
BOTANICAL GARDENS
S'CUSE ME, SAFARI! WE WANT TO ASK A COUPLE ROUTINE QUESTIONS!
FIRST QUESTION! WHAT'S YOUR PHONE NUMBER, DUMPLIN'... NO, NO! I MEAN... WHO'S SAFARI IS THIS?
THIS NO SAFARI, KID! THIS A CONGO LINE.. ONE, TWO, T'REE KICK!
GUM COTTON
KING SOLOMON AVE.
BABOON HIGHWAY
AWRIGHT! WHO'S THIS SAFARI KIDDING? WE KNOW YOU'RE GALUSHA Q. TAXIDERM! NOW TALK!
WOULD YOU HOLD THIS A MOMENT, OFFICERS?
SELTZA
OH, SURE!
STEP BACK A MOMENT, OFFICERS!
NOW LOOK, GALUSH! IT'D BE A LOT EASIER ON YOU AS WELL AS US IF YOU'D TALK!
POW!
POW!
POW!
JUST EXCUSE ME FOR ONE MORE MOMENT, OFFICERS!
LOOK, GALUSH! WE KNOW YOU'RE STALLING! IT'D BE A LOT EASIER ON US AS WELL AS YOU AS WELL AS US AS YOU AS US...
C'MON, GALUSH! WHY'D YOU KILL HIM? TALK!
I DIDN'T KILL NOBODY! WHY YOU ASKIN' ME SUCH QUESTIONS?
JUST ROUTINE, BWAH!
HOW'D YOU SAY YOUR MOM'S FEELING, ED?
6
C'MON, ED! GALUSHA'S TOLD US THAT HE SAW A GUY NAMED NANOOK OF THE NORTH WITH A SMOKING AIR-COOLED ANTI-AIRCRAFT CANNON IN THE MURDERED MAN'S APARTMENT! IT'S A SLIM LEAD! OUR JOB! GET 'IM!
IN THIS CHAPTER... FIRST THE BAD GUY COMES...
RATTLE
RATTLE
4

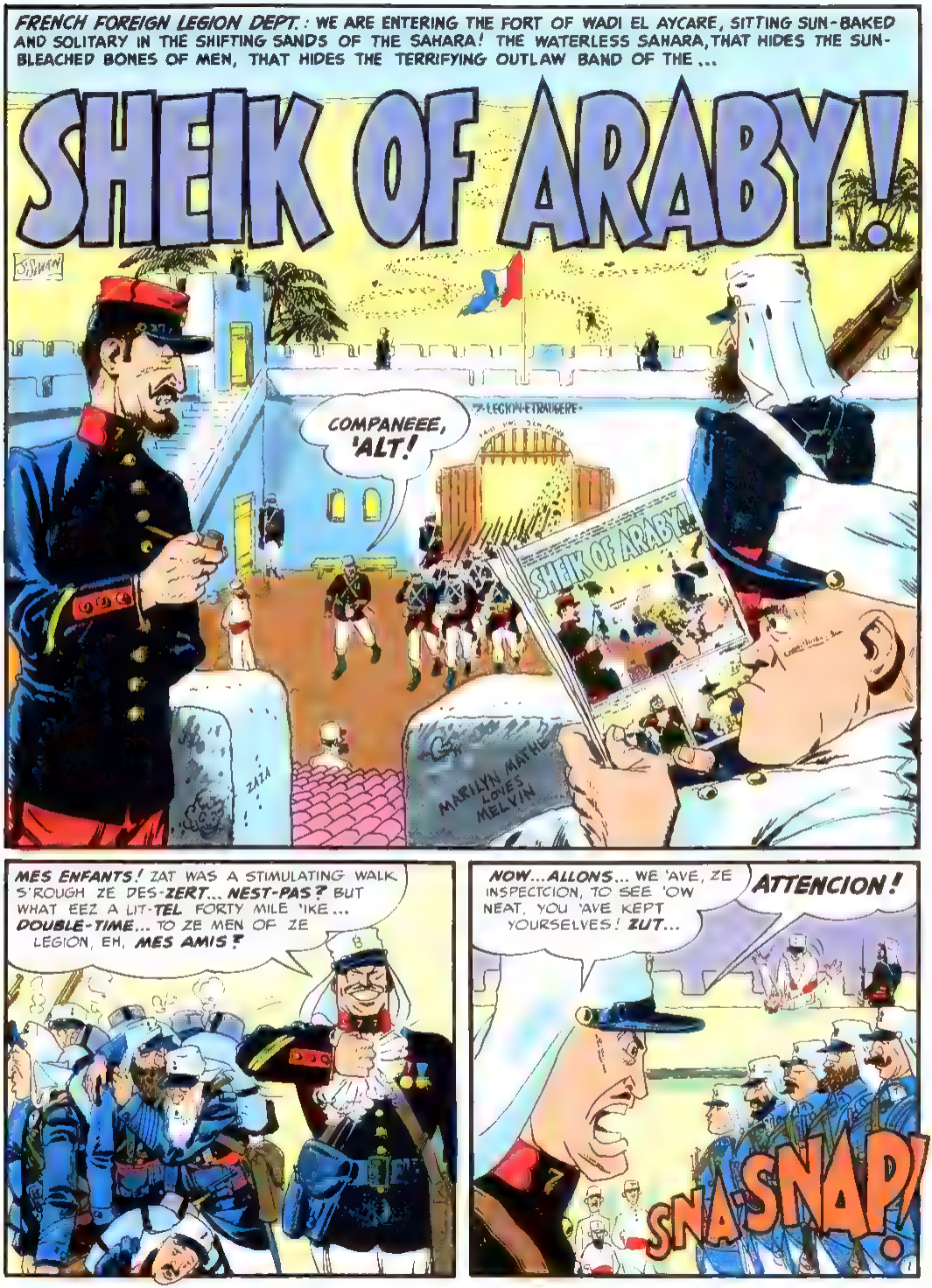

WELL, HERE WE ARE, ED! WE'VE TRACED NANOOK OF THE NORTH TO THE SOUTH POLE! THE TRAIL IS GETTING WARM (IF THAT COULD BE POSSIBLE), SO MUSH, BOY, MUSH!
YOU'RE TELLING ME THIS IS MUSH!
...SO IN THIS CHAPTER, DALE COMES! MOMMA MIA! SOME BABE!
MOISH, BOY! MOISH, MOISH!
THAT ISN'T MOISH, THAT MUST BE NANAK IN HIS KAYOOK... I MEAN NANOOK IN HIS KAYAK.. HEADIN' FOR HIS CAVE!
YALE
NATURALLY
NOW LOOKY HYAR, NANOOK!... HEY... HEY, FELLA, HEY?... HEY?
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN 2 MI.
HEY, NO-KNOCK! YA CAN'T STAY IN THERE ALL DAY! WE'LL WAIT OUT HERE ALL DAY IF IT TAKES US ALL DAY!
TALK, I SAID! WE'RE GONNA STAY RIGHT HERE TILL YOU COME OUT AN' TALK!
HERE HE COMES, JOE! HE'S GONNA TALK!
WHAT KIND OF TALK IS THAT?
MUSH, BOY! MUSH!
URP!
LET'S MUSH OUTTA THIS MISH-MOSH!
WE GOT ENOUGH OUTTA NANOOK TO KNOW THAT HE SAW A GUY BY THE NAME OF GLOTZ IN THE MURDERED MAN'S APARTMENT WITH HIS FINGERS AROUND THE MURDERED MAN'S THROAT! THE SLIMMEST LEAD YET! OUR JOB?... GET 'IM?
...DALE COMES... CH! FIRST, BEFORE THAT PART... ZARKOV GOES...
5


W-WELL...H-H-HERE WE ARE, ED! WE'VE HIKED ACROSS TIBET... UP TO THE HIGHEST PEAK OF MOUNT McKINLEY! WE'RE CLOSIN' IN ON GLOTZ'S HIDEOUT, BWAH... CLOSIN' IN!
DID YOU EVER TELL ME HOW YOUR MOM WAS?
Paramount Pictures
IF THIS MOUNTAIN YOU DID CLIMB
WE MADE IT, JOE! MADE IT, YOU HEAR! WE MADE IT!... NOW LEMME TELL YOU HOW THAT CHAPTER TURNED OUT!
THAT'S GLOTZ HIDEOUT IN THAT CAVE AHEAD!... C'MON OUT, GLOTZ!
YOU ARE STRONG & YOU ARE BRAVE
COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE!
LET HIM HAVE IT, JOE!
SWOOSH!
AND NOW'S THE TIME FOR-
IF YOU DON'T COME OUT, WE'RE COMING IN AFTER YOU!
POW RATATAT! POW! AK AK AK KRON BLOW BAM
Burma Shave
CH-A-ARGE!
OH! BEFORE ZARKOV GOES, THERE'S ANOTHER PART...
ALL RIGHT, GLOTZ! WE GOTCHA! IT'S MY DUTY TO WARN YOU! ANYTHING YOU SAY WILL BE HELD AGAINST YOU!
HEY! NOBODY'S HERE!
SWIFTS כשר KOSHER
TELEPHONE!
RRING!
DRINKS
HELLO! THAT YOU, FRIDAY? THIS IS THE CHIEF! COME ON BACK TO THE OFFICE! GLOTZ IS HERE!... JUST GAVE HIMSELF UP!
6


AWRIGHT, BOY! WHERE'D YOU HIDE IT, BOY? WHERE'D YOU HIDE DAT OL' CORPUS DILECTI, YOU ALL!
TALK!
TALK!
TALK!
TALK!
TALK!
SO SHUT UP A MINUTE AND LET HIM TALK!
I'M HUNGRY!
ALL RIGHT, GLOTZ! YOU WIN! WE'LL BUY YOU A PIZZA-PIE!
BUT AFTER THAT, BOY, YOU BETTER TALK OR WE'LL TAKE BACK OUR PIZZA-PIE!
TODAY
SPAGHETTI...
CONFETTI...
SPUMONI...
STROMBOLI...
FOSTA FOR ZOO
WE GOT BORSCHT
OUR HORSES FRESHLY KILLED!
DON'T TAKE A SUBSTITUTE
THIS RESTAURANT APPROVED BY THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION
COME IN AND EAT BEFORE WE RAISE THE PRICE
PIZZA
WELL, BOYS. (CHOMP, CHOMP) YOU WANNA KNOW WHERE THE BODY (CHOMP) IS, HUH?... PLEASE PASS THE KETCHUP!
WE GOT BORSCHT!
WELL-P, SIR (ULP, CHOMP CRAK) IT ISN'T EASY TO HIDE A BODY (URP, CHOMP, GLURP) NO SIR... 'SPECIALLY IF YOU TRY TO (CHOMP, BURP, BABURP) FIT IT IN A SMALL TRUNK! MAYONNAISE, PLEASE!
YOU GOTTA (CHOK, CHOMP, P-TOO) CUT A BODY INTO SEPARATE PARTS (BU-U-U-URP) IF YOU WANNA PUT IT IN A SMALL TRUNK (CHOMP, TIK, SLUP)! TOBASCO SAUCE, PLEASE!
BORSCHT WE GOT!
EXCUSE US, GLOTZ!
THE HEAD WILL GIVE YOU THE MOST TROUBLE (GLOMP, SLOMP, CHOMP)! THERE'S USUALLY NO ROOM FOR THE (CHOMP, SLURP, GLURP) HEAD! ... ANY RELISH AROUND?
BORSCHT? YOU EAT!
...'COURSE IF YOU HAVE A BULL-FIDDLE CASE, (GLUGGLE, SPLASH, P-TOO) YOUR PROBLEM IS SIMPLE! (CHOMP, POP)!... COULD SURE USE A SLICE OF BURMUDA ONION!
AWRIGHT, GLOTZ! CUT IT OUT! QUIT BEATIN' 'ROUND THE PIZZA-PIE! WHERE'S THE BODY?
7



IN OCTOBER OF FOURTEEN NINETY-TWO, THE CASE WAS FILED IN SUPERIOR COURT! GLOTZ WAS ACQUITTED, BUT JOE FRIDAY AND ED SATURDAY WERE NOT! FRIDAY AND SATUR WERE SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT IN THE STATE BOOBY HATCH WHERE THEY ARE NOW SERVING OUT THEIR TERMS!


FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION DEPT.: WE ARE ENTERING THE FORT OF WADI EL AYCARE, SITTING SUN-BAKED AND SOLITARY IN THE SHIFTING SANDS OF THE SAHARA! THE WATERLESS SAHARA, THAT HIDES THE SUN-BLEACHED BONES OF MEN, THAT HIDES THE TERRIFYING OUTLAW BAND OF THE ...
SHEIK OF ARABY!
COMPANEEE, 'ALT!
LEGION ETRANGERE
SHEIK OF ARABY
MARILYN MATHE LOVES MELVIN
MES ENFANTS! ZAT WAS A STIMULATING WALK S'ROUGH ZE DES-ZERT... NEST-PAS? BUT WHAT EEZ A LIT-TEL FORTY MILE 'IKE... DOUBLE-TIME... TO ZE MEN OF ZE LEGION, EH, MES AMIS?
NOW...ALLONS... WE 'AVE, ZE INSPECTCION, TO SEE 'OW NEAT, YOU 'AVE KEPT YOURSELVES! ZUT...
ATTENCION!
SNA-SNAP!


YOU! ROQUEFORT! YOU 'AVE A SPECK OF SAND ON ZE END OF YOUR RIFE-FELL!
LA!
MEN OF ZE LEGION, MUS' CARE FOR ZE RIF-FELL, LIKE ZE GIRL FREN'!
KRUNCH!
YOU! CAMEMBERT! ZERE IS SWEAT DRIPPEENG FROM ZE END OF YOUR NOSE!
TA!
MEN OF ZE LEGION, MUS' NOT SWEAT... EVAIRE!
SPLAT!
YOU! CHANTILLY! YOUR TONGUE, IS 'ANGING OUT!
BUT SARJHANT! I AM THIRSTEE!
YOU TALK BACK TO ME... SARJHANT GUILLOTINE? I BREAK YOU IN TWO!
PA!
POP!
ZEN I S'ROW YOU AY-WAY! ... COM-SA!
YOU CALL YOURSELVES SOLDATS! I CALL YOU `COCHON'... PEEGS! ENFIN! YOU MAY GO NOW!
DEES-MEESED!
2


THAT SERGEANT GUILLOTINE, BOY! SOME DAY I'M GONNA LET 'IM HAVE IT, BOY!
COME, MON AMI! LET US GO TO LE BARRACKS! ZE SARJHANT, EES TOUGH, BUT HE IS ZE GOOD SOLDAT!
YOU SEE, IN ZE LEGION, ONE 'AS TO BE TOUGH! WE ARE LE FORGOTTEN MEN OF ZE WORLD! LE LEGION DOES NOT ASK YOU WHO YOU ARE, OR WHAT YOU 'AVE DONE! I WILL SHOW YOU...
ATTENCION! GOSCINNY! WHAT BROUGHT YOU TO ZE LEGION?
HO HO! WAT ELSE? I LEF' PARIS BECAUSE A JHEALOUS HUZ-BAND WANTED MY LIFE!
MODEL
ALORS! FROTHING BASH! WHY ARE YOU IN ZE RÉGIMENTS ÉTRANGERS?
...COUPLE OF CHAPS WANTED TO SEE ME! SCOTLAND YARD, YOU KNOW! ABOUT MURDER OR SOMETHING! HAD TO LEAVE LONDON!
ALONS! AND YOU PASTAFAZOO! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE!
I WAS A SHAKINA DOWN ALLA EAST SIDE SICILIANO PIZZA-PIE JOINTS TILLA I GAVE A CARBINIERI DE STILLET!
ALLEZ! YOU HOSSEN-PFEFFER! WHAT EES YOUR STORY?
ACH! CHUST BECAUSE I ORDERED MY REGIMENT TO MARCH OVER A CLIFF, UND DEY VENT, DER KAISER HAS KICKED ME OUDT OF BERLIN!
MERCI! AND W'AT ABOUT YOU, RASPUTIN?
PTOO! IN MOSCOW, WEET MINE BARE HANTS I KEELED 10 COSSACKS FOR CHEATING IN A GAME OF ROSSIAN ROULLETTE!
BOUCOUP! AND... AND WHAT OF YOU, MELVIN?
I'M TRYING TA GET AWAY FUM MY WIFE AN' KIDS IN BROOKLYN!
3

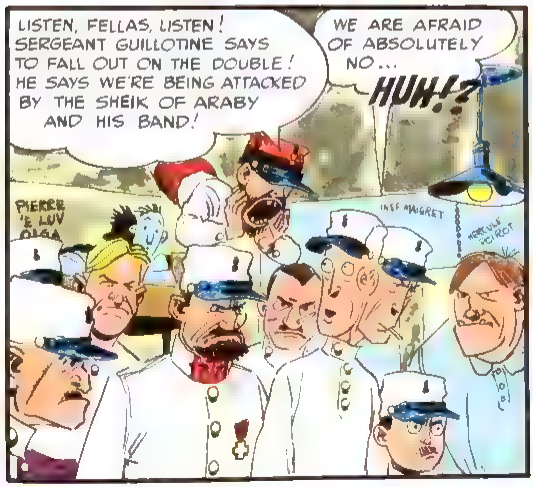

GETTING AWAY FROM YOUR WIFE AND KIDS?
INCROYABLE!
FANTASTIQUE!
'OO WOULD JOIN ZE LEGION TO GET AWAY FROM ZE WIFE AND KIDS?
HA HA!
HAW!
HA HA!
HAHA!

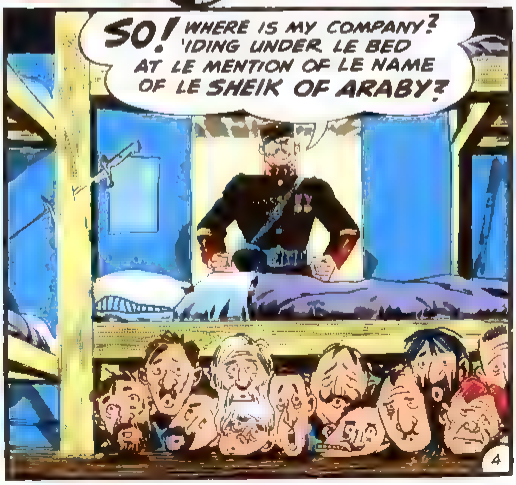

YOU SHOULD SEE MY WIFE!
AND YOU SHOULD SEE MY KIDS!


DO NO WORRY, MON AMI! 'ERE IN ZE LEGION YOU ARE SAFE! 'ERE IN LE LEGION, NO MAN CAN BE CLAIMED BY HEES PAST!
HEY, FELLAS!


YOU GUYS DON'T KNOW MY WIFE, ROSIE! ROSIE'LL CATCH ME SOONER OR LATER AND DRAG ME BACK TO BROOKLYN! YOU FELLOWS WON'T LET HER... WILLYA? HUH? WILLYA?
HEY FELLAS, LISTEN!


AH, AH, MON BRAVE! NO ONE SHALL TAKE YOU FROM LE LEGION! WE LEGIONNAIRES SHALL PROTECT YOU FROM YOUR RO-ZEE! WE ARE AFRAID OF NOS-SING!
HEY, LISTEN, FELLAS!
HONK!


LISTEN, FELLAS, LISTEN! SERGEANT GUILLOTINE SAYS TO FALL OUT ON THE DOUBLE! HE SAYS WE'RE BEING ATTACKED BY THE SHEIK OF ARABY AND HIS BAND!
WE ARE AFRAID OF ABSOLUTELY NO...
HUH!?
PIERRE 'E LUV OLGA
INSP MAIGRET
HERCULE POIROT


SO! WHERE IS MY COMPANY? 'IDING UNDER LE BED AT LE MENTION OF LE NAME OF LE SHEIK OF ARABY?

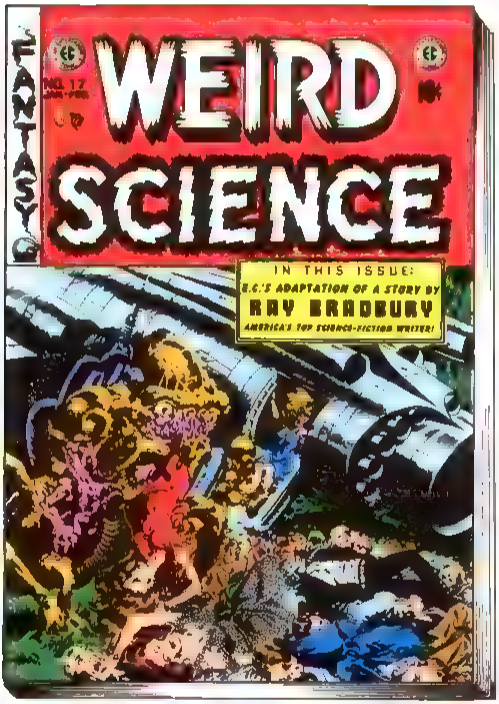

OUT! PEEGS! MAN ZE EMBRASEURS! COWAIRDS!
BUT SERJHANT...
ZE SHEIK OF ARABY...
AND 'IS MYSTERIOUS DESERT RIDAIRS...
NO. 3
KRUNCH
SOLDATS! ZE SHEIK OF ARABY 'AS NOT BEEN AROUND LONG BUT OH MY SOLDATS... FROM WHAT I 'AVE 'EARD... QUELL HORREUR! QUELL TERREUR! AYE GAVOLTE!.. BUT DO NOT WORREE! WE SHALL 'OLD OUT, TILL RELIEF COMES!
POW!
POW!
ZING
POW!
SERJHANT! I 'AVE RECEIVED A DUM-DUM BULLET IN ZE SHEST! MAY I REST?
POW
POW
COWAIRD!... 'AVE YOU NO COUR-AGE? BACK TO ZE WALL!
OUI, SERJHANT!
SERJHANT! I 'AVE A SCIMITAR IN ZE BACK ZAT 'URTS WHEN I LAUGH! MAY I RETIRE?
DESERTAIR!... EET EES ONLY A SCRATCH! BACK TO YOUR POST!
OUI, SERJHANT!
SERJHANT! I 'AVE A BULLET 'HOLE BETWEEN MINE EYES! MAY I SEEK LE FIRST AID?
POW!
POW!
SLACKAIR! EET EES A SUPERFICIAL WOUND! BACK TO ZE FIGHT!
OUI, SERJHANT!
5


COME, SOLDATS! WE MUST, PROP UP LE DEAD ONES, IN LE EMBRASEURS!
POW!
ZING
ZOOOO
IN LE ATTITUDES, LIFE-LIKE... ZEM... PROP UP, MUST WE! WE MUST FOOL ZE SHIEK!
WHIZZZZ
KA-POW!
ZING
POW!
LE SHEIK OF ARABY MUST NEVAIR KNOW HE IS DECI-MATING OUR RANKS! NE-VAIR!
ZING!
WIZZ
Z-OOO
POW!
SOLDATS! WE ARE ONLY BUT A 'AND-FUL... BUT...
ZUT! LE PIS-TOL!
POW!
...WE MUS' SCAMPAIR FROM PARA-PET TO PARA-PET!
ZIT LE CAN-NON!
KA-WA-BL-
WE MUS' MAKE ZE AFFECT OF A WHOLE ARMEE!
ZAT! LE RIFE-FELL!
POW!
ZERE IS JHUST YOU, SOLDAT MELVIN, AND I, SERJHANT GUILLOTINE... OO ARE LEFT AY-LIVE! BUT, OH JOYEUX, MON COMRADE, WE 'AVE WON! ZE SHEIK OF ARABY 'AS WEETHDRAWN! TIENS!
SMACK!
SMACK!
SMACK!
S-SERGEANT! L-L-LOOK!
MON DIEU! LE SHEIK OF ARABY AND 'IS BAND!
BC GUESSE
6


SACRE BLEU! LE SHEIK OF ARABY IS LE WOM-MAN!
POW!
BAM!
POW!
NOM DE CHIEN! LE BULLETS DO NOT BOTHAIR SERJHANT GUILLOTINE!
RATATAT!
POW!
BAM!
GEE WHILLIKERS! WEETH MY BARE 'ANDS, I WEEL FINISH LE SHEIK OF ARABY!
KA-POW!
POW!
POW!
BAM!
KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF OF ME, YOU BIG BRUTE!
BLING!
ROSIE! AND THE KIDS! IT'S YOU! I KNEW NOTHING WOULD STOP YOU! NOT EVEN THE FOREIGN LEGION!
MELVIN! YOU WORM! YOU'RE COMING BACK TO BROOKLYN!
AND SO WE LEAVE THE DESOLATE DESERT OUTPOST OF WADI EL AYCARE! WE LEAVE AND TRAVEL OUT... OUT OVER THE SHIFTING SANDS!
...OUT OVER THE SAHARA... OVER THE BLEACHED BONES OF MEN WE TRAVEL! WE KEEP TRAVELING, MY FRIENDS, OVER THE HORIZON, TO... TO... BROOKLYN!

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ON SALE NOW AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!



Friends, Romans, Countrymen!

We are about to bring you the play-by-play of today's big doubleheader from the Colosseum! We have an exciting afternoon all lined up for you. Hear? Don't go 'way!

The SLAVES are going to take on the LIONS in the first game . . . and the league-leading GAULS will face the BRITONS in the night-cap. Those BRITONS are in the cellar as far as the league standings go, but they sure can make things hot for the first division teams! There is a common belief that whatever team is ahead by the Ides of March is a cinch to win the pennant. Well, that's not so! This flag race may not be decided until the last day of the season! The MOORS are in second place by only *one game* in the lost column!!

But now . . . a *word* from our sponsor!

"Why spend denarii on over-head when you can't wear it? Buy your togas at Tiberius's . . . off plain marble columns!! Tiberius has convenient stores in Britannia, Gallia, Armenia, Colchis, Iberia, Albania, Peloponnesus, and Graecia . . . open from nine until nine!"

The Colosseum is certainly crowded today. We're waiting for the official attendance. The right field bleachers are filled! Our booth is right above the box of Gaius Decius, the Illyrian Emperor of Rome. The game should begin any minute now! Decius will throw out the first SLAVE! I think the SLAVES are being familiarized with the ground rules. They don't seem to like standing in the center of the

arena. They want to come up into the stands! Since the LIONS are the visiting team, they'll get *first licks!*

Now the LIONS have come out on the field. The game has started! It appears that the LIONS are too strong for the SLAVES, who have been riddled with injuries since opening day.

But now . . . our sponsor!

"Travel the safe, luxurious way . . . travel the Appian Way"! Rates are lower now than ever before! Special rates are available to centurions and their families!"

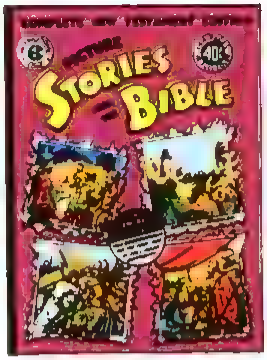
Now back to the game! This first contest is becoming a complete rout. Looks like the LIONS will shut out the SLAVES!

The crowd is waiting for the second game. They're going to get their first look at the young rookie gladiator in action. He was just brought up from the minors where he was burning up the Etruscan League! They say he has a good eye and plenty of speed. He's one of those bonus players! Decius gave him the Roman Senate as a bonus. I hope the boy lives up to his advance press notices. You know, there's an awful lot of pressure on him! He'll be eager . . . swinging for the fence!! He's in the big show now. But will he stick? If he does, the people will erect a statue to him in the Assembly. He'll be riding in the cat-bird seat of the Emperor's chariot!

If he fails . . . it'll be "thumbs down"!

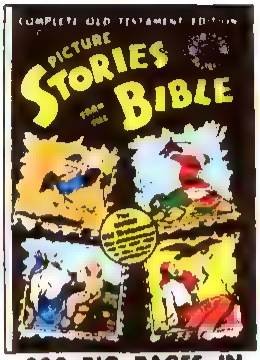
The officials had better get this game under way! In the event the game is called on account of darkness, it won't go into the record books. The Roman League has a new ruling that the torches cannot be lit for a day game!

Ye Immortal Gods! I'd hate to have to fry fish for all the plebians assembled here today!



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THE DANDELION CAPER

Cosmo McMoon sauntered into Captain Malfeasance O'Malley's office . . . three hours late!!

"Where have you been? What took you so long to get here after my emergency call?", asked the impatient law enforcer.

"I couldn't find a parking space outside headquarters for my *yak!!* It's corrupt politics . . . that's what it is! Discrimination against *yaks!!!* I notice the *llamas* get away with murder in this town!"

"The llamas have a strong lobby! I'd suggest you take your complaints before the city consul at their next meeting."

"Rest assured the Society for the Advancement of Bovine Ruminants from Upper Asia will hear of this indignity!! Meanwhile, I had to enroll Melvin . . . my yak . . . in a day nursery near uptown Central Park".

Captain O'Malley turned to introduce a nervous little man with a red walrus mustache. "Cosmo . . . this is Mr. Morningside Mac Mixmaster, president of Random Shack Publishing Company! One of his most brilliant authors is missing . . . perhaps kidnapped!!"

The publisher hastened to tell Cosmo the details. "No doubt you have read the latest best-seller by our precocious young writer, TRUMAN REMOTE!" Mac Mixmaster handed Cosmo a copy of "Other Hearses, Other Tombs", which had a picture of the author on the back cover. Truman Remote looked like a youth of eighteen. The lenses of his eyeglasses were of milk bottle thickness. His hair was combed down straight on his forehead in bangs and he had an air of detachment about him. In his left hand he held a dandelion.

"Quite a scholarly and intense personality", remarked Cosmo. "I'll wager he doesn't even bother to call for his royalty checks!"

"Yes . . . Truman Remote is *above* the mundane things of life! He would rather commune with nature. He spends most of his time collecting species of the *Taraxacum officinale* . . . the dandelion plant. I'd suggest you start searching for him in all the local *parks* and *meadows*".

* * * * *

A few days later, Cosmo and O'Malley were combing the outfield grass in Lankee Stadium. They had searched every other park in the city but had found no clues. Suddenly, Cosmo came upon some withered and discarded dandelions. "Send these wilted dandelions to the city coroner for an autopsy. Find out how long they've been dead and whether they were *plucked* or *strangled!!*" Just then, a new development in the case came forth . . . a trail of some more crushed dandelions! The two sleuths followed the trail all the way downtown. The trail ended at the curb in front of a dilapidated tenement house on the lower eastside!!

Suddenly, a black sedan swung around the corner! Cosmo yelled as he hit the sidewalk, "Get behind that storage mailbox, O'Malley, or you'll end up in the *dead letter office!!!*" There was a chatter from a Thompson sub-machine-gun. Then the assassin-car sped away. Cosmo was relieved to see that his friend was unharmed by the spray of slugs. "Did you get the license number, O'Malley?"

"The car was a Buick '49 with three Goodyear tires, one Firestone! The driver was blond, blue-eyed, 5'8", and weighed about 195. He was wearing a Bond suit, Adler elevator shoes, Argyle socks, a white Arrow shirt (15-35), and a maroon turtle-neck sweater! Too bad I couldn't get the license number. It all happened too fast!!"

"Well, never mind!", said Cosmo. "Let's force our way into the cellar of this house . . . the trail ends here!!" Captain O'Malley pulled his recoilless cannon out of his shoulder holster as Cosmo battered the four-ply oak door in with a butt of his knee-cap.

There, in the center of a long trough, his trousers rolled up to his knees, was Truman Remote!! He was stomping up and down . . . pressing dandelions with his bare feet! The dandelion juice ran from the trough into a huge fermenting vat. A tough looking character covered him with a revolver. Suddenly, the startled thug whirled and drew a bead on O'Malley! Cosmo shot the gunsel in the hand with a rapid burst from his high-powered slingshot!!

"So . . . we meet again, *Vino Muscatel!!* This time you'll rot in jail for kidnaping . . . and for forcing Truman Remote to make *bootleg dandelion wine!!!*"

* * * * *

Now the case was closed and Truman Remote was restored to his anguished publisher. Cosmo was back in O'Malley's office when he received a phone call.

The voice on the other end said, "Hello! Is this Mr. Cosmo McMoon? This is Miss Marie Severin of the Uptown Day Nursery!! Come and get your Melvin . . . immediately! I can't do a thing with him. He won't share his milk and chocolate-covered graham crackers with the rest of the children!!"


HORROR DEPT.: A FOG LIES FLAT ON LONDON, LIKE AN OPAQUE BLANKET LYING AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STILL LONDON NIGHT! AND DOWN BELOW, THOSE OF THE LIVING... ONE BY NAME OF GODIVA... MOVE THROUGH THE MILKY FOLDS OF THE FOG... AS WELL AS THOSE OF THE DEAD... BY N-NAME OF...
V-VAMPIRES!
KLEK KLEK KLEK KLEK KLEK KLEK KLEK KLEK KLEK


KLEK
KLEK
KLEK




CHUFF
CHUFF


KLIK KLIKETY KLAK!
CHUF
CHUF
CHUF
CHUF
KLIK
KLIKETY KLAK!
KLIK
KLIKETY KLAK!
CHUF CHUF
CHUFFETY
CHUF
CHUFF!
BLIMEY! DEAD END! TRAPPED! NO! GET AWAY!
BLIMEY! FOLLOWING ME! WHY ARE YOU FOLLOWING ME!
ALLA TIME... ALLA TIME FOLLOWING ME! GO ON BACK HOME OR I'LL PASTE YOU ONE! POP OFF! BLIMEY!
SUPPOSENT WE DON'T WANNA?
FRBTSK!
LISTEN 'ERE, SIS! WE KNOW YER GOING TER MEET YER BOY FRIEND!... WELL, WE DON'T LEAVE TILL YOU COUGH UP A COUPLE THRUPENCE, TUPPENCE, AND A HA'PENNY!
GIRTZ!
GO HOME! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! HAVEN'T YOU HEARD ABOUT THE VAMPIRE THAT IS ROAMING THE STREETS OF LONDON? LITTLE CHILDREN LIKE YOU ARE CARELESS! YOU LET STRANGERS SNEAK RIGHT UP BEHIND YOU...


WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF THE VAMPIRE SNUCK UP BEHIND YOU? YOU'D BE SCARED! NOT LIKE US GROWN-UPS! THAT'S WHY US GROWN-UPS CAN GO OUT IN THE EVENINGS! WE'RE NOT SCARE...SCEE...SCOO...SCREEEE

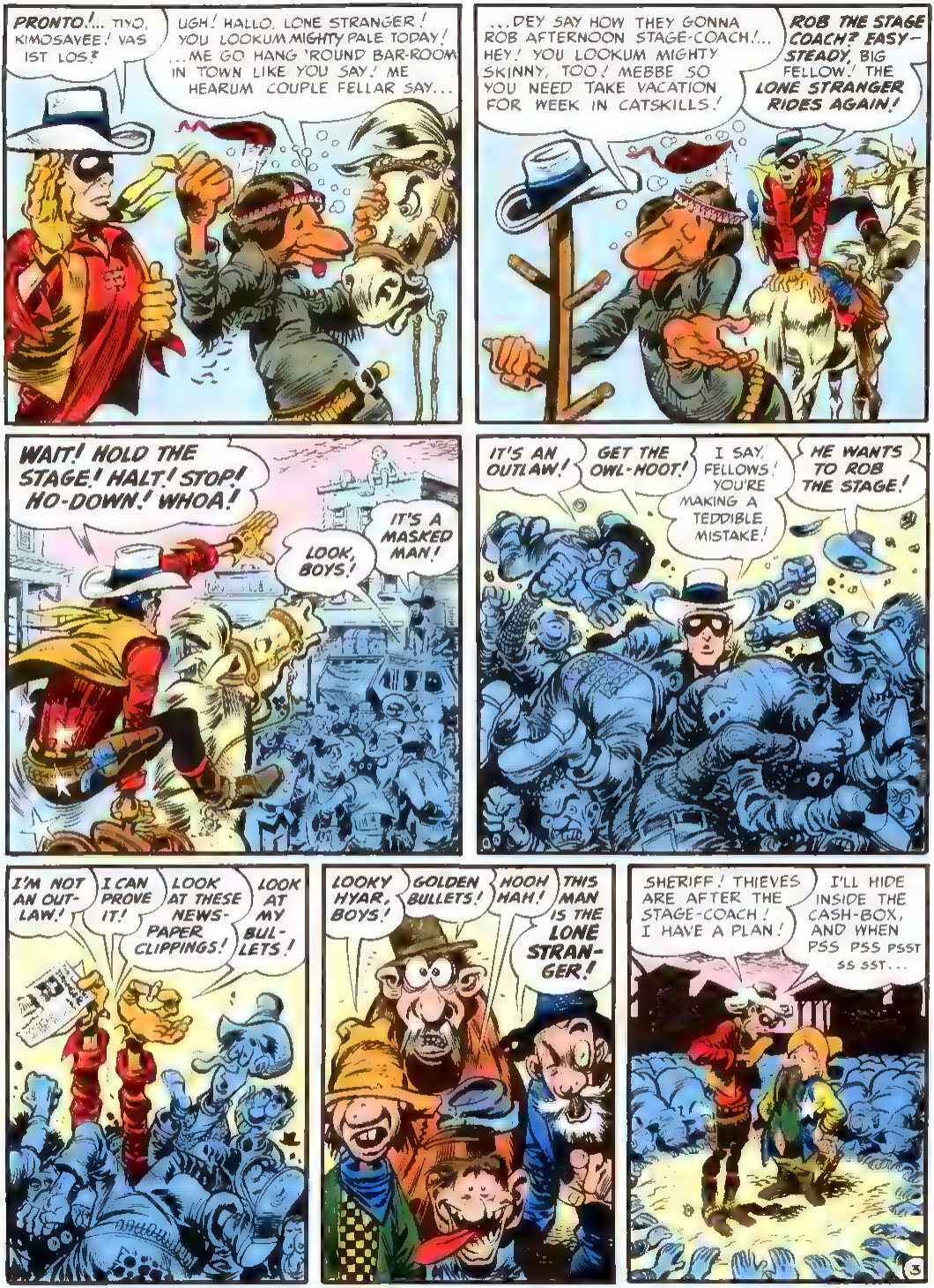

I SAY, GODIVA! ISN'T THIS A BIT IRREGULAR, THOSE LITTLE CHAPS FLYING AWAY?
OH AREN'T THEY THE RASCALS, THOUGH!
KOF!
AND ISN'T IT A BIT IRREGULAR THAT YOU HAD ME MEET YOU HERE, IN A CEMETERY?
LISTEN, RENFREW! PEOPLE DIE TO GET IN HERE! BESIDES, COULD YOU THINK OF A MORE DISCREET PLACE FOR TWO YOUNG FOOLS MADLY IN LOVE TO HAVE A TRYST? IN OTHER WORDS...
WHO
CAHMON, RENF'! LET'S NECK!
BUT, GODIVA, THE NIGHT IS DARK!
WOW! C'MON!
BUT GODIVA! THE STORIES ABOUT THE VAMPIRE ROAMING LONDON...
TWEET! YAHOO! C'MON!
VEDDY WELL, GODIVA, OLD CHAP! I GIVE YOU THIS AS A SIGN OF MY AFFECTION!
FWEET!
YOU KISSED ME!
FRESH!
TAKE ME HOME!
CRAK!
FORGIVE ME, GODIVA! BLASTED FOG DOES THINGS TO A MAN, YOU KNOW! IF YOU'LL SHOW ME THE BLASTED WAY, I'LL TAKE YOU BLASTED HOME!
WHY IT'S NOT VEDDY FAR! AS A METTER OF FECT IT'S JUST AHEAD!
H.K.R.
YOU? YOU LIVE IN A M-M-M-M-MASOLEUM?
OF CUSS! ...YOU THINK IT'S EASY?
ABF
4


C'MON IN, RENFREW! I'LL FIX YOU A CUP OF COOL, WET TEA!
GAD WOMAN! THAT SMILE...
C'MON IN! I GOT COKE ON A MARBLE SLAB! NICE AND COLD!
THOSE LIPS... THOSE TEETH...
C'MON IN! I GOT SOME MOULDY OLD BLINTZES LEFT OVER FROM LAST YEAR!
ESPECIALLY THOSE TEETH...
HOW 'BOUT A PLATE OF BLOOD-RED BORSCHT! OR MAYBE JUST A PLATE OF BLOOD!
YOU HAVEN'T BEEN USING YOUR CHLOROPHYLL TOOTHPASTE!
ARF A MD'!
GODIVA'S TEETH! THEY'RE NOT TEETH! THEY'RE FANGS! BAT FANGS!
GODIVA IS...
AN UMPIRE!
DASH IT ALL!... I MEAN VAMPIRE!
I MUST DESTROY THE VAMPIRE! BUT HOW? I WILL RUSH HOME TO MY STUDY! SURELY, IN MY LIBRARY OF RARE, MUSTY OLD MOROCCAN LEATHER BOUND BOOKS, I WILL FIND OUT HOW TO DESTROY THE VAMPIRE!
KLASH!
VROOOOM!
HAH! I FOUND IT! IN MY 'VAULT OF HORROR' COMIC BOOK #9! RIGHT AFTER THE STORY OF THE THING IN THE SWAMP THAT EATS UP THE GRANDMA ALIVE... IT TELLS HOW TO KILL A VAMPIRE!
DUST OFF THEM BLINTZES, GODIVA, 'CAUSE HERE I COME!
BOP!
SHMEK
SQUISH!
K-RAK!
THUD
BEEP
HONK!
MROOM
SMASH!
SPLATTER!
SQUISH
DRIP
DRIP
BTC.
BTC.
5


THAT DID IT! JUST LIKE THE COMIC BOOK SPECIFIED! TO KILL A VAMPIRE, YOU'VE GOT TO DRIVE A STAKE THROUGH ITS HEART!
BLASTED COMIC BOOK DIDN'T SPECIFY A T-BONE STAKE OR A FLANK STAKE... NO MATTER! THAT'S THE END OF GODIVA AND HER SPLAY-TOOTHED CREW!
EEP! THE FULL MOON!
DASH IT! TOO BAD I HAD TO KNOCK GODIVA AND HER FAMILY OFF! I WANTED TO SHOW HER SOMETHING TONIGHT!
AT PARTIES, THE FELLOWS THAT PLAYED ACCORDIANS OR HAD BOW-TIES THAT LIT IN THE DARK...
...WERE ALWAYS THE LIFE OF THE PARTIES! GODIVA NEVER THOUGHT I COULD BE THE LIFE OF A PARTY!... TONIGHT...
...I WAS GOING TO SHOW HER I COULD DO A TRICK THAT'D MAKE ME THE LIFE OF ANY OLD PARTY...
...HOW UNDER THE FULL MOON I CHANGE TO A WEREWOLF!
ECH...MAYBE IT'S A GOOD THING I KNOCKED OFF GODIVA! BEING A WEREWOLF IS TOUGH ENOUGH THESE DAYS WITHOUT GETTING COMPETITION FROM BLOOMING VAMPIRES
HI-HO! I THINK I'LL GO DOWN TO PICCADILLY CIRCUS AND HOWL AT SOME BABES!
ROWR!
ROUGH!
SIT UP!
YIPE
GRR-ROUGH!
BEG!
POINT!
DOWN
HEEL
BOY!
SCRATCH!
YIP
ROLL OVER!
FETCH!
SPEAK!
BOW WOW!
BOW WOW!


WESTERN DEPT.: AND NOW, LET US TELL A STORY OF YESTERYEAR, WHEN LAW AND ORDER RODE THE PLAINS ON A WHITE STALLION BEHIND A BLACK MASK!... LOOK! HERE HE COMES! A FIERY HORSE WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT... A CLOUD OF DUST AND A HEARTY HIYO GOLDEN! IT'S THE...
LONE STRANGER!
YUH GOT ME, MASKED MAN! MUH BANK ROBBIN' DAYS IS OVUH! YUH GOT ME, 'TWEEN THUH EYES!
LEMME... LEMME JUS' DIG OUT THE BULLET HYAR!
...EEK! A GOLDEN BULLET!
WHY YOU'RE... YOU'RE THE LONE STRANGER!


HERE, GOLDEN! COME ON, BOY!
PRONTO'S WAITING AT THE END OF THE TRAIL!
HAWAAAAAY
...SO HIYO GOLDEN!..
OOP!
BLAP!
COME BACK HERE, GOLDEN!
CONSARNED HOSS!
I NEVER COULD JUMP ON A HOSS LIKE THEY DO IN THE MOVIN' PITCHERS!
WELL...PRONTO'S WAITIN' AT THE END O' THAT LIL OL' TRAIL!
THERE'S THE CAMP UP AHEAD!
WHERE'S THAT OL' RASCAL, PRONTO? HE PROMISED HE'D HAVE BRUNCH READY WHEN I GOT BACK!
WELL...GUESS I'LL GET THE CAMPFIRE GOING!
AAH... THIS IS THE LIFE! OUT HERE! NATURE! BUILDING A CAMPFIRE WITH RUSTIC IMPLEMENTS!
...NOTHING LIKE BUILDING A CAMPFIRE WITH THESE LI'L OL' RUSTIC IMPLEMENTS!
DRAT!
WHERE'S THAT OL' RAPSCALLION, PRONTO! I'LL SACK HIM IF HE DON'T WATCH OUT!
CLICK!


PRONTO!... TIYO, KIMOSAVEE! VAS IST LOS?
UGH! HALLO, LONE STRANGER! YOU LOOKUM MIGHTY PALE TODAY! ...ME GO HANG 'ROUND BAR-ROOM IN TOWN LIKE YOU SAY! ME HEARUM COUPLE FELLAR SAY...
...DEY SAY HOW THEY GONNA ROB AFTERNOON STAGE-COACH!... HEY! YOU LOOKUM MIGHTY SKINNY, TOO! MEBBE SO YOU NEED TAKE VACATION FOR WEEK IN CATSKILLS!
ROB THE STAGE COACH? EASY-STEADY, BIG FELLOW! THE LONE STRANGER RIDES AGAIN!
WAIT! HOLD THE STAGE! HALT! STOP! HO-DOWN! WHOA!
LOOK, BOYS!
IT'S A MASKED MAN!
IT'S AN OUTLAW!
GET THE OWL-HOOT!
I SAY, FELLOWS! YOU'RE MAKING A TEDDIBLE MISTAKE!
HE WANTS TO ROB THE STAGE!
I'M NOT AN OUT-LAW!
I CAN PROVE IT!
LOOK AT THESE NEWS-PAPER CLIPPINGS!
LOOK AT MY BUL-LETS!
LOOKY HYAR, BOYS!
GOLDEN BULLETS!
HOOH HAH!
THIS MAN IS THE LONE STRAN-GER!
SHERIFF! THIEVES ARE AFTER THE STAGE-COACH! I HAVE A PLAN!
I'LL HIDE INSIDE THE CASH-BOX, AND WHEN PSS PSS PSST SS SST...
3


HYAR COMES THE STAGECOACH, BOYS!
GET READY!
THIS IS A STICK-UP!
EVERYBODY PUT UP YOUR HANDS, HEY!
WHY... HAIN'T NO ONE IN THAR BUT OLD MEN, WOMEN AN' A CHEE-ILD!
ALL RIGHT, BOY! THROW DOWN THE CASH BOX!
BUST IT OPEN WITH YER PISTOL BUTT, LUKEY!
YOU FELLAS HEAR SOMETHIN HEY?
EEK!
BUMP
I CAN'T GET THIS CASH BOX OPEN NO HOW!
LET THUH HOSS KICK IT AROUN', LUKEY!
HEY, FELLAS, DON'T YOU HEAR SOMETHIN'?.. ...HEY?
EEK!
EEK!
BLAM
BLAM
DAGNAB CASH BOX STILL WON'T OPEN!
LE'S TOSS IT OFF'N THE BLUFF, LUKEY!
HEY, FELLAS, HEY...
EEK!
CRASH
EFEN THIS DON'T DO IT, NOTHING WILL!
LE'S BLOW IT UP WITH DYNAMITE, LUKEY!
CRUNCH
HEY FELLAS?
EEK!
ALL RIGHT, YOU MEN!
PUT UP YOUR HANDS!
?
4


OOH! HE GOT ME ON THE EDGE OF MY SHOULDER JUST ENOUGH TO DROP MY GUN!
PING!
BLAM
OWW! HE TIPPED THE POINT OF MY HEAD JUST ENOUGH TO KNOCK ME OUT!
BL-BLAM
TING!
EEEE! HE GOT THE MECHANISM IN MY GUN JUST ENOUGH SO'S IT WON'T SHOOT!
DING!
BLOBADAM
AY! HE NICKED THE END OF MY TRIGGER FINGER SO'S I CAN'T FIRE!
VADOOM
LING!
ARE YOU PEOPLE ALL RIGHT?
OH YOU TALL IN THE SADDLE MASKED MAN! MY HERO! I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A GREAT BIG KISS!
S'CUSE ME MA'AM. BUT I DON'T MESS AROUND WITH THE WOMEN FOLK, MA'AM!
C'MERE, YOU GREAT BIG HUNK OF RAW-BONED CACTUS! LEMME GIVE YOU A GREAT BIG SLOBBER-ING KISS!
NOW MA'AM! TEEHEEHEE! DON'T GO MESSIN' AROUN' HERE! HEEHEEHEE LOOKOUT!
HEE HEEHOOP!
THUD!
HAW HAW! I'LL KISS YOU, ALL RIGHT! WITH THE BUTT-END OF MY GUN! YOU DIDN'T FIGGER ON AN INSIDE MAN ON THIS JOB!
NOW LET'S SEE WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE WITHOUT THAT MASK!
5


GEE WHILLIKERS! I'LL BE THE FIRST ONE TO SEE THE MASKED MAN WITHOUT HIS MASK!
JUST UNDO THIS LITTLE OLD STRING HERE, AN...
GOLLY!
NO!
IT CAN'T BE!
HEY, EVERYBODY! YOU SHOULD SEE WHAT I JUST SAW!
WAIT'LL I TELL YOU WHO THE MASKED MAN IS! WAIT! JUST WAIT!
THE MASKED MAN... THE MASKED MAN IS... HE IS... IS...
BLAM!
BLABADAM!
BLAM BLAM
PRONTO! PRONTO YOU OL' RAPSCALLION! TIYO YOU GOOD OL' KIMOSAVEE!
CUT OUT TIYO KIMOSAVEE BOLONEY! INSTEAD, MEBBE SO WE SNITCH COUPLE COINS FROM CASH-BOX! WE GOTTA MAKE LIVING SOMEHOW!
6


WELL... THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT GANG OF OWL HOOTS WHO'VE BEEN PLAGUING YUCCA-PUCCA GULCH FER SO LONG!
YEAH! AN' WE OWE IT ALL TO YOU, MASKED MAN!
SCRIP
MASKED MAN? HEY, MASKED MAN, HEY!
WHERE, DAT OL' MASKED MAN?
THE MASKED MAN IS GONE!
SAY... WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN ANYHOW?
HEY, BOY! LET'S HIT UM ROAD!
WAIT! WAIT, PRONTO!
WHY... THAT...
HEY, BOY! ME GOT TO MAKE BRUNCH!
NOT YET, PRONTO!
THAT MAN WAS...
ME WANNA GO SPYING IN DEM BAR-ROOMS, BOY!
NOT YET, PRONTO! WAIT... WAIT...
...THE LO-O-O-ONE STRANGER!
NOW! HIYO GOLDEN...
HAWAAAAAAAY
DRAT! MISSED AGAIN! COME BACK HERE, GOLDEN! COME BACK BOY!

Q: *Looking at "Dragged Net," I'd have to ask, when did you get a TV set?*

KURTZMAN: *Boy, we held out for the longest time.*

Q: *So when you did* ***Dragnet****, you were listening to it on the radio?*

KURTZMAN: *No. I was aware of* ***Dragnet*** *both on the radio and on TV. So I must have had a TV set. The TV* ***Dragnet*** *was all very familiar to me. I must have been watching it.*

Q: *Well, you did a second* ***Dragnet*** *parody later. But in this first one there's no pictorial parody of the characters.*

KURTZMAN: *You may be right. You may have caught something that I'm not aware of. It looks as if I hadn't seen* ***Dragnet****, as I look through here. Son of a gun. See, I fashioned them after Sherlock Holmes and Dick Tracy. I hadn't realized that until this minute. I wasn't thinking in visual terms, and I always think visually, so it could have been possible that I didn't see it on TV.*

Q: *If you look closely, it seems that the lead characters' names were changed at the last minute.*

KURTZMAN: *We had some reason to change it, I guess. The changes even look like they might be John or Marie Severin's lettering.*

Q: *Isn't it cheating to have a character who knows who the Lone Stranger is and yet not reveal that identity to the reader?*

KURTZMAN: *You can't reveal who he is. Nobody knows who that Masked Man is!*

Q: *The Elder story in the first issue is probably the second story that he ever did alone, and yet his* ***Mad*** *style is full blown.*

KURTZMAN: *He did a thing, a comic strip that he tried to sell, or possibly did sell to some comic book house, called* ***Rufus Debris****. It was about a guy who lived in a garbage can. I remember him doing it in a similar style. Of course, the magic between me and Willie was, he could be inspired to go far beyond my work. Wally would take my work and make Wally Wood technique. Willie would take my work and add 20 additional situations into the background. And he was funny. He was much funnier than I, certainly for that sort of thing. He would carry my stuff forward and enrich it by a multiple of five. He also worked very hard. Well, all the guys worked hard. Willie and Wally were the hardest workers, and, it goes without saying, so was I. We all worked hard, and should be given all the credit for that.*

If **Tarzan** had been around for so long and in so many forms that it was almost a genre in itself, the same could not be said of Kurtzman's second specific parody. **Dragnet** was a current show still rising in popularity when Kurtzman first tackled it. Although the show, which starred and was directed by Jack Webb, had been successful on radio since its first broadcast in 1949, it was through a decade of TV exposure that it achieved immortality, with such phrases as "All we want are the facts, ma'am," "Our job . . . get 'im" and Walter Schumann's familiar musical "Domm-da-dom-domm" theme passing into American language and culture. At the time Kurtzman wrote "Dragged Net," **Dragnet** had only been on TV about nine months, broadcast every other week. Conceivably Kurtzman's was the very first of the long line of parodies that the show's stylized underplayed "realistic" narrative concept generated. Certainly it preceded the most famous one, Stan Freberg's record "St. George and the Dragonet," which was number one on the hit parade for four weeks in 1953, sold over a million copies, and earned Freberg a spot performing it on **The Ed Sullivan Show**. Some of the many other parodies the show inspired include such items as "Little Blue Riding Hood," the flip side of Freberg's hit, a **Bob Newhart Show** episode, various recent TV commercials, and Warner Brothers cartoons "Tree Cornered Tweety" (Friz Freleng, 1956) and "Rocket Squad" (Chuck Jones, 1956), the latter starring Daffy Duck at Sgt. Joe Monday and Porky Pig as Officer Frank Tuesday.

Note the **Frank** Tuesday; Joe Friday's longest running side-kick was Officer Frank Smith, played by Ben Alexander from 1953 to 1959. But during the year 1952 Friday's partner was Sgt. Ed Jacobs, played by Barney Phillips, hence Kurtzman's character was **Ed** Saturday. Kurtzman's use of the name Ed, both in his rerun of "Dragged Net" in issue 7 in which he retained his original character names (but pictorially caricatured Webb and Alexander), and in the phrase, "How's your mom, Ed?," which he used at random throughout the run of **Mad** comics and which gained a sort of immortality of its own, was therefore out of sync with the show except for this first use in issue 3.

—John Benson


HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN
TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU
AN ENTERTAWING COMIC
No. 4.
APR-MAY
10¢
MAD
KILL ME? DON'T BE ABSURD!
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK ANYONE WANTS TO KILL ME?
H. Kurtzman

MAD MUMBLINGS

Dear Editors,

Why not have a letter page? MAD No. 2 had nothing!

Jimmy Phelan
Brooklyn, N. Y.

We will, Jimmy, from now on. MAD No. 2 had no letter page because at the time the mag went to the engravers, MAD No. 1 had not yet hit the stands . . . therefore no mail!—editors.

Dear Editors,

You ask for it, and Brotherrrr! you are going to get it. Educational, entertaining, humorous? No. Your "brain-child" is none of these. In fact, it is plain rot. If my brains had so little to offer, I would blow them out if I could find them. We have four boys bringing in so-called "funny books," and I usually glance over them to weed out those that are downright detrimental, and have found some disgusting books. But never one that seemed to have no purpose or excuse for going on, than this one of yours. When will editors and publishers get over the idea that the public are morons, and not capable of understanding good literature? I consider it an insult to children to put out such trash for the feeding of the mind. My neighbors agree with me on this, and I hope many parents will be as frank as I have been in answering your request for criticism. Television programs are bad enough, but one can turn them off and forget it. The ash-heap for MAD.

Mrs. C. Peterson
Oakland, Calif.

. . . I am a university student (UCLA) and usually restrict my selection of comic books to the intellectual comics (i.e. Pogo, Little Lulu), but the cover of MAD caught my eye the other day. I bought a copy and was very pleased with the contents. Your merciless spoofing of horror, future, and crime comics was as welcome as Airwick in the packing house district. I strongly urge you to continue publication of this comic . . . Still don't understand your weird subscription rates . . . six issues for 75c . . . when a discount is usually given on subscriptions. I am enclosing one buck, however, for six issues, since I don't have any quarters handy. With your set-up, this will probably entitle me to only four issues.

Martin McReynolds
Los Angeles, Calif.

Reader McReynolds will be surprised to get his 25c change! Our rates for subscriptions are higher than single copy rates as we mail each mag out in a strong manila envelope to assure its arrival in good condition! We offer subscriptions only as a SERVICE . . . we LOSE a little money on the deal!—ed.

Dear Editors,

The copy of Mad No. 2 arrived about 2 P.M. This thing is positively priceless. I was under the impression that the first issue was something of a classic. I was wrong! This issue reached a high that I shamefacedly admit I didn't think even E.C. capable of reaching. I know why I'm crazy over MAD. I know why I'm crazy period.

Larry Stark
New Brunswick, N. J.

. . . Why is it that you are the only mag in the world my mother will read?

Melvyn Davees
Dunn, N. C.

. . . If I created a "dream" comic, it would come out like MAD. I'm in Korea, and we don't get much reading material. I really think you have a fine comic here, and I hope I never miss a copy.

A/3c Angelo T. Boni
c/o P.M., San Fran., Calif.

. . . This issue of MAD is beyond words. We especially like the drawings by Wood. Keep up the good work.

Cadet Pvt. Paul Isaacs
Gainsville, Ga.

. . . Tell me where I can get one of those cute little things that Glarf brought to earth with him in "Gookum" (Mad No. 2).

Carole Luis
N. Y. C.

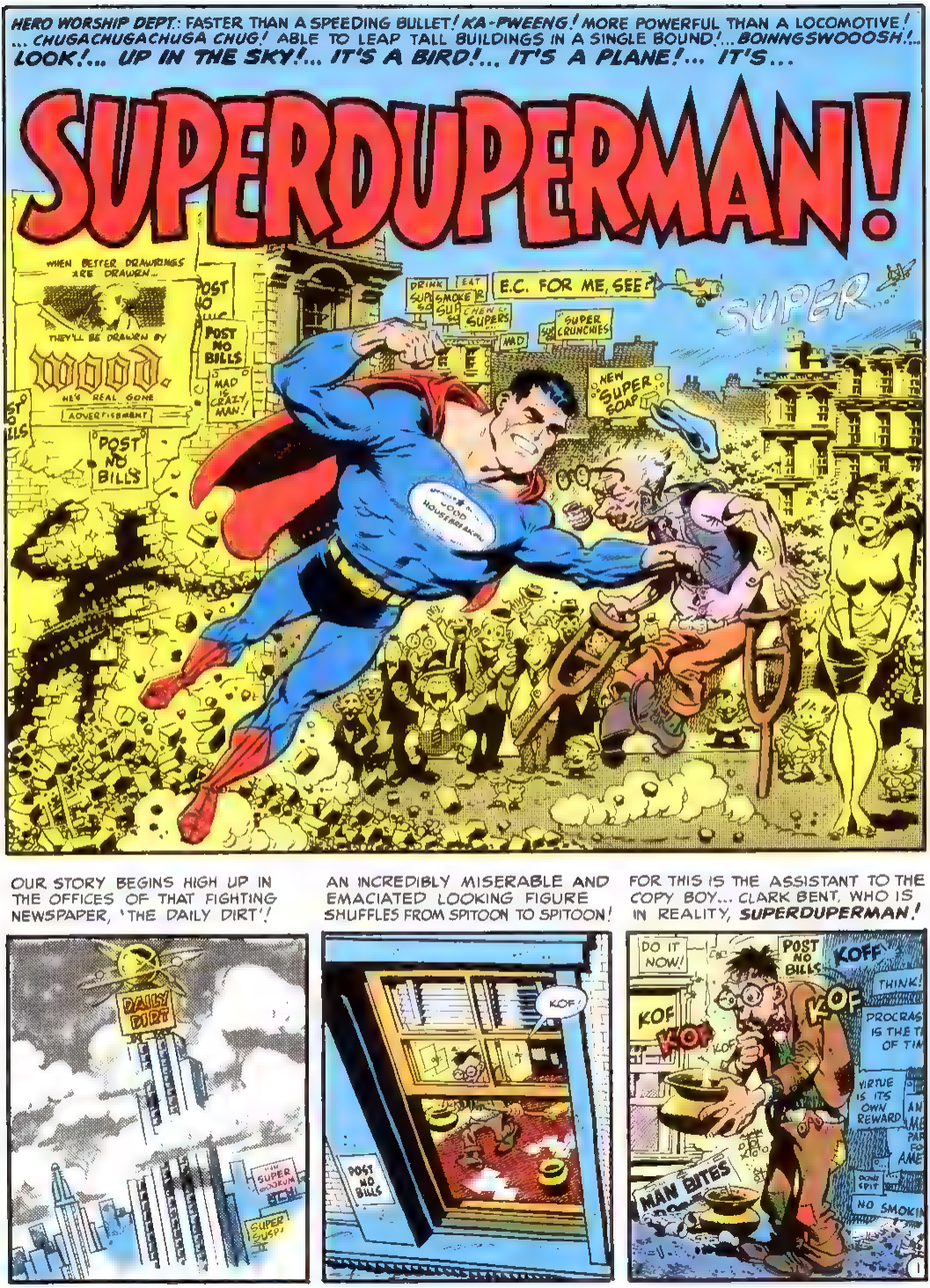
At any Martian pet-shop for 40 shmetniks!—ed.

Before closing, in answer to complaints from many readers, a few words about the unavailability of MAD and other E.C. mags on the newsstands! As we've mentioned previously, there are over 500 different comic mags being published. The wholesalers are jammed up, and the retailers simply cannot properly handle this impossible number of titles. Consequently, in desperation, many newsdealers are returning bundle after bundle of comic mags to their wholesalers UNOPENED! Some of these bundles contain said newsdealers' quotas of E.C.'s . . . this makes it next to impossible for you to obtain your copy, and at the same time makes it next to impossible for us to sell magazines! ASK YOUR NEWSDEALER TO MAKE SURE TO DISPLAY HIS QUOTA OF E.C. MAGAZINES. IF HE DOES NOT HAVE ANY, ASK HIM TO ORDER THEM FROM HIS WHOLESALER. HIS WHOLESALER HAS THEM!

Please keep writing, suggesting, criticizing, etc. The address for mail or subscription orders (75c for 6 issues!) is:

Mad Editors
Room 706, Dept. 4
225 Lafayette St.
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

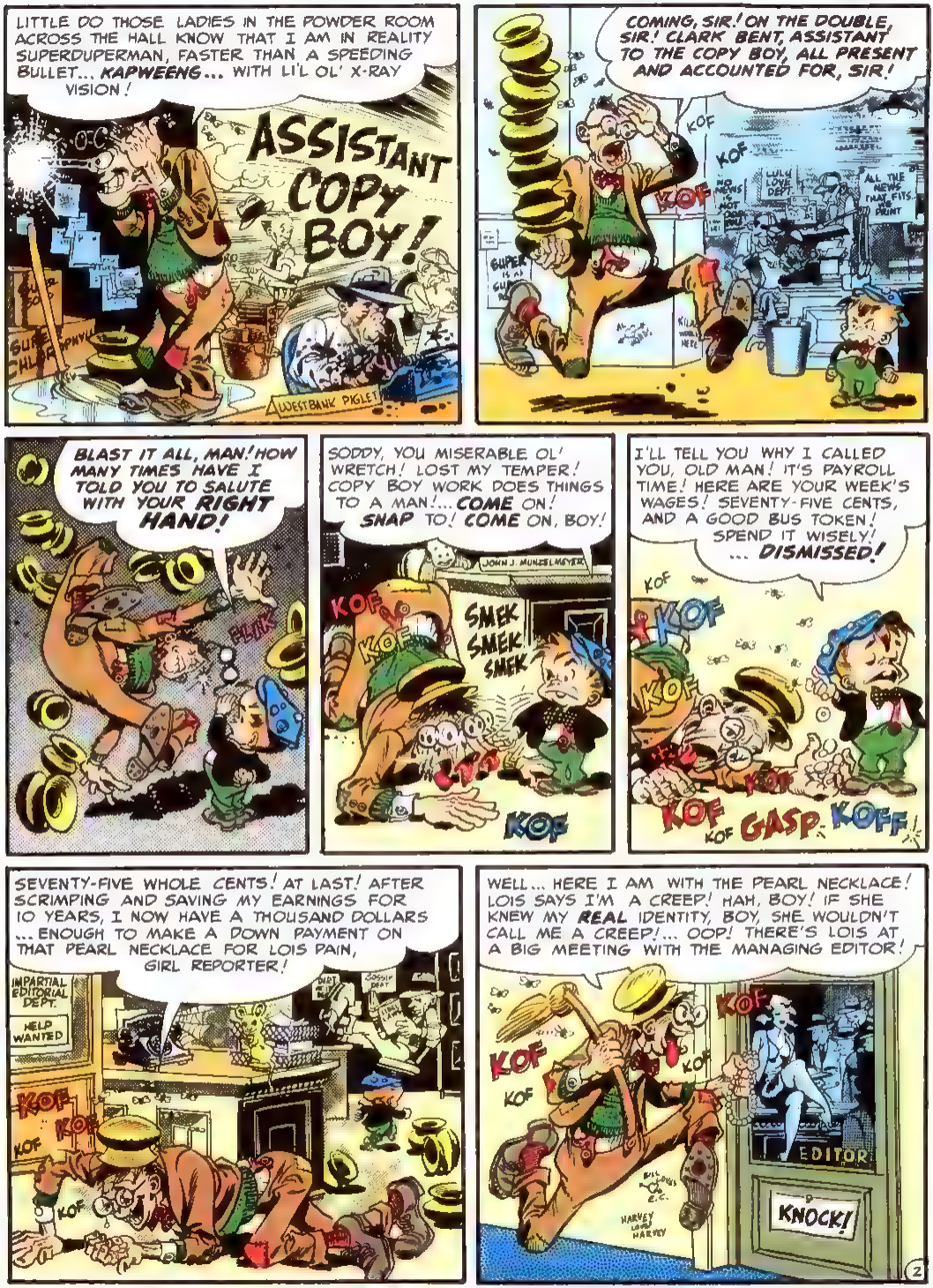
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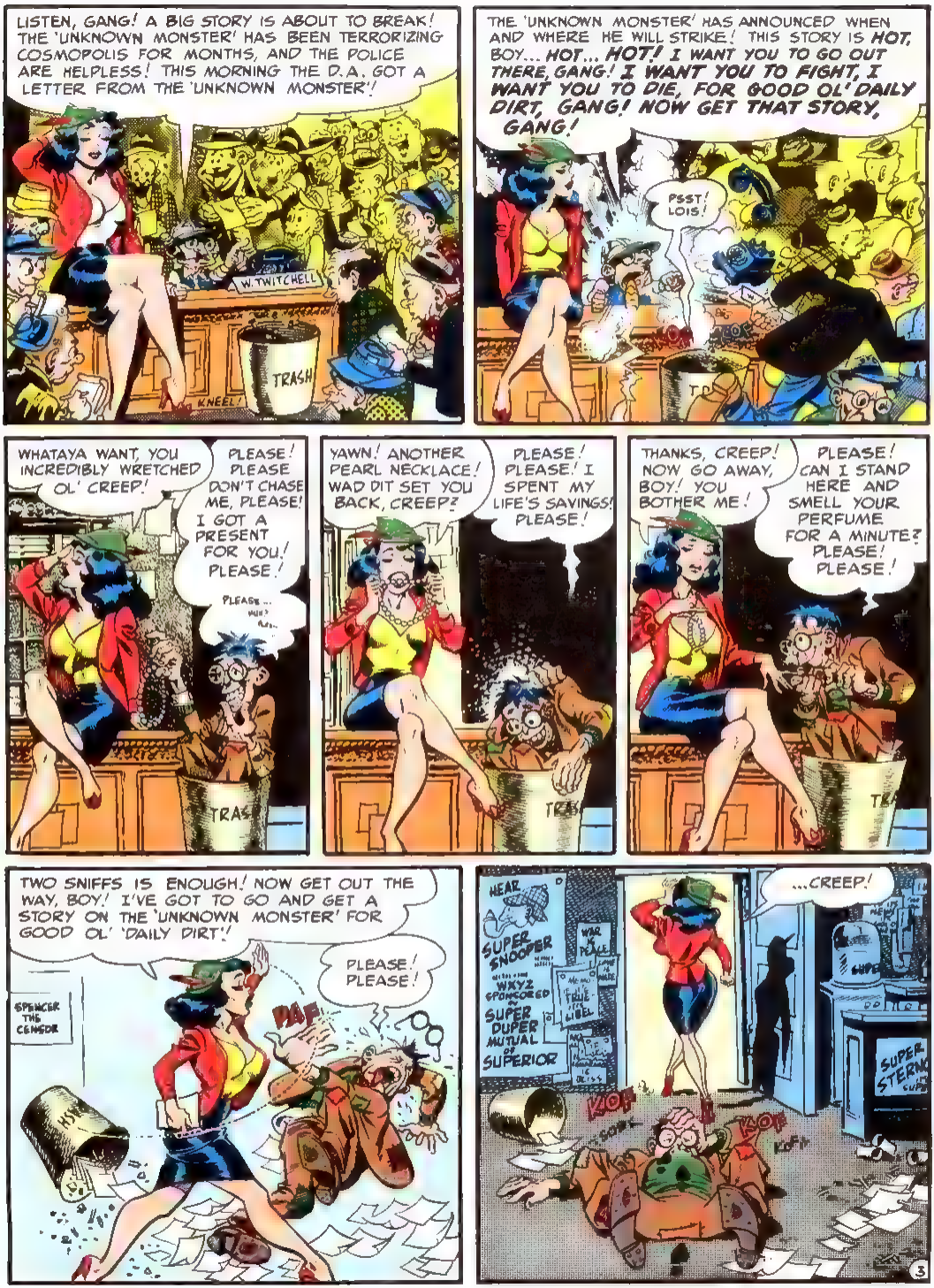


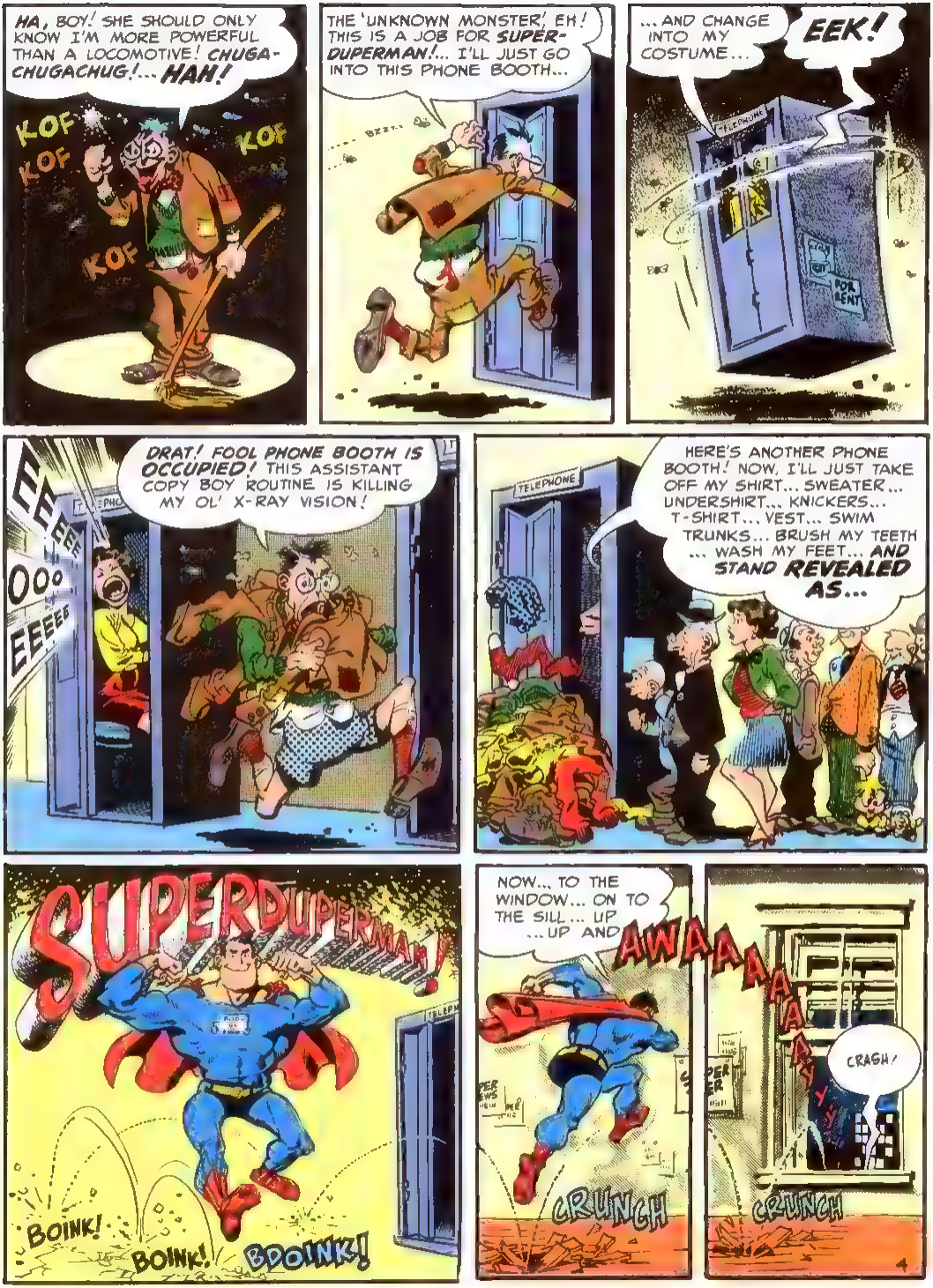
OUR STORY BEGINS HIGH UP IN THE OFFICES OF THAT FIGHTING NEWSPAPER, 'THE DAILY DIRT'!

AN INCREDIBLY MISERABLE AND EMACIATED LOOKING FIGURE SHUFFLES FROM SPITOON TO SPITOON!

FOR THIS IS THE ASSISTANT TO THE COPY BOY... CLARK BENT, WHO IS IN REALITY, **SUPERDUPERMAN!**


LITTLE DO THOSE LADIES IN THE POWDER ROOM ACROSS THE HALL KNOW THAT I AM IN REALITY SUPERDUPERMAN, FASTER THAN A SPEEDING BULLET... KAPWEENG... WITH LI'L OL' X-RAY VISION!
ASSISTANT COPY BOY!
COMING, SIR! ON THE DOUBLE, SIR! CLARK BENT, ASSISTANT TO THE COPY BOY, ALL PRESENT AND ACCOUNTED FOR, SIR!
KOF
LULU LOVE DEPT.
ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS, WE PRINT
BLAST IT ALL, MAN! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU TO SALUTE WITH YOUR RIGHT HAND!
FLIK
SODDY, YOU MISERABLE OL' WRETCH! LOST MY TEMPER! COPY BOY WORK DOES THINGS TO A MAN!... COME ON! SNAP TO! COME ON, BOY!
JOHN J. MUNES MEYER
SMEK SMEK SMEK
I'LL TELL YOU WHY I CALLED YOU, OLD MAN! IT'S PAYROLL TIME! HERE ARE YOUR WEEK'S WAGES! SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS, AND A GOOD BUS TOKEN! SPEND IT WISELY! ... DISMISSED!
KOF GASP KOFF!
SEVENTY-FIVE WHOLE CENTS! AT LAST! AFTER SCRIMPING AND SAVING MY EARNINGS FOR 10 YEARS, I NOW HAVE A THOUSAND DOLLARS ... ENOUGH TO MAKE A DOWN PAYMENT ON THAT PEARL NECKLACE FOR LOIS PAIN, GIRL REPORTER!
IMPARTIAL EDITORIAL DEPT.
HELP WANTED
WELL... HERE I AM WITH THE PEARL NECKLACE! LOIS SAYS I'M A CREEP! HAH, BOY! IF SHE KNEW MY REAL IDENTITY, BOY, SHE WOULDN'T CALL ME A CREEP!... OOP! THERE'S LOIS AT A BIG MEETING WITH THE MANAGING EDITOR!
EDITOR
KNOCK!
2

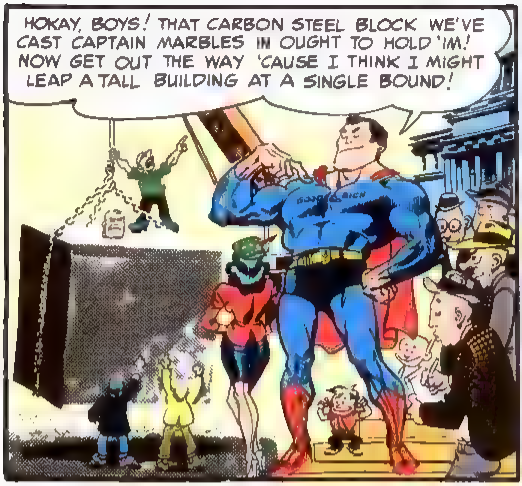

LISTEN, GANG! A BIG STORY IS ABOUT TO BREAK! THE 'UNKNOWN MONSTER' HAS BEEN TERRORIZING COSMOPOLIS FOR MONTHS, AND THE POLICE ARE HELPLESS! THIS MORNING THE D.A. GOT A LETTER FROM THE 'UNKNOWN MONSTER'!
W. TWITCHELL
TRASH
KNEEL!
THE 'UNKNOWN MONSTER' HAS ANNOUNCED WHEN AND WHERE HE WILL STRIKE! THIS STORY IS HOT, BOY... HOT... HOT! I WANT YOU TO GO OUT THERE, GANG! I WANT YOU TO FIGHT, I WANT YOU TO DIE, FOR GOOD OL' DAILY DIRT, GANG! NOW GET THAT STORY, GANG!
PSST! LOIS!
WHATAYA WANT, YOU INCREDIBLY WRETCHED OL' CREEP!
PLEASE! PLEASE DON'T CHASE ME, PLEASE! I GOT A PRESENT FOR YOU! PLEASE!
YAWN! ANOTHER PEARL NECKLACE! WAD DIT SET YOU BACK, CREEP?
PLEASE! PLEASE! I SPENT MY LIFE'S SAVINGS! PLEASE!
THANKS, CREEP! NOW GO AWAY, BOY! YOU BOTHER ME!
PLEASE! CAN I STAND HERE AND SMELL YOUR PERFUME FOR A MINUTE? PLEASE! PLEASE!
TWO SNIFFS IS ENOUGH! NOW GET OUT THE WAY, BOY! I'VE GOT TO GO AND GET A STORY ON THE 'UNKNOWN MONSTER' FOR GOOD OL' 'DAILY DIRT'!
PLEASE! PLEASE!
SPENCER THE CENSOR
PAF
HEAR SUPER SNOOPER WXYZ SPONSORED BY SUPER DUPER MUTUAL OF SUPERIOR
...CREEP!
KOF
KOF
KOF
3

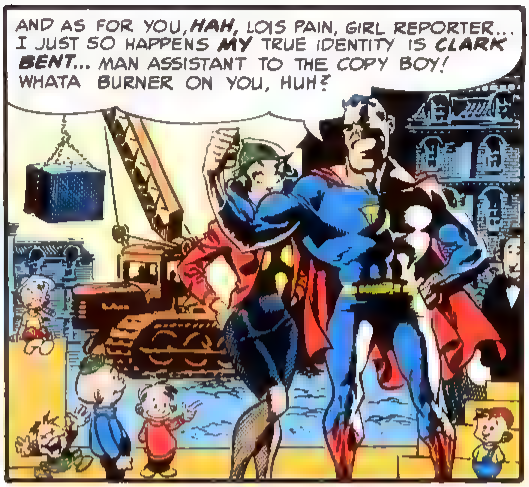

HA, BOY! SHE SHOULD ONLY KNOW I'M MORE POWERFUL THAN A LOCOMOTIVE! CHUGA-CHUGACHUG!... HAH!
KOF
KOF
KOF
KOF
THE 'UNKNOWN MONSTER', EH! THIS IS A JOB FOR SUPER-DUPERMAN!... I'LL JUST GO INTO THIS PHONE BOOTH...
BZZT...
...AND CHANGE INTO MY COSTUME...
EEK!
TELEPHONE
FOR RENT
DRAT! FOOL PHONE BOOTH IS OCCUPIED! THIS ASSISTANT COPY BOY ROUTINE IS KILLING MY OL' X-RAY VISION!
EEEE
OOO
EEEEE
TELEPHONE
HERE'S ANOTHER PHONE BOOTH! NOW, I'LL JUST TAKE OFF MY SHIRT... SWEATER... UNDERSHIRT... KNICKERS... T-SHIRT... VEST... SWIM TRUNKS... BRUSH MY TEETH ... WASH MY FEET... AND STAND REVEALED AS...
SUPERDUPERMAN!
BOINK!
BOINK!
BDOINK!
NOW... TO THE WINDOW... ON TO THE SILL... UP ...UP AND
AWAAAAAAAY
CRUNCH
CRASH!
CRUNCH
4


O.K., GANG! THERE'S THE SAFE THE 'UNKNOWN MONSTER' SAID HE'S GOING TO ROB ■ JUST FIVE MINUTES! I WANT YOU ALL TO STAY HERE AND GET THIS STORY WHILE I GO BACK AND WATCH THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE!
LOOK! UP THERE IN THE SKY!
IT'S A BIRD!
IT'S A PLANE!
IT'S A BIRD!
RELAX, BOYS! EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT! SUPERDUPERMAN IS HYAR! YOU CAN ALL GO HOME NOW! YOU, TOO, LOIS HAH PAIN!
HEY! YOU! BILLY SPAFON, BOY REPORTER! DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME, BOY? YOU CAN GO HOME! AMSCRAY! AGITATE THE GRAVEL! HIT THE ROAD! STRIKE THE PAVEMENT!... GET IT?
SHAZOOM!
SHAZOOM? VAS IST DAS SHAZOOM?
STRENGTH
HEALTH
APTITUDE
ZEAL
OX, POWER OF
OX, POWER OF ANOTHER
MONEY!
ZIP!
PFUI!
ZZIT!
SNAP CRACKLE
POF!
WHAT HAPPENED TO BILLY SPAFON, BOY REPORTER?
HE HAS BEEN REPLACED BY ME, CAPTAIN MARBLES! I AM THE 'UNKNOWN MONSTER'!
YOU? CAPTAIN MARBLES? HAVE TURNED RENEGADE? TAKE THAT!
KLANK!
FOR RENT
PASTAFAZOOLA! I GAVE HIM A BLOW HARD ENOUGH TO SLAY A THOUSAND ELEPHANTS!
HO-HUM! DID YOU FEEL A BREEZE JUST THEN?... JUST REMEMBER, SUPER-DUPE OLD MAN, I AM AS INVINCIBLE AS THOU!
100% WOOL
5

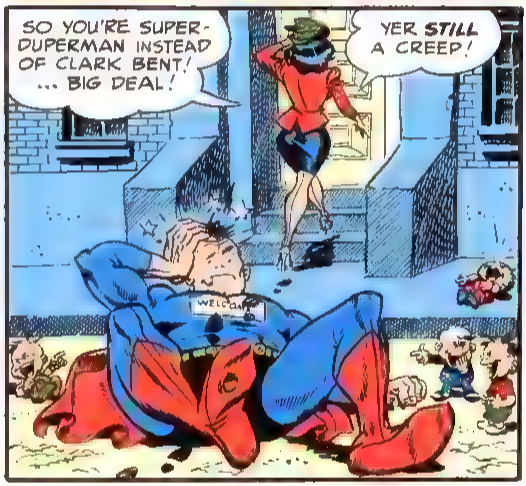

WELL! LIVE AND LET LIVE, I ALWAYS SAY!... JUST DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO ME, OL' MAN! ♪ LA-TE-TYA! ♪
LISTEN, SUPERDUPE'! COME ON OFF YOUR HIGH HORSE!
LAA-TE-TEE ♪ I THINK I'LL LIFT THIS SAFE UP HERE... GOT TO KEEP IN SHAPE... ♪ LA DEEYOO ♪
TAKE A TIP FROM ME! I WAS LIKE YOU ONCE, KNOCKING MYSELF OUT TO FIGHT CRIME!
♪ LEELOO! JUST STAND RIGHT THERE... HUMM HUMM ♪ MY BUDDY ♪ MY BUDDY ♪...
HAH!
ONE DAY WHILE I WAS PUNCHING MY WAY THROUGH A MOUNTAIN...
BASH!
...PUNCHING MY WAY THROUGH THIS MOUNTAIN TO CAPTURE A GANG OF INTERNATIONAL JEWEL THIEVES! SUDDENLY IT HIT ME! WHY AM I PUNCHING MY WAY THROUGH THIS MOUNTAIN?
I GOT TALENT! NOT EVERYONE CAN PUNCH THEIR WAY THROUGH A MOUNTAIN! ESPECIALLY WITH THEIR HEAD!
♪ JUST KEEP STANDING RIGHT THERE... NO BUDDY QUITE SO TRO-O-O-O... ♪ ♪
...SO WHAT WAS I DOING PUNCHING MY WAY THROUGH A MOUNTAIN? DO I GET PAY? ... TIME AND A HALF FOR OVER-TIME? ... WHAT ABOUT EXPENSES FOR UNIFORMS... CLEANING AND PRESSING!... WHAT ABOUT BAND-AIDS?
VLA DA BALOWM!
...TO SAY NOTHING OF TAKING PEOPLE OUT TO LUNCHES! TO HECK WITH THIS CAPTAIN MARBLES GIMMICK! THE ONLY IMPORTANT THING IS THE GOOD OL' DO, RE, MI... LETTUCE... KALE... SHEKELS... GET IT? CASH!
BOX SIGNS
6


MARBLES! YOU'VE LOST YOUR MARBLES! ENOUGH OF YOUR DIRTY FIGHTING! LET'S HAVE THIS OUT THE CLEAN AMERICAN WAY! FISTICUFFS! AND NO HITTING BELOW THE BELT!
CMON
PUDDEM UP
CMON
LET'S FIGHT
MFF!
HMF!
CMON
HAVE AT YA
MFF!
CMON
BOUND
BOUND
DUCK! WEAVE! PARRY! THRUST! HAH! GOOD TRY, OLD FELLOW!
KRUMF
CURB YOUR DO
NOW AN IMMELMAN TURN AND A LUF-BERRY CIRCLE...
...OOHOO, MARBLES! OVER HERE!
ZIP
KA-PWEENGGG
GOOD TRY, OLD MAN!
BOOM
ZIP
...NOW A WALTZ ...A MOMBO AND A HULA...
...OOHOO, MARBLES!
GOOD SHOT, OLD CHAP!
BA-ROOMPF!
CAPTAIN MARBLES HAS BEEN DESTROYED BY THE ONLY FORCE AS STRONG AS HE... HE!
HEE HEE HEE! WHEN HE SAID HE WAS KNOCKING HIMSELF OUT, HE DIDN'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT!
SUPERDUPER-MAN WINS AGAIN! KAPWEENG!
7

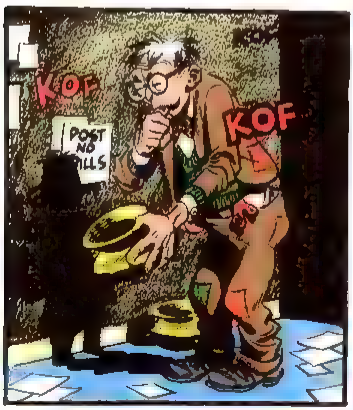




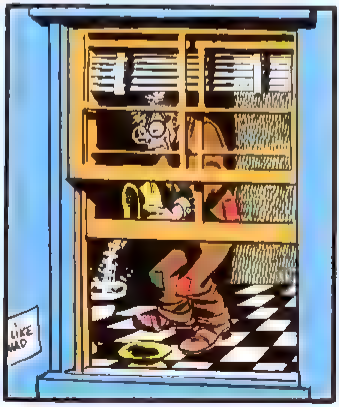




UP IN THE FIGHTING NEWSPAPER OFFICE OF THE 'DAILY DIRT'.. GOING FROM SPITOON TO SPITOON...



...SHUFFLES AN INCREDIBLY WRETCHED AND MISERABLE LOOKING CREEP.. CLARK BENT, ASSISTANT COPY BOY..

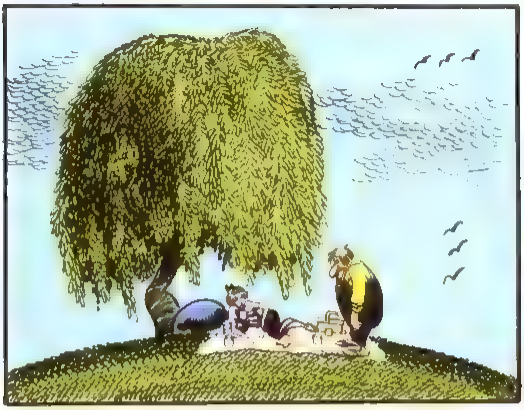


WHO IS IN REALITY, SUPERDUPERMAN! SO WHAT DOES IT ALL PROVE? IT PROVES ONCE A CREEP, ALWAYS A CREEP!




ROMANCE DEPT: RAMONA SNARFLE WAS A TYPICAL AMERICAN GIRL WHO HAD TO CHOOSE BETWEEN TWO MEN AND DIDN'T KNOW THE ANSWER! WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU HAD TO CHOOSE BETWEEN TWO MEN AND DIDN'T KNOW THE ANSWER? READ, THEN, WHAT RAMONA SNARFLE DID WHEN SHE HAD TO CHOOSE BETWEEN TWO MEN, ETC.! READ... NOW...
FLOB WAS A SLOB!
EENY MEENY...
MANNY, MOE!
MY NAME IS RAMONA SNARFLE, TYPICAL AMERICAN GIRL! YES! MY LIFE IS QUITE COMPLETE NOW!
I AM ON THE RIGHT ROAD NOW! BUT I WENT TO THE SCHOOL OF HARD KNOCKS TO FIND THE WAY!... YES! I'VE MADE MISTAKES!...YESYES... YES!
AND I'VE PAID FOR MY MISTAKES! PROFIT, THEN, BY MY MISTAKES! READ, THEN, THE STORY OF MY LIFE, FOR THIS, THEN, IS MY TRUE CONFESSION!

I GREW UP IN A SMALL TOWN... WAS ENGAGED TO MY CHILDHOOD SWEETHEART! CROMWELL WAS EVERYTHING A GIRL COULD EVER WANT! FAITHFUL, LOVING, TRUE...



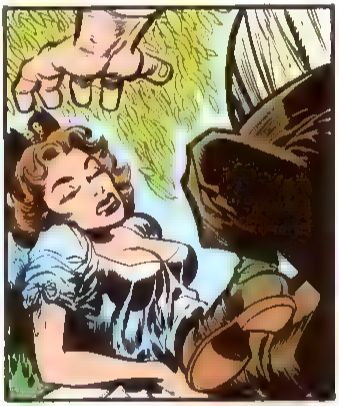
NOBODY COULD WANT A BETTER DOG THAN CROMWELL! THEN THERE WAS MY CHILDHOOD SWEETHEART, **SHELDON FLOB!** WE WENT OUT ON PICNICS EVERY SUNDAY!



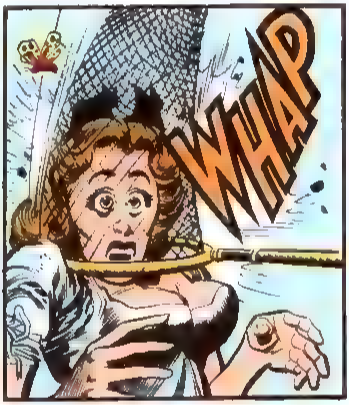
SHELDON WAS A **SSWELL** LUG! BUT HE WAS **SO** UNROMANTIC! THAT IS WHY I WAS SURPRISED ONE DAY...



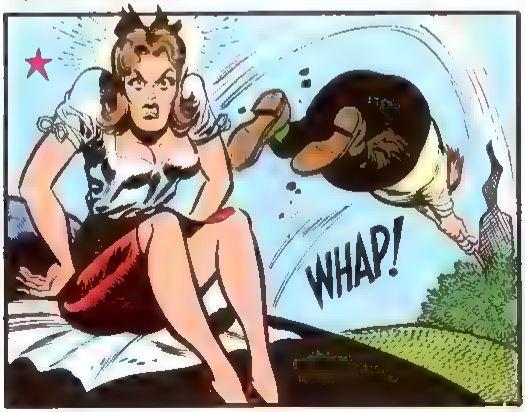
...TO FIND SHELDON TIP-TOEING SOFTLY TOWARDS MY RECLINING FIGURE...TIP-TOEING WITH OUTSTRETCHED ARMS!



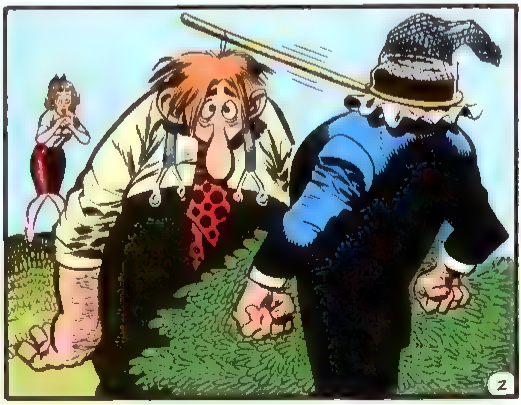
HE BENT CLOSER TO MY HUNGRY LIPS... CLOSER TO MY FLUSHED CHEEKS... **CLOSER TO MY TREMBLING BODY...THEN...**



I SUDDENLY REALIZED THAT IT WASN'T ME, SHELDON WAS TRYING TO SNATCH UP IN HIS ARMS! IT WAS A BUTTERFLY THAT HAD PERCHED SILENTLY ON MY HEAD!

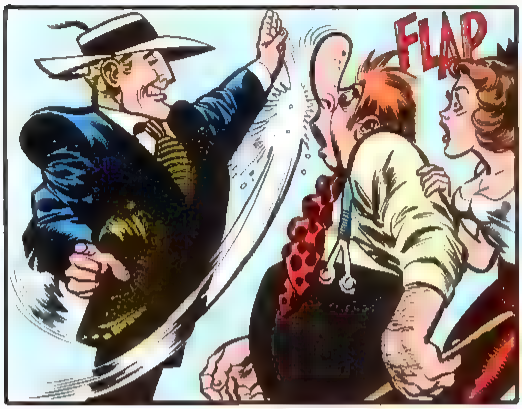


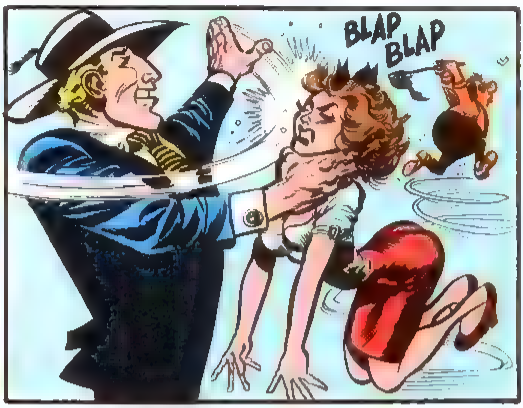
A **FATAL** BUTTERFLY THAT FLUTTERED AWAY AND PERCHED ON THE HEAD OF **ANOTHER!** AND THEN **HE** SNAPPED HIS SNAP-BRIM AWAY FROM HIS EYES AND I MET... **HIM!**



RACKSTRAW HIM WAS HIS NAME! I REMEMBER HIS BRONZE SKIN, HIS BRONZE FLECKED EYES, AND HIS FLASHING BRONZE TEETH, AS HE PUSHED PAST MY SHELDON!

HE GRASPED ME IN HIS STRONG BRONZED FINGERS! HE BROUGHT A RED FLUSH TO MY CHEEKS! HE WAS FRIGHTENING, EXCITING, INTRIGUING ... A REAL SLOB!

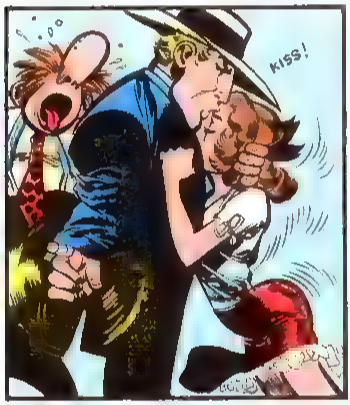


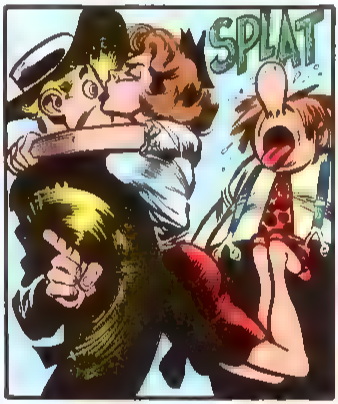


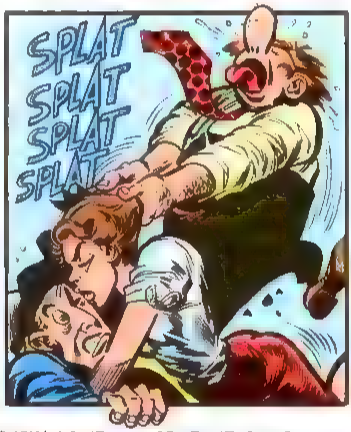
HE CRUSHED ME TO HIM! I FOUGHT LIKE A WILD-CAT, THRASHING AND CLAWING TO RESIST HIS KISSES!

THE WORLD SPUN ABOUT ME! A TINY LITTLE VOICE IN MY EAR SAID, 'COME AWAY... COME AWAY... COME AWAY...

...COME AWAY, CHASE BUTTERFLIES'! BUT MY RESISTANCE HAD COLLAPSED! I FELL LIMP TO RACKSTRAW'S KISSES!

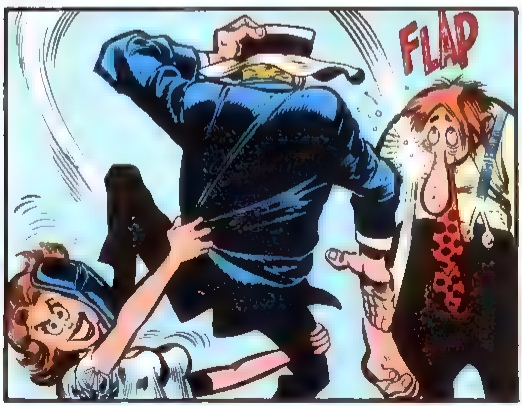


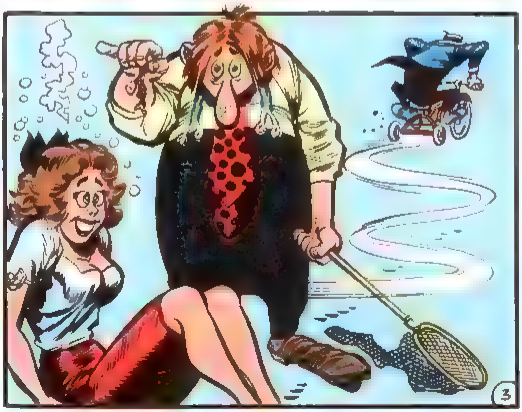




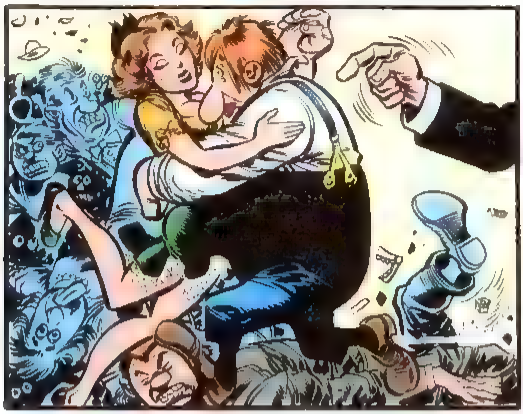
FROM THE CORNER OF MY EYE, I SAW SHELDON! I KNEW HE WAS ANNOYED THAT I HADN'T HELPED HIM CHASE BUTTERFLIES! I ***TORE MYSELF FROM RACKSTRAW'S ARMS!***

THEN... AS MYSTERIOUSLY AS HE HAD COME, HE RODE MADLY AWAY, AND I WAS ALONE... ALONE WITH SHELDON FLOB, CHILDHOOD SWEETHEART!... ALONE WITH A MASHED BUTTERFLY!

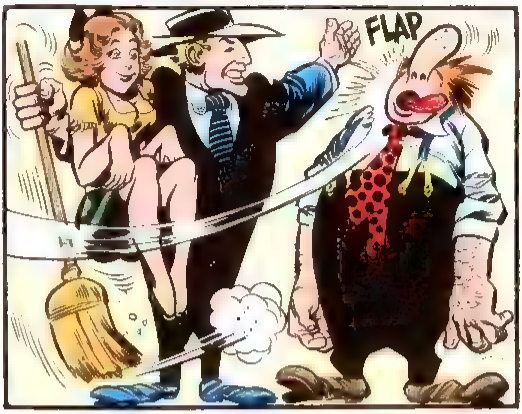




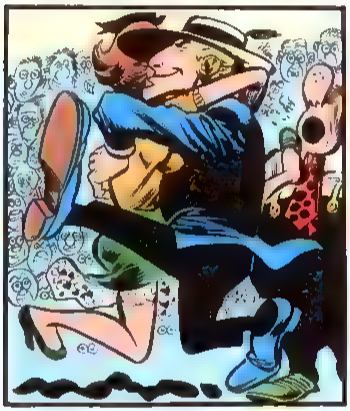
THEN ONE SATURDAY NIGHT, SHELDON TOOK ME DANCING IN THE BIG TOWN! WHEN SHELDON DANCED, HE STEPPED ON MY HANDS! SUDDENLY... A TAP ON THE SHOULDER...



AN ANSWER TO MY DREAMS! IT WAS HIM! HIM! HIM! RACKSTRAW HIM! WHILE HE ELBOWED SHELDON ASIDE WITH HIS BRONZED ELBOW, HE SWEPT ME UP IN HIS OTHER BRONZED HAND!



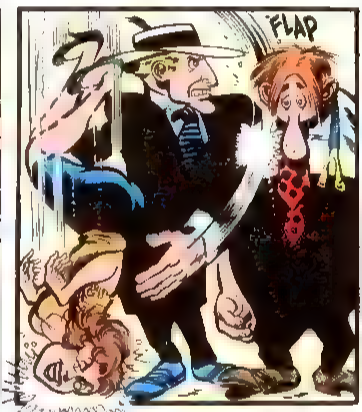
WITH ALL EYES UPON US, WE GLIDED MAJESTICALLY ACROSS THE FLOOR! ***NOW I KNEW...IT TAKES TWO TO TANGO!***



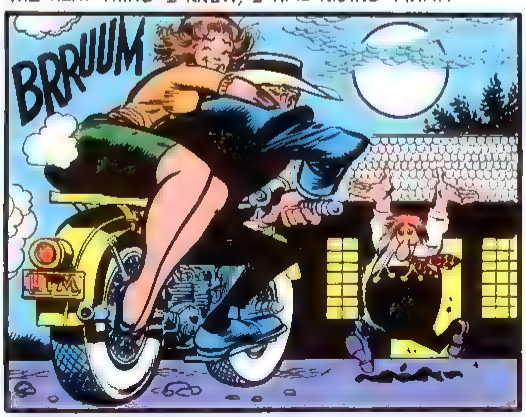
WE DIPPED! WE WHIRLED! WE STUMBLED! WE DID DANCE STEPS I NEVER EVEN KNEW EXISTED!



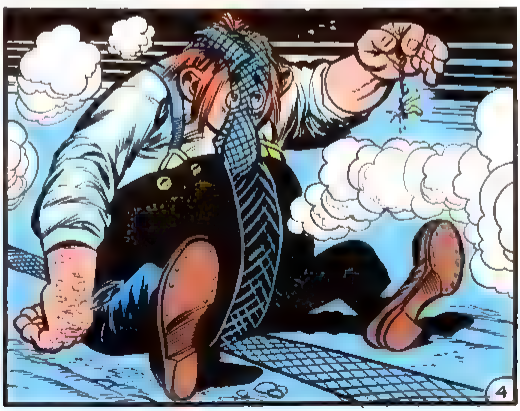
BUT WHEREVER WE WHIRLED, WE WERE FOLLOWED BY THE SAD EYES OF SHELDON! WE YEARNED TO BE ALONE!



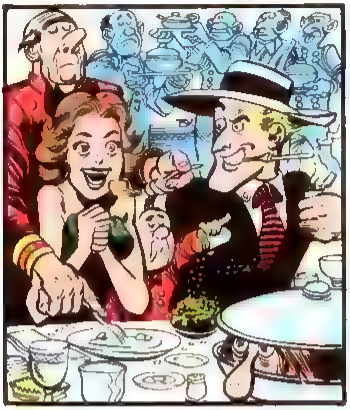
I WAS GIDDY! I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS! THE MUSIC? THE CHAMPAGNE? LOVE? THE HARDWOOD FLOOR?... THE NEXT THING I KNEW, I WAS RIDING AWAY!



FROM THE CORNER OF MY EYE I GLIMPSED THE PITIFUL FIGURE OF SHELDON, SITTING IN OUR EXHAUST SMOKE HOLDING OUT A MASHED LITTLE BUTTERFLY TO ME!



THE NEXT FEW WEEKS WERE MADNESS! FIRST THERE WERE DINNERS! FILET MIGNON! PRESSED DUCK! TRUFFLES! BAGELS!



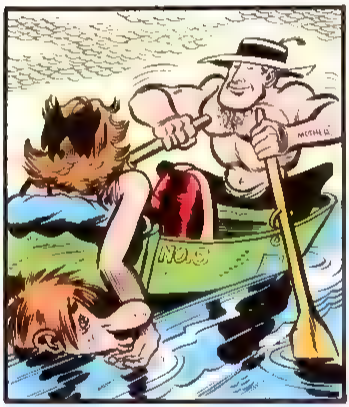
THEN THERE WAS THE THEATRE WHERE WE SAW DRAMATIC PLAYS, COMEDIES, MUSICALS, A DICK TRACY CHAPTER!



THEN THERE WERE THE COCKTAIL PARTIES WHERE I MET THE WORLD'S GREAT! DIPLOMATS! SCIENTISTS! COMIC BOOK ARTISTS!



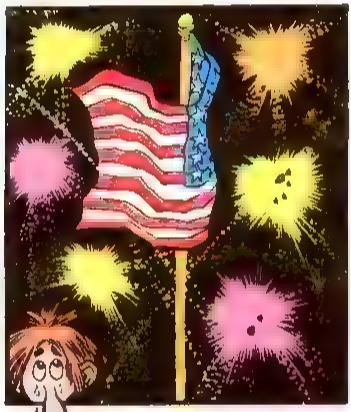
THEN THERE WERE THE YACHTING TRIPS WITH THE COOL WET KISSES OF THE CARIBBEAN SEA ON MY HAND!



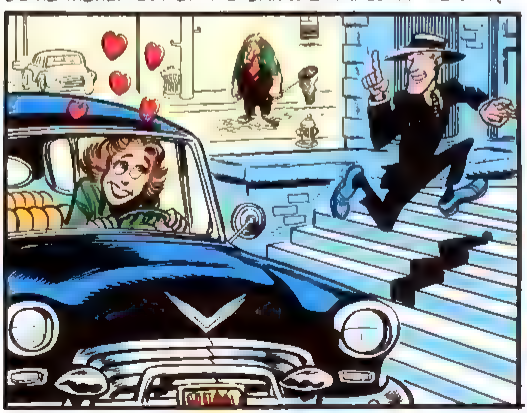
THEN THERE WERE THE NIGHT CLUBS!... WE MADE A HANDSOME COUPLE SIPPING OUR DRINKS! EVERYONE STARED!



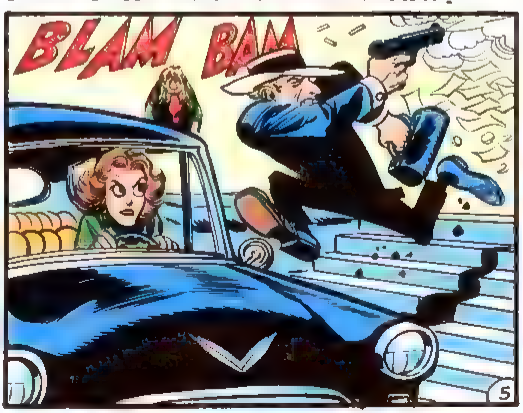
...AND THEN... THERE WAS... ***LOVE!***...BUT EVERYWHERE, I WAS FOLLOWED BY THE HAUNTING EYES OF SHELDON!



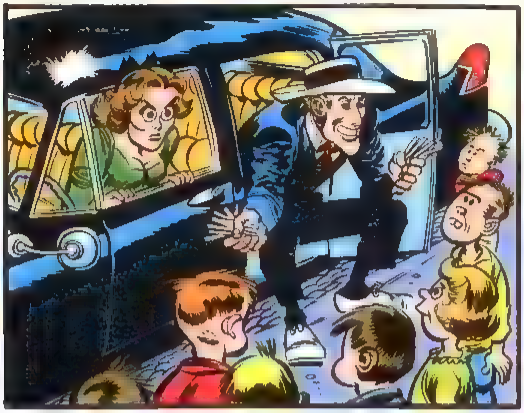
FINALLY, ONE DAY, RACKSTRAW ASKED ME TO ACCOMPANY HIM ON A BUSINESS TRIP! HE TOLD ME HE HAD TO TAKE SOME MONEY OUT OF THE BANK! I WAITED IN THE CAR!



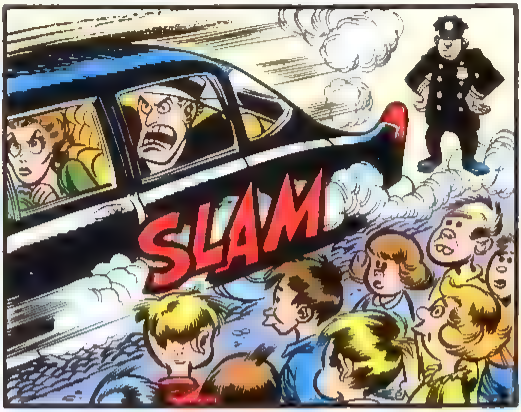
BUT WHEN RACKSTRAW CAME RUNNING OUT OF THE BANK CARRYING A LITTLE BLACK SUITCASE BULGING WITH MONEY, I BECAME SUSPICIOUS! ***WHY SHOULD HE RUN?***



I WAS NO FOOL! I NOTICED THESE LITTLE THINGS! LIKE THE TIME RACKSTRAW TOOK ME TO SELL CIGARETTES TO THE SCHOOL CHILDREN!... STRANGE CIGARETTES, CALLED 'REEFERS'!



I NOTICED HOW RACKSTRAW NERVOUSLY PALED WHEN A POLICEMAN APPROACHED US! I NOTICED RACKSTRAW'S FRANTIC TONE WHEN HE YELLED 'STEP ON THE GAS!' ***I WAS NO FOOL!***



RACKSTRAW WAS UP TO NO GOOD! I COULD TELL, AND I BEGAN TO REGRET OUR RELATIONSHIP! BESIDES...



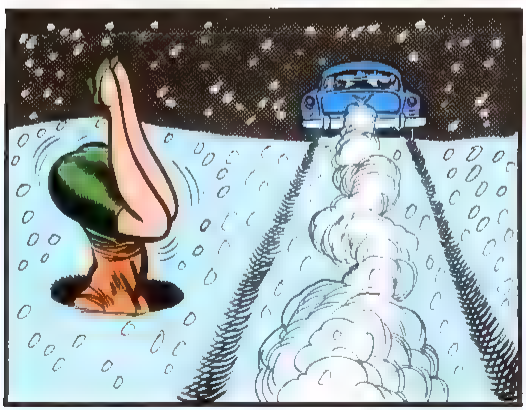
...RACKSTRAW HAD BEGUN TO ACT VERY FRIENDLY TOWARDS OTHER WOMEN! I MUST ADMIT... I WAS JEALOUS!



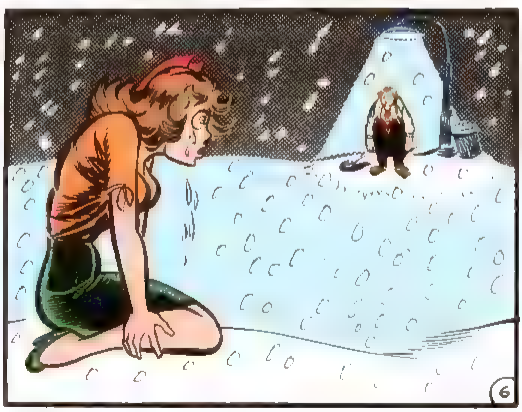
...BUT WHEN RACKSTRAW ASKED ME TO GO OUT AND SELL RACING FORMS, THIS WAS THAT LAST RACK-***STRAW!***



I DECIDED TO LEAVE! I LEFT! AND NOW, I WAS ALONE! THE WIND HOWLED, WHIPPING SNOWFLAKES ABOUT ME! I WAS FREEZING! ***WHAT A FOOL I HAD BEEN!*** I SHOULDN'A LEFT!



IT WAS THEN THAT I SAW, FAR DOWN UNDER THE STREET LAMP, WAITING PATIENTLY... HUMBLY... FORGIVINGLY... LOYALLY... WAITING TO CATCH A RARE SPECIES OF NIGHT-FLYING MOTH...

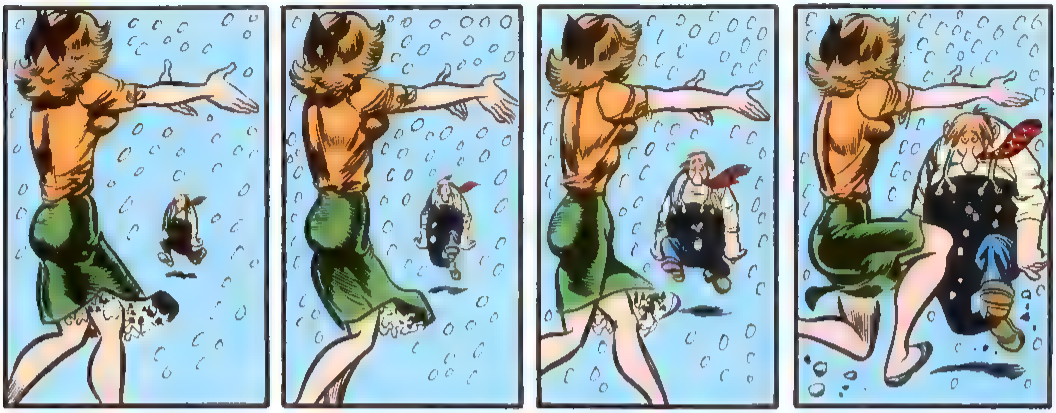


...**SHELDON FLOB**... WAITING FOR **ME**! LIKE TWO MAGNETS WE WALKED TO EACH OTHER!

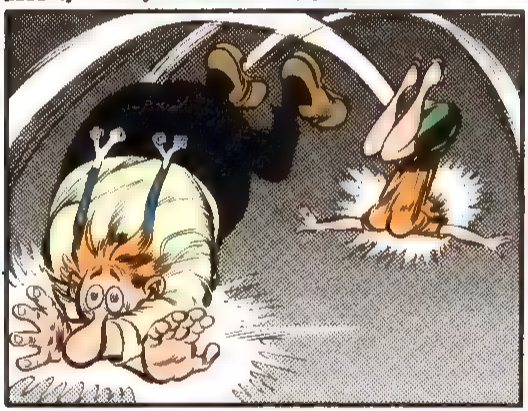
...TWO MAGNETS DRAWN POWERFULLY TOGETHER! NOW WE BEGAN TO TROT!

...TWO MAGNETS STRAINING TO TOUCH, WE TROTTED! NOW WE REACHED A CANTER!

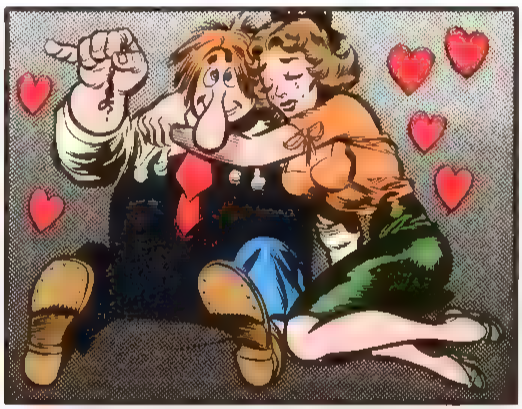
...CANTERED WILDLY TO BE IN EACH OTHERS ARMS! WE RAN AT A GALLOP!



NOW WE WERE COMING TOGETHER! YARDS! FEET! INCHES! I SHUT MY EYES AND THREW MYSELF RECKLESSLY, MADLY, ECSTATICALLY AT SHELDON!... AND MISSED!



THEN SHELDON HANDED ME A LITTLE MASHED BUTTERFLY, AND SUDDENLY, I **KNEW** THE TRUE VALUES IN LIFE... KNEW THE MEANING OF THE WORD **LOVE!**

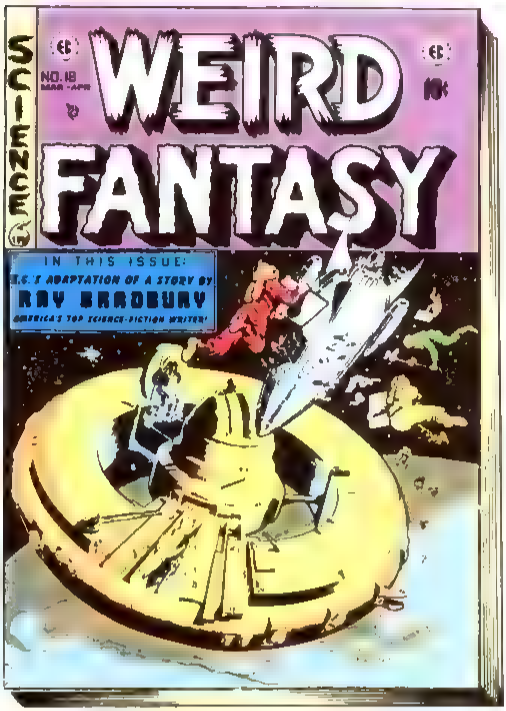








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TWO-FISTED ANNUAL • TALES OF TERROR

THE PAROLE

Tumblers Tympannus was cultivating a rock garden under government supervision at San Quentibus when Roman Counterspy Tiberius O'Leary requested the provincial attorney to release him . . . temporarily.

Tiberius conferred with the warden of the Roman penitentiary!

"There's been a daylight robbery at the Bank of Centurions! Nails Mellitus and his pueri (boys) walked in with innocent-looking lyre cases. They said they were going to supply the music at a special celebration for the burning of an FHA mortgage! Then they pulled javelins out of the cases and forced the bank president to open the vault. They packed all the pecuniae (money) that would fit into the instrument cases and locked the president inside the vault. He'll suffocate in there! He's the only one who knows the combination!!"

Just then, Tumblers Tympannus was ushered into the warden's office between two guards. Tumblers was dressed in a striped toga.

"This is prisoner VCMXI, the most notorious safe-cracker in all Rome!"

"Honest, Warden! I was going straight! I just pulled that last job to buy birthday presents for my twins, Billy and Jimmy! Billy wanted a jimmy . . . and Jimmy wanted a billy!!"

"I hear that you have forty-five years left to serve of your forty-five year and one month sentence. How would you like a chance at a parole?", asked Tiberius.

"Chee, that would be most fortuitous!!", exclaimed the safe-cracker.

* * * * *

Soon, Tumblers Tympannus and Tiberius

O'Leary were standing before the great vault. They could hear the trapped bank president breathing heavily inside. Well, at least he was still breathing!

Tumblers began to apply a coarse piece of sandpaper to his fingertips to make them more sensitive. Only then did Tiberius notice that the safe-cracker's fingertips began *below* the first joints. Masterfully, Tumblers placed his left ear against the huge lock and began twisting the dials.

"Let's see! Think I'll try Northside 7-7-7!"

Immediately, there was a resounding click of metal sliding into place and the massive door was pushed open from the inside. The liberated bank president galloped out of the bare vault with a toga-full of the remaining money. He ran out of the aedificium (building), down the Avenue of the Provinces (formerly 6th Avenue) and out of sight.

"Well, *I* opened the door and freed him! Do I get my parole now, Mr. O'Leary?"

"*You* freed him, all right! In fact, *you* let him escape! That makes *you* an *'accessory to the fact'* (sorry, don't know the Latin for that phrase!). *You'll* serve an additional forty-five anni (years) for *your* part in this crime! But don't despair!! Maybe you'll have a crack at a parole again . . . sometime!"

"No, thanks! Don't bother!!" replied the disillusioned Tumblers.

Now Tumblers Tympannus is back in San Quentibus where he's writing a book of his memoirs entitled, "My Six Convictions"! It will be bound in a sandpaper cover, extra-heavy grain. Look for it on sale soon at your local hardware store!

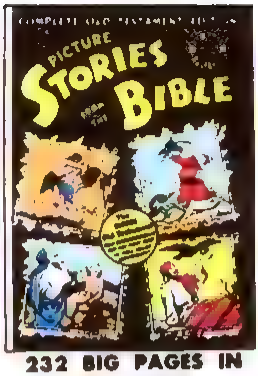
Meanwhile, at the end of the rainbow lies happiness . . . and at the end of the Roman sewer system, Nails Mellitus and his gang are counting denarii! And the absconding bank president . . . he's flown to Mexico City!

Won't *he* be surprised! There isn't any Mexico City . . . yet!!



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LET'S DEPLORE YOUR MIND

Editor's Note: This column represents the sober side of Mad. We have prevailed upon the eminent Prof. Cosmo McMoon, of Common Knowledge College, to act as consultant and adviser to our poor confused readers.

Dear Dr. McMoon,

Do you believe that the present maniac-depressive element in modern literary trends (e.g. Mickey Spillane) is due to the retreat of a suppressed libido into the realm of ultra-conscious mysticism, which has resulted in the atavistic reversion to heros motivated by so-called base impulses (the arch-type of Kant and Krafft-Ebbing), as an unconscious reverse pendulum swing in protest to Victorian romanticism?

Your abstruse student,
J. Remington Seaworthy

My dear Mr. Abstruse,

This may be true in extreme cases but not all the time.

Yours for clearer concepts,
Cosmo McMoon, Ph.D.

Dear Prof. McMoon,

Recently, I was examined by a psychiatrist who succeeded in removing a 'mental block' which existed in my subconscious since childhood! From the depths of my mental maelstrom he brought forth the cause of my *inferiority complex.* When I was a cherub of one and a half, my doting parents bought me a stuffed panda doll . . . three times larger than myself! Naturally, it was quite difficult for me to carry this toy about at this tender age. Dragging it by the ear from room to room completely enervated me! I soon became sullen and morose. The panda doll became a symbol of defeat!

To this day, at the age of twenty-five, I rarely undertake *anything* . . . being so afraid of failure! As a result I am out of work!! How am I ever going to raise enough money to have my poor little moth-ridden panda dry-cleaned and simonized?

A. Distraught Bumm

Dear Distraught,

Send the panda out to work!

Cosmo McMoon

Dear Cosmo McMoon,

I am a man burning with the fire of ambition . . . but I can't hold a job! I have had 321 positions in the past year, including 27 of the least-occupied occupations! I had one very responsible position as captain of the Anita Bella Donna, a dependable little garbage scow. Well, one day we were loaded up and headed for the deepest spot in New York harbor where we were to dump our cargo. The fog was thicker than pea soup that morning . . . so maybe that's why we found ourselves cruising the Nile three weeks later! (We must have taken the wrong turn at the Battery.)

At first, curious Egyptians lined the banks of the river but were repelled by the fermenting grapefruit rinds in our mouldy hold. To jettison our cargo in the Nile would constitute an 'international incident' . . . so we headed back toward the States. In mid-Atlantic, I jumped ship and swam to shore at Sandy Hook.

Then I got a job as a sky-writing pilot! But I soon lost this job, too, for spelling Serutan backwards!

Yours in desperate supplication,
Oxo Radar

My dear Oxo,

You shouldn't have any trouble spelling your name!

Cosmo McMoon

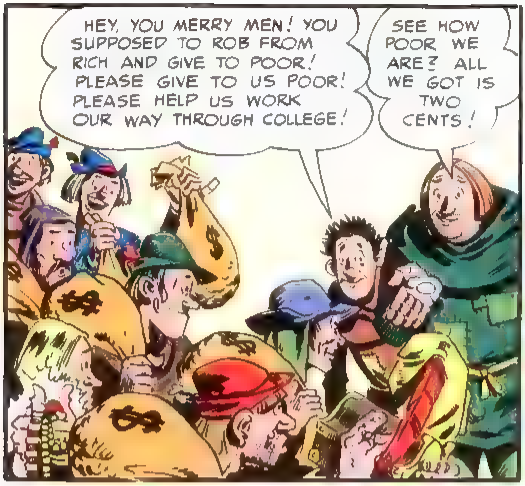

HYSTERICAL HISTORICAL DEPT.: COME YE BACK TO YE DAYS OF YORE! COME YE BACK TO YE MERRY ENGLAND! COME YE BACK TO YE DAYS WHEN YE MINSTRELS SANG ■ YE FORESTS OF NOTTINGHAM! COME YE BACK TO MANDALAY WHERE YE FLYING FISHES PLAY! COME YE BACK TO YE DAYS OF...
ROBIN HOOD!
IT TAKES TWO TA TANGO...
EYE GREEN WOOD
MELVIN LOVE JANE
J. SEVERIN
LOOK, BIG JOHN! IT'S YE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM WITH A POSSE OF MERCHANTS!
AND LOOK, SPARKIE! LOOK AT YE MONEY!
YEA! THEY COMEST FROM THE DIRECTION OF YE NOTTINGHAM BANK!
CARRYING YE PAYROLL, NO DOUBT!
FIE! ALL THAT MONEY, AND WE HAVE NOTHING! NOT A PENNY OR A TUPPENCE!
WE HAVE A SONG ON OUR LIPS! WE HAVE THE BLUE SKY OVERHEAD! WE HAVE THE CLOTHES ON OUR BACK! WE HAVE THE SUN IN THE MORNING AND THE MOON AT NIGHT!
ACK!


C'MON, SPARRIE! LET'S GO INTO OUR MINSTREL ROUTINE! MAYBE WE CAN GET SOME FLOP-HOUSE MONEY!
TAKE ME HOME IN A TAXI HONEY
WON'T BE READY TILL HALF PAST EIGHT!
PLUNKA PLUNKA PLUNKA
LOOK! A COUPLE THRUPENCE TUPPENCE HA'PENNY!
MINE!
MINE!
HALFIES!
HALFIES!
MINE!
TWO CENTS! ALL WHO VOLUNTEER TO DIVIDE THESE CENTS FAIR AND SQUARE... STAND UP!
ONLY TWO CENTS! NOT A THRUPENCE OR A FUPPENCE? NYAAH! STICKY FINGERS!
SAY! I'VE GOT AN IDEA! DID YOU EVER HEAR OF ROBIN HOOD?
...DIVIDE TWO CENTS! LEMME SEE... TWO INTO TWO... CARRY THE ONE...
HE TAKES FROM THE RICH AND GIVES TO THE POOR! THAT POSSE IS RICH AND WE ARE POOR! WOW! WHAT A DEAL!
MULTIPLY BY FOUR... TAKE THE SUM... PLUS THE SQUARE ROOT!
IT'S NO USE! TWO CENTS CAN'T BE DIVIDED!
LET'S GO FIND ROBIN HOOD! LET'S RAT ON THAT POSSE! C'MON, BIG JOHN! LET'S CROSS THIS LOG OVER THE STREAM!
HO, YON VARLETS!
HALT WHILE I CROSS YON LOG FIRST!

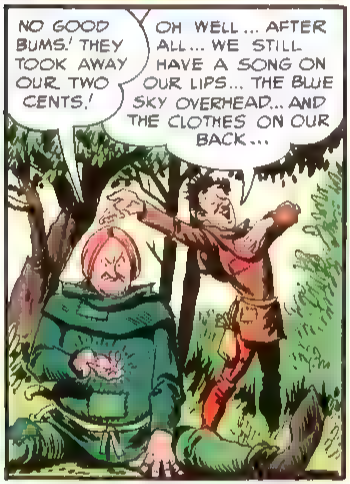

HOW COME YOU CROSS YON LOG FIRST! WE GOT HERE FIRST SO WE CROSS YON LOG FIRST!
YOU CROSS YON LOG FIRST AN' YOUN YAME YAM YONNA YE YUD!
OR MY NAME AIN'T BIG YON!
HO, HOW MY BLOOD BOILS AT THIS RASH VARLET! I SEE RED BEFORE MY EYES AND MY BLOOD SEETHES AND CHURNS WITH FURY! THIS RASH VARLET MUST BE TAUGHT A LESSON!
YEA AND VERILY THEN! CUT YOURSELF A STOUT STAVE! WE SHALL HAVE IT OUT WITH CUDGELS!
CUDGELS, SUH, AT TEN PACES! GO TO IT, SPARKIE OL' MAN! AND MAY THE BEST VARLET WIN!
HAVE AT YOU, KIDDO, 'CAUSE HERE I COME!
JUST LEMME STEP OUT ON THIS LOG... HEH HEH... KIND OF SHAKY, THIS LOG!
OOP!
OOP! OOP!
OOP! OOP! OOP!
OOP OOP OOP OOP!
OOP OOP OOP OOP!
WOOP! WOOP!
WOOP WOOP WOOP WOOP!
SPLOSH
3


HA! GOOD SHOT, OLD MAN! NEATLY DONE! HUZZA!
NOW FOR A BLAST ON MY WOODLAND HORN!
HOOOOOO
HAAAA!
HA HA!
HA HA!
HO HO!
HAHA!
ONE WAY
HYA!
HEH HEH!
HEE HEE!
GENTLEMEN! ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF! I AM ROBIN HOOD!
AND THESE ARE MY MERRY MEN! ALAN ADAILE... FRIAR TUCK...
LITTLE JOHN... HAPPY... SLEEPY... SNEEZY... DOC... DOPEY... BASHFUL... GRUMPY...
GRUMPY?
WE GOT NO GRUMPIES IN OUR MERRY MEN!
O.K., MERRY MEN! LET'S SET UP CAMP HERE!
HEY, ROBIN! WHAT WE CAME TO TELLYA...
MAID MARION! HAND OUT FRESH LINEN! THEN BRING ME A MARTINI!
LOWER THE JIB! BATTEN THE HATCHES!
HEY, ROBIN! WE CAME TO TELL YOU ABOUT POSSE...
GO WAY BOY! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BUSY?
SECURE THE MAINSAIL!
LOWER THE...
...A POSSE LOADED WITH CASH... YOU KNOW... MON...
CASH!

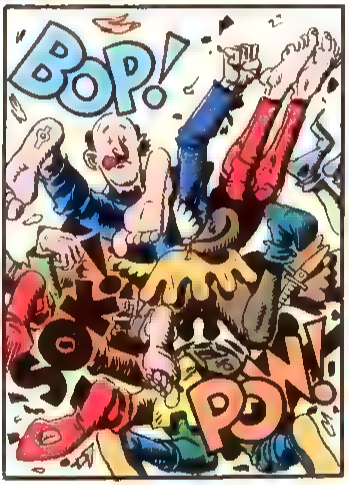

HOO-HOOO HAH!
...EY!
HA! ROBIN HOOD'S MERRY MEN HAVE GONE TO ROB FROM THE RICH AND GIVE TO THE POOR! LET US POOR SIT HERE AND WATCH THE BATTLE!
TWANG!
TWANG!
TWANG!
I'M GONNA WATCH MAID MARION!
METHINKS THE BATTLE WAGES HOT AND HEAVY! WHAT DO YOU THINKS, SPARKIE?
PAM!
POW
ZOOOOOOOO
ZING
TAC TAC TAC TAC!
BAM!
POW
ME AIN'T GOT TIME TO THINKS!
METHINKS IT IS ALMOST TIME FOR US TO JOIN THE BATTLE SINCE METHINKS IT'S ALMOST OVER!
METHINKS I'M GETTING TIRED!
POW
KRUMP!
POW
ZZZZZ
SKREEEE
ZOOO
HEY BOY! THE FIGHT IS OVER! LET'S GO GET OUR SHARE OF THE LOOT!
NOT NOW, BIG JOHN! I'M A-CLOSIN' IN!
WOW! LOOK AT WHAT ROBIN HOOD TOOK FROM THE RICH!
MONEY!
DEFENSE BONDS!
A TELE-VISION SET!
A CADILLAC CONVERT-IBLE!
5



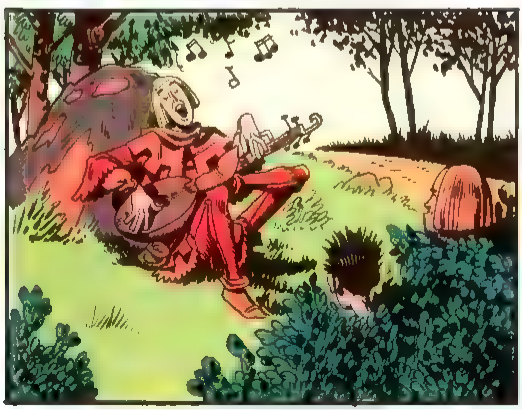




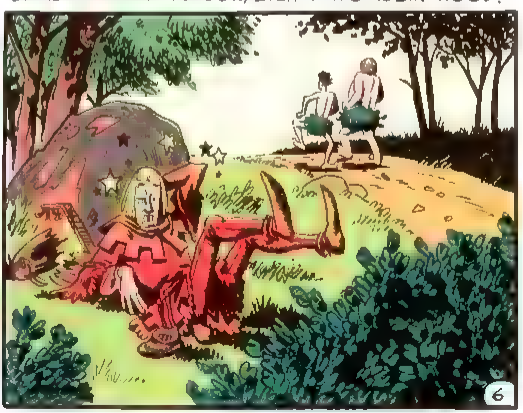


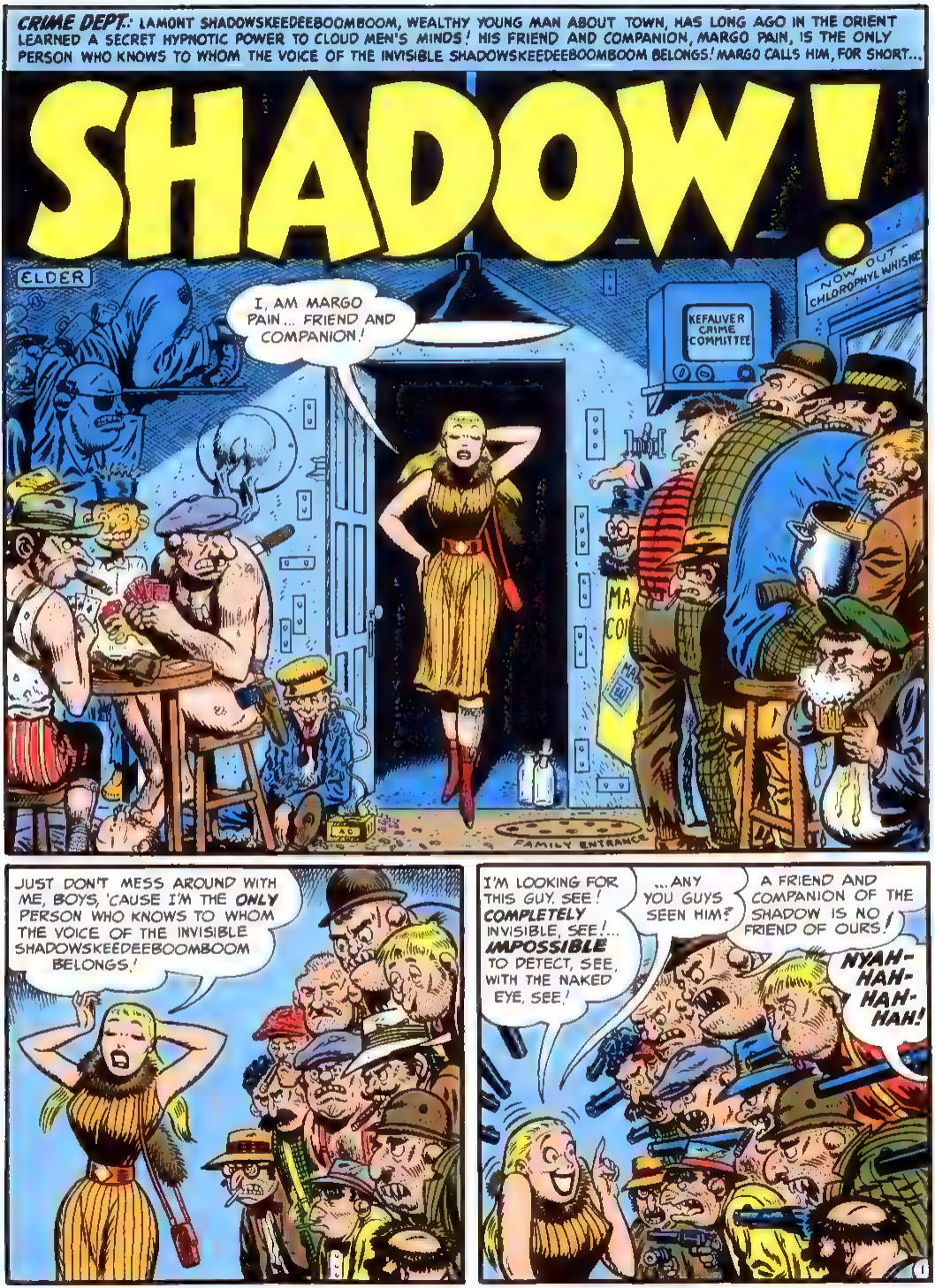


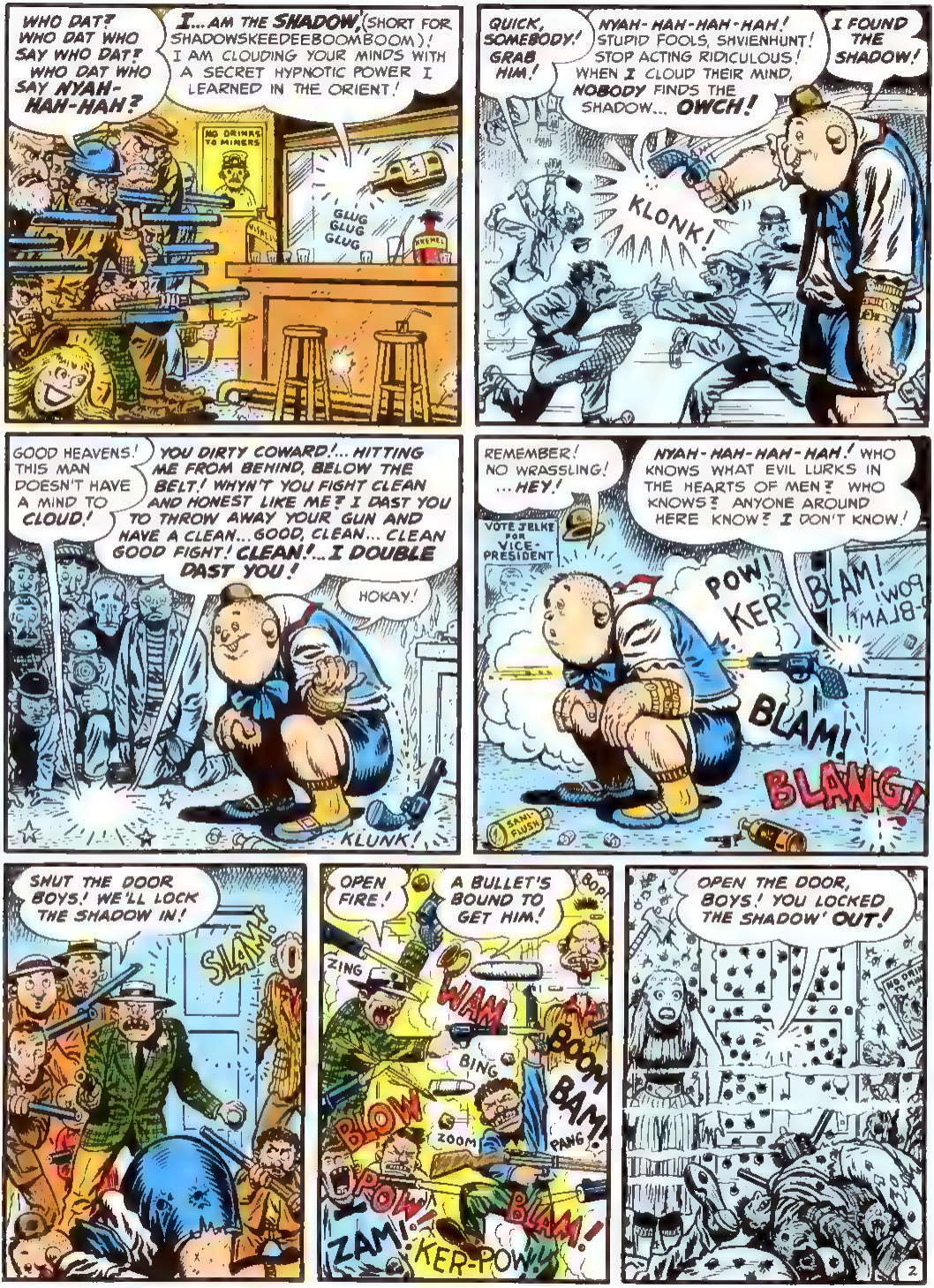
GO YE AWAY FROM THE DAYS OF YORE! GO YE AWAY FROM MERRY ENGLAND! GO YE AWAY FROM YE DAYS WHEN YE MINSTRELS SANG IN YE FORESTS!

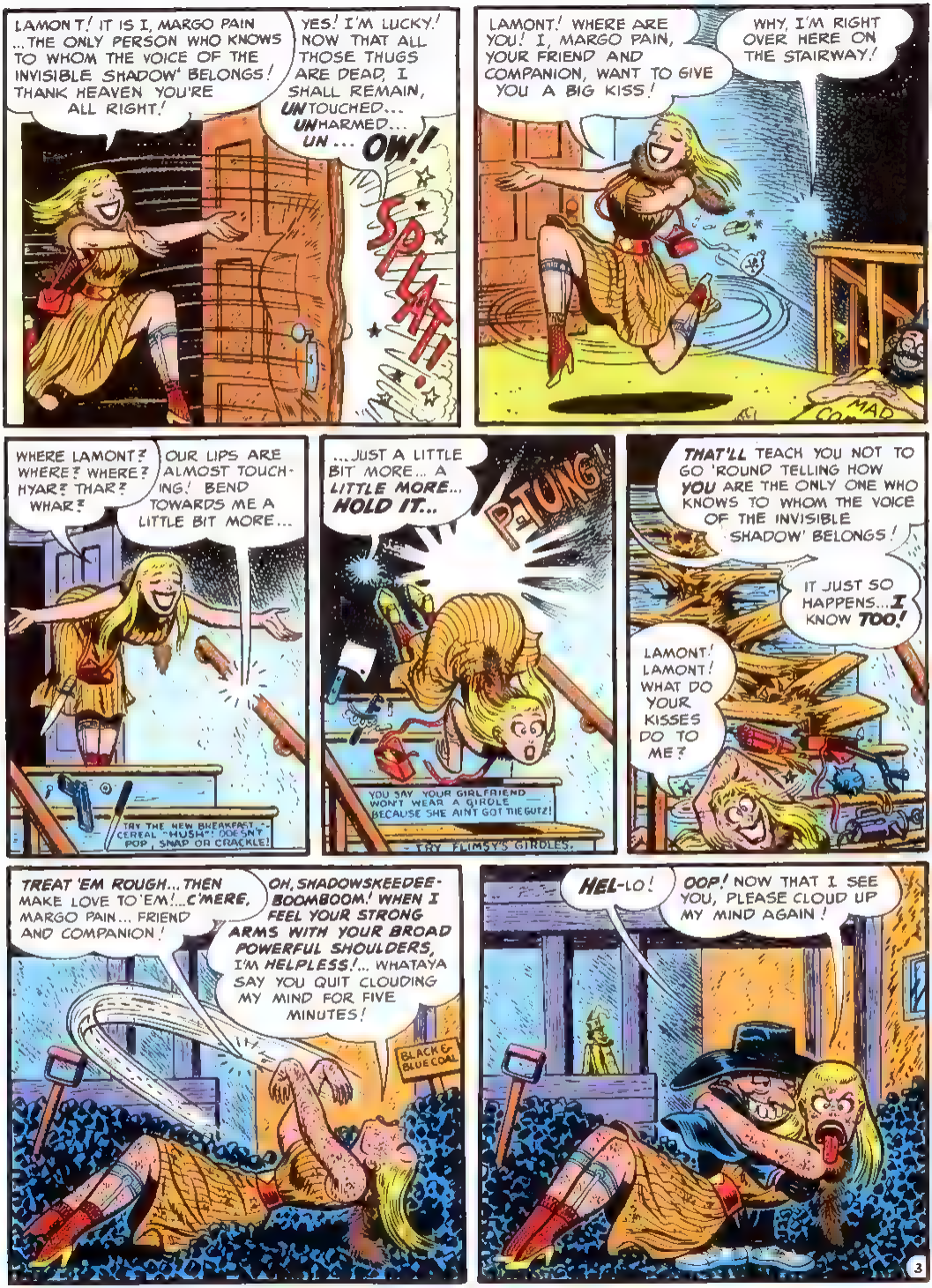


YE MINSTRELS NO LONGER HAVE A SONG... AND YE SKY IS NO LONGER BLUE! AN' YE MORAL TO YE STORY IS... NEVER TRUST A CROOK, EVEN IF IT'S ROBIN HOOD!

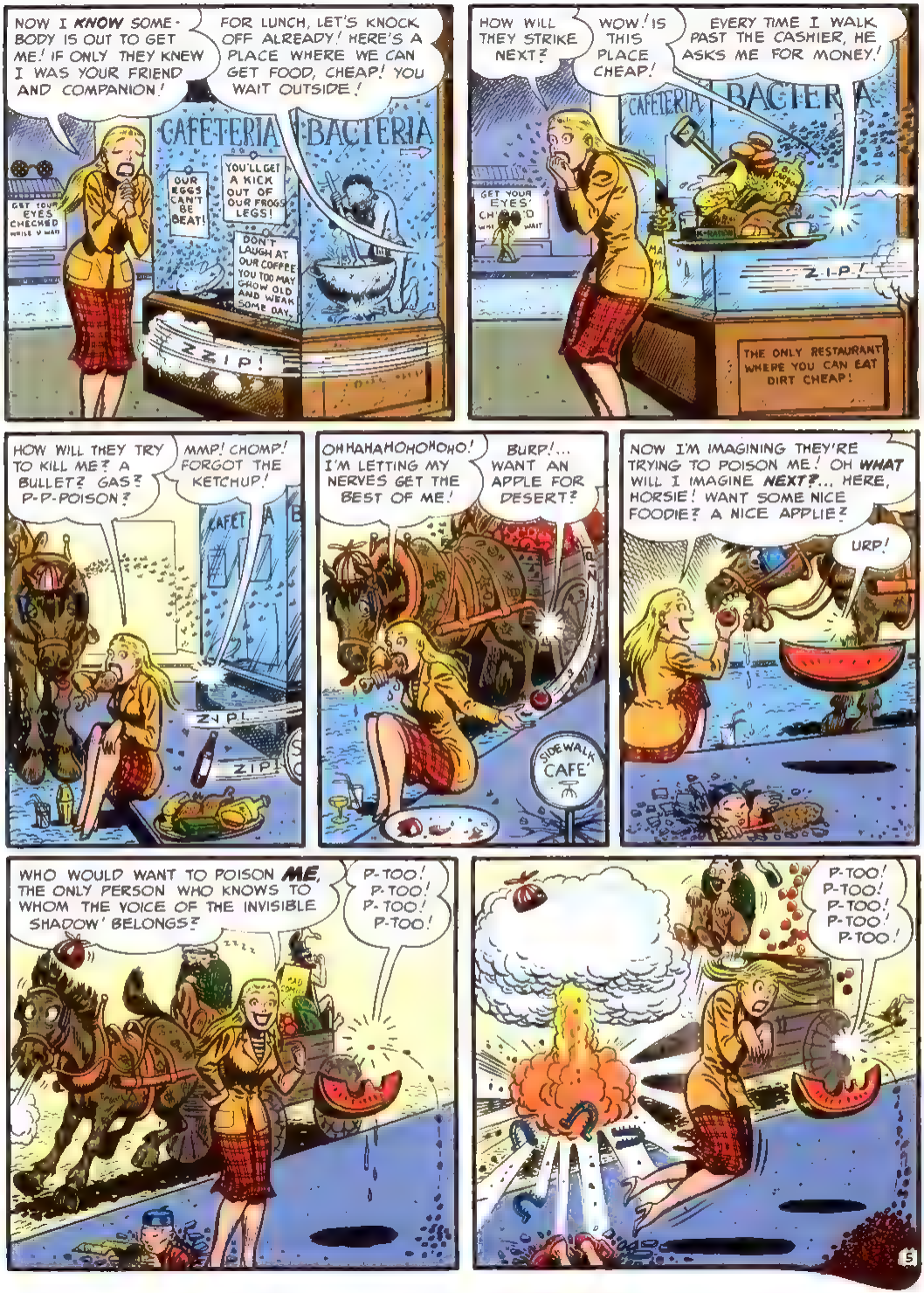


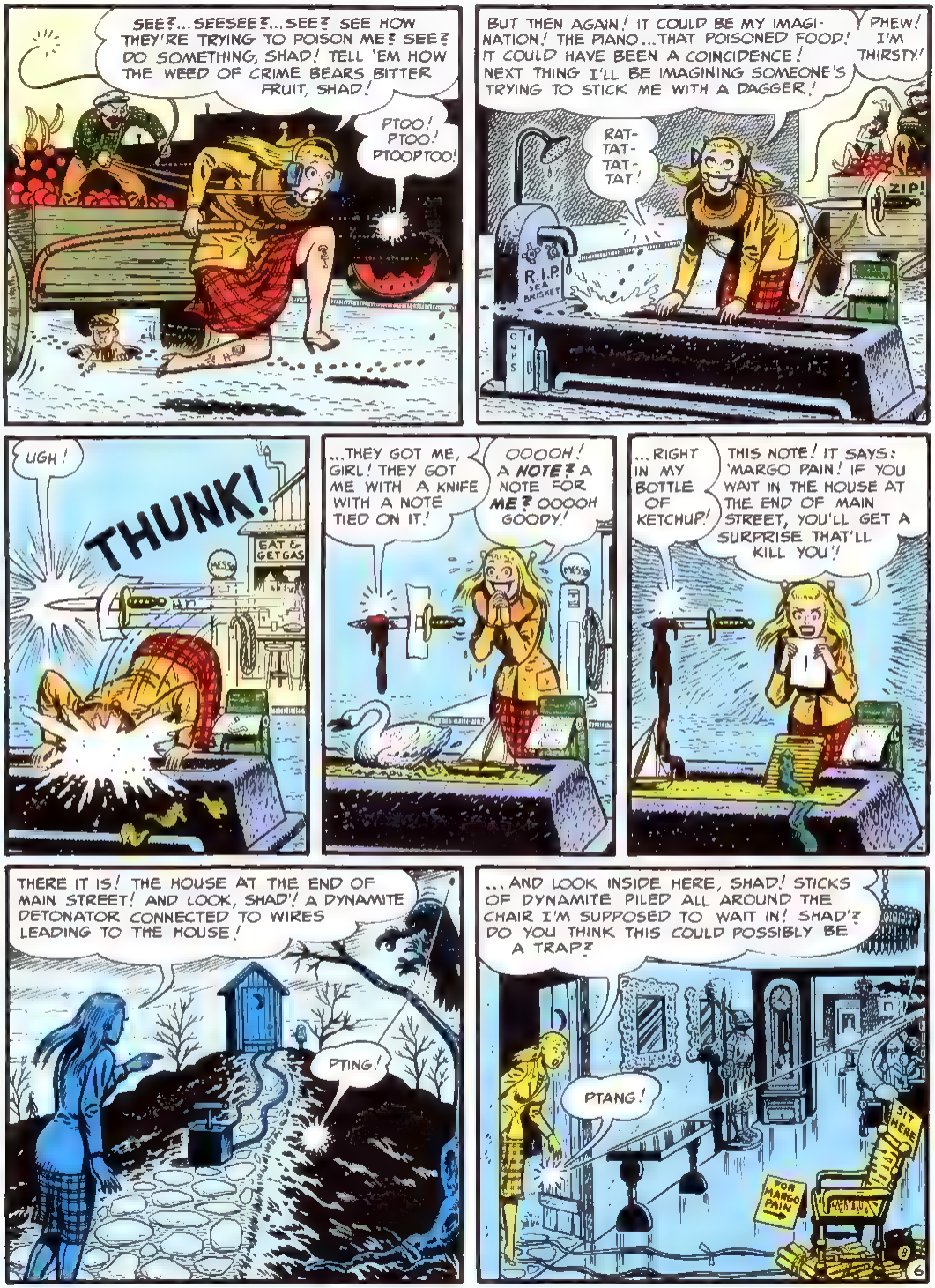

CRIME DEPT.: LAMONT SHADOWSKEEDEEBOOMBOOM, WEALTHY YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN, HAS LONG AGO IN THE ORIENT LEARNED A SECRET HYPNOTIC POWER TO CLOUD MEN'S MINDS! HIS FRIEND AND COMPANION, MARGO PAIN, IS THE ONLY PERSON WHO KNOWS TO WHOM THE VOICE OF THE INVISIBLE SHADOWSKEEDEEBOOMBOOM BELONGS! MARGO CALLS HIM, FOR SHORT...
SHADOW!
ELDER
I, AM MARGO PAIN... FRIEND AND COMPANION!
KEFAUVER CRIME COMMITTEE
NOW OUT - CHLOROPHYL WHISKEY
FAMILY ENTRANCE
JUST DON'T MESS AROUND WITH ME, BOYS, 'CAUSE I'M THE ONLY PERSON WHO KNOWS TO WHOM THE VOICE OF THE INVISIBLE SHADOWSKEEDEEBOOMBOOM BELONGS!
I'M LOOKING FOR THIS GUY, SEE! COMPLETELY INVISIBLE, SEE!... IMPOSSIBLE TO DETECT, SEE, WITH THE NAKED EYE, SEE!
...ANY YOU GUYS SEEN HIM?
A FRIEND AND COMPANION OF THE SHADOW IS NO FRIEND OF OURS!
NYAH-HAH-HAH-HAH!

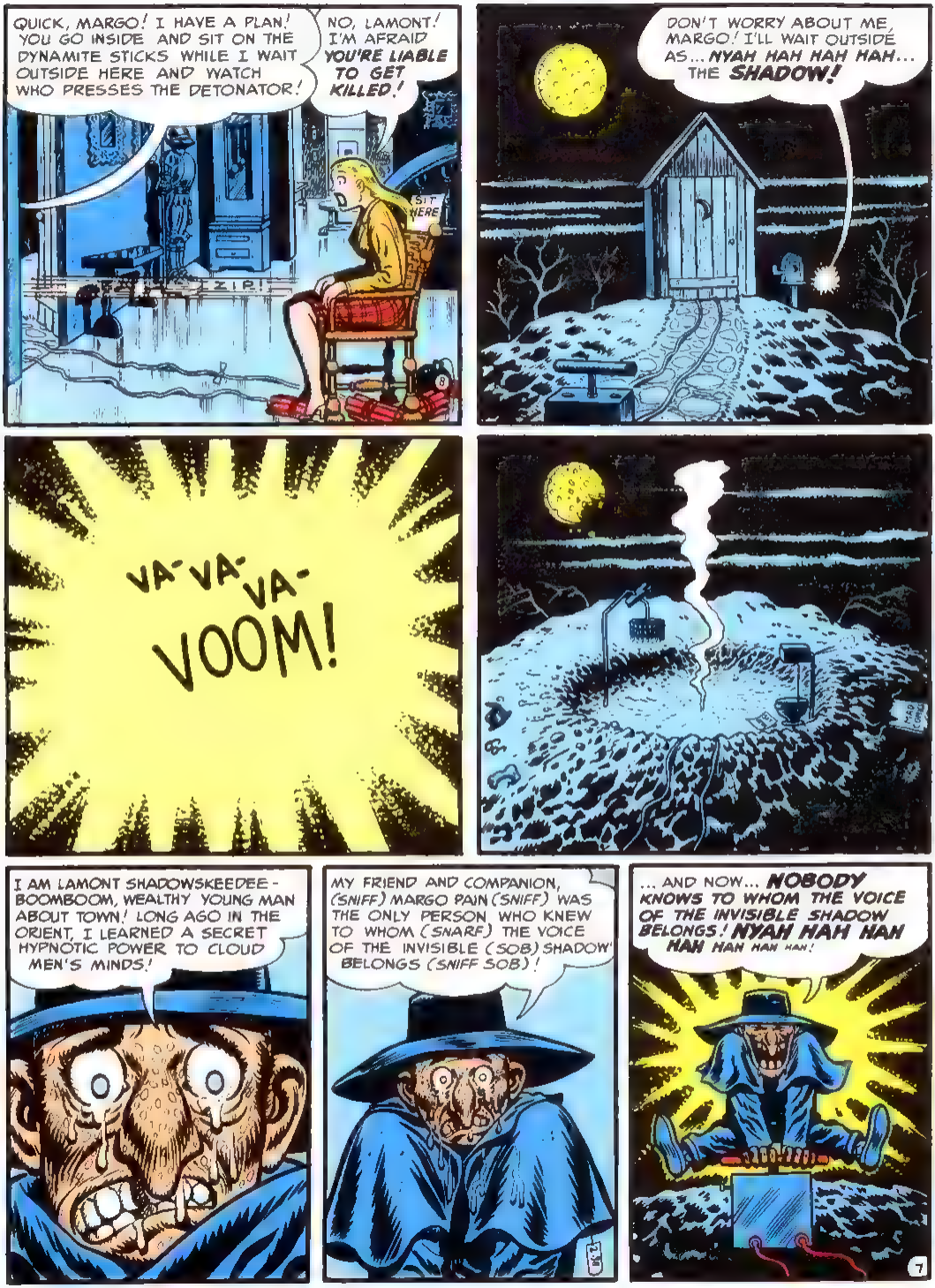

WHO DAT? WHO DAT WHO SAY WHO DAT? WHO DAT WHO SAY NYAH-HAH-HAH?
I... AM THE SHADOW (SHORT FOR SHADOWSKEEDEEBOOMBOOM)! I AM CLOUDING YOUR MINDS WITH A SECRET HYPNOTIC POWER I LEARNED IN THE ORIENT!
NO DRINKS TO MINERS
GLUG GLUG GLUG
QUICK, SOMEBODY! GRAB HIM!
NYAH-HAH-HAH-HAH! STUPID FOOLS, SHVIENHUNT! STOP ACTING RIDICULOUS! WHEN I CLOUD THEIR MIND, NOBODY FINDS THE SHADOW... OWCH!
I FOUND THE SHADOW!
KLONK!
GOOD HEAVENS! THIS MAN DOESN'T HAVE A MIND TO CLOUD!
YOU DIRTY COWARD!... HITTING ME FROM BEHIND, BELOW THE BELT! WHYN'T YOU FIGHT CLEAN AND HONEST LIKE ME? I DAST YOU TO THROW AWAY YOUR GUN AND HAVE A CLEAN... GOOD, CLEAN... CLEAN GOOD FIGHT! CLEAN!... I DOUBLE DAST YOU!
HOKAY!
KLUNK!
REMEMBER! NO WRASSLING! ... HEY!
NYAH-HAH-HAH-HAH! WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS IN THE HEARTS OF MEN? WHO KNOWS? ANYONE AROUND HERE KNOW? I DON'T KNOW!
VOTE J'ELKE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT
POW! KER-
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLANG!
SAML. PLUSH
SHUT THE DOOR BOYS! WE'LL LOCK THE SHADOW IN!
SLAM!
OPEN FIRE!
A BULLET'S BOUND TO GET HIM!
BOP!
ZING
WHAM
BING
BOOM
BAM!
PANG
ZOOM
BLOW
POW!
ZAM!
KER-POW!
BLAM!
OPEN THE DOOR, BOYS! YOU LOCKED THE SHADOW' OUT!
2


LAMONT! IT IS I, MARGO PAIN ...THE ONLY PERSON WHO KNOWS TO WHOM THE VOICE OF THE INVISIBLE SHADOW' BELONGS! THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!
YES! I'M LUCKY! NOW THAT ALL THOSE THUGS ARE DEAD, I SHALL REMAIN, UNTOUCHED... UNHARMED... UN... OW!
SPLAT!!
LAMONT! WHERE ARE YOU! I, MARGO PAIN, YOUR FRIEND AND COMPANION, WANT TO GIVE YOU A BIG KISS!
WHY, I'M RIGHT OVER HERE ON THE STAIRWAY!
MAD COMICS
WHERE LAMONT? WHERE? WHERE? HYAR? THAR? WHAR?
OUR LIPS ARE ALMOST TOUCHING! BEND TOWARDS ME A LITTLE BIT MORE...
TRY THE NEW BREAKFAST CEREAL "HUSH": DOESN'T POP, SNAP OR CRACKLE!
...JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE... A LITTLE MORE... HOLD IT...
P-TUNG!
YOU SAY YOUR GIRLFRIEND WON'T WEAR A GIRDLE BECAUSE SHE AIN'T GOT THE GUTZ!
TRY FLIMSY'S GIRDLES.
THAT'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO GO 'ROUND TELLING HOW YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS TO WHOM THE VOICE OF THE INVISIBLE SHADOW' BELONGS!
IT JUST SO HAPPENS... I KNOW TOO!
LAMONT! LAMONT! WHAT DO YOUR KISSES DO TO ME?
TREAT 'EM ROUGH... THEN MAKE LOVE TO 'EM!... C'MERE, MARGO PAIN... FRIEND AND COMPANION!
OH, SHADOWSKEEDEE-BOOMBOOM! WHEN I FEEL YOUR STRONG ARMS WITH YOUR BROAD POWERFUL SHOULDERS, I'M HELPLESS!... WHATAYA SAY YOU QUIT CLOUDING MY MIND FOR FIVE MINUTES!
BLACK & BLUE COAL
HEL-LO!
OOP! NOW THAT I SEE YOU, PLEASE CLOUD UP MY MIND AGAIN!


HI-HO! I'VE BEEN USIN' DEM OL' SECRET HYPNOTIC POWERS ALL MORNING! LET'S KNOCK OFF FOR LUNCH!
SHAD!! HERE'S WHY I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU! DYNAMITE UNDER THE HOOD OF MY CAR... TIME BOMBS IN THE MAIL... I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE SOMEONE IS TRYING TO DO ME BODILY HARM!
WHOEVER IT IS, SHAD', YOU'LL CLOUD THEIR MINDS, HUH, SHAD? YOU'LL GIVE 'EM THE OL' NYAH-HAH-HAH, WON'T YOU, SHAD? HUH? WON'T YA? HUH? HUH?
HEY SHAD?
ARE YOU THERE?
EEK
MAD COMICS
WHO PINCHED ME?
SHAMELESS HUSSY! ALLOWING MY SHADOW TO PINCH YOU!
WHERE'S THAT WORM?
TOUCHED IN THE HEAD!
WHAT'S SHE GOT THAT I AIN'T GOT? I'M THE BEST!
OW!
YOW!
OW OW!
LEGGO!
OW!
LISTEN, SHAMELESS HUSSY! I KNOW TO WHOM THE VOICE OF THE INVISIBLE SHADOW BELONGS! DO YOU?
KRASH!
BEETHOVEN'S 4TH MOVEMENT FROM LACK OF PAYING BEN
SEE, SHADOW? SEE SEE JUST NOW HOW BODILY HARM WAS TRIED? SEE?
DEFINITELY TOUCHED!
YES, MARGO! THE WEED OF CRIME BEARS BITTER FRUIT!
4


NOW I KNOW SOMEBODY IS OUT TO GET ME! IF ONLY THEY KNEW I WAS YOUR FRIEND AND COMPANION!
FOR LUNCH, LET'S KNOCK OFF ALREADY! HERE'S A PLACE WHERE WE CAN GET FOOD, CHEAP! YOU WAIT OUTSIDE!
CAFETERIA
BACTERIA
GET YOUR EYES CHECKED WHILE U WAIT
OUR EGGS CAN'T BE BEAT!
YOU'LL GET A KICK OUT OF OUR FROGS LEGS!
DON'T LAUGH AT OUR COFFEE YOU TOO MAY GROW OLD AND WEAK SOME DAY
ZZIP!
HOW WILL THEY STRIKE NEXT?
WOW! IS THIS PLACE CHEAP!
EVERY TIME I WALK PAST THE CASHIER, HE ASKS ME FOR MONEY!
CAFETERIA
BACTERIA
GET YOUR EYES CH'D WHILE U WAIT
Z-I-P!
THE ONLY RESTAURANT WHERE YOU CAN EAT DIRT CHEAP!
HOW WILL THEY TRY TO KILL ME? A BULLET? GAS? P-P-POISON?
MMP! CHOMP! FORGOT THE KETCHUP!
CAFET
ZIP!
ZIP!
OHHAHAHOHOHOHO! I'M LETTING MY NERVES GET THE BEST OF ME!
BURP!... WANT AN APPLE FOR DESERT?
SIDEWALK CAFE
NOW I'M IMAGINING THEY'RE TRYING TO POISON ME! OH WHAT WILL I IMAGINE NEXT?... HERE, HORSIE! WANT SOME NICE FOODIE? A NICE APPLIE?
URP!
WHO WOULD WANT TO POISON ME, THE ONLY PERSON WHO KNOWS TO WHOM THE VOICE OF THE INVISIBLE SHADOW BELONGS?
P-TOO! P-TOO! P-TOO! P-TOO!
P-TOO! P-TOO! P-TOO! P-TOO! P-TOO!
5


SEE?...SEESEE?...SEE? SEE HOW THEY'RE TRYING TO POISON ME? SEE? DO SOMETHING, SHAD! TELL 'EM HOW THE WEED OF CRIME BEARS BITTER FRUIT, SHAD!
PTOO! PTOO! PTOOPTOO!
BUT THEN AGAIN! IT COULD BE MY IMAGINATION! THE PIANO...THAT POISONED FOOD! IT COULD HAVE BEEN A COINCIDENCE! NEXT THING I'LL BE IMAGINING SOMEONE'S TRYING TO STICK ME WITH A DAGGER!
PHEW! I'M THIRSTY!
RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!
ZIP!
R.I.P. SEA BRISKET
UGH!
THUNK!
EAT & GET GAS
MESS
...THEY GOT ME, GIRL! THEY GOT ME WITH A KNIFE WITH A NOTE TIED ON IT!
OOOOH! A NOTE? A NOTE FOR ME? OOOOH GOODY!
...RIGHT IN MY BOTTLE OF KETCHUP!
THIS NOTE! IT SAYS: 'MARGO PAIN! IF YOU WAIT IN THE HOUSE AT THE END OF MAIN STREET, YOU'LL GET A SURPRISE THAT'LL KILL YOU'!
THERE IT IS! THE HOUSE AT THE END OF MAIN STREET! AND LOOK, SHAD! A DYNAMITE DETONATOR CONNECTED TO WIRES LEADING TO THE HOUSE!
PTING!
...AND LOOK INSIDE HERE, SHAD! STICKS OF DYNAMITE PILED ALL AROUND THE CHAIR I'M SUPPOSED TO WAIT IN! SHAD'? DO YOU THINK THIS COULD POSSIBLY BE A TRAP?
PTANG!
SIT HERE
FOR MARGO PAIN
6


QUICK, MARGO! I HAVE A PLAN! YOU GO INSIDE AND SIT ON THE DYNAMITE STICKS WHILE I WAIT OUTSIDE HERE AND WATCH WHO PRESSES THE DETONATOR!
NO, LAMONT! I'M AFRAID YOU'RE LIABLE TO GET KILLED!
SIT HERE
ZIP!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, MARGO! I'LL WAIT OUTSIDE AS... NYAH HAH HAH HAH... THE SHADOW!
VA-VA-VA-VOOM!
I AM LAMONT SHADOWSKEEDEE-BOOMBOOM, WEALTHY YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN! LONG AGO IN THE ORIENT, I LEARNED A SECRET HYPNOTIC POWER TO CLOUD MEN'S MINDS!
MY FRIEND AND COMPANION, (SNIFF) MARGO PAIN (SNIFF) WAS THE ONLY PERSON WHO KNEW TO WHOM (SNARF) THE VOICE OF THE INVISIBLE (SOB) SHADOW BELONGS (SNIFF SOB)!
... AND NOW... NOBODY KNOWS TO WHOM THE VOICE OF THE INVISIBLE SHADOW BELONGS! NYAH HAH HAH HAH HAH HAH HAH!
7

Q: *"Superduperman" is another great example of Wood's suppleness. In the splash he's parodying the stiffness of the drawing on most superhero characters. Later he actually drew like that himself, but look at how loose and rubbery this character is on page 2.*

KURTZMAN: *Well, you may be confusing me for him. The action was essentially mine. Where I see Wally's stiffness is this foot* [page 2, panel 2]*; it's turned in too far. It's not rubbery, it's . . . it's broken. Here's the foot again* [last panel]*; here he really does it badly, see how the sole is turned in? Now, I would never do that. But basically I did these figures. Wally filtered them through the Wally Wood brain and combined what I did with what he did, and essentially what he did was stiff. It's very hard to separate where I left off and Wally picked up.*

Q: *When you tackled a subject like "Flob was a Slob," did you go and study it the way that you would with a war history story? Would you go out and look at a stack of romance comics?*

KURTZMAN: *I don't remember.*

Q: *It's such an archetypical romance story. Where would you have seen romance comics?*

KURTZMAN: *Gaines was doing romance earlier on. This was one of the stories that I tend not to want to think about. It wasn't a good one. By contrast, "Superduperman," is engraved on my memory; the little things that Wally did, that we both did, that I think are so unique.*

Q: *One of Wally's little graffiti is "Al loves words; Bill loves EC and Harvey loves Harvey."*

KURTZMAN: *One of his little digs. Well, he was entitled.*

Q: *The last story brings up the subject of nomenclature. Where did the name Shadowskeedeeboom-boom come from? It's so perfect.*

KURTZMAN: *There was a comedian who did a record that went something like "Bim-bede-bim-bim, boom-bede-boom-boom, bim-bede-boom-bede-haskede-boom-boom." I don't remember who he was. It might have been a guy by the name of Aaron Lebedaeff, who did some unusual Yiddish records. I remember he did a "Roumania" record. And "Haskede-boom-boom" sounds like I picked it up off his record. It had a nice lilt. I did that often; I would pick something up. I didn't know why; it just sounded good, or looked good.*

Q: *The syncopation was usually off on your parody names. Others tried to make their parody names sound like the original, but you'd more likely throw in an extra syllable that called attention to the fact that it was a little off.*

KURTZMAN: *Right.*

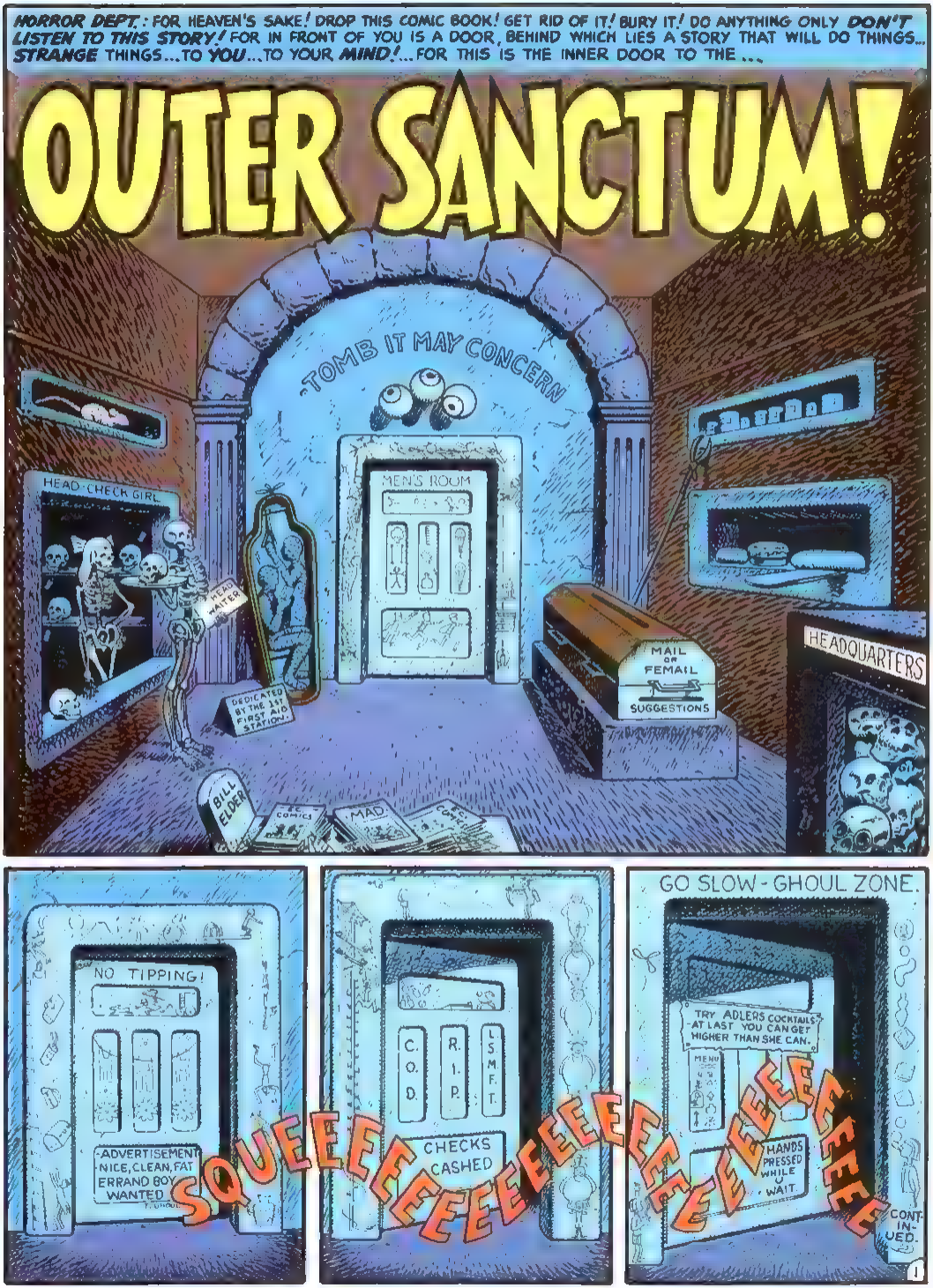

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU
HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
No. 5
JUN-JULY
10¢
MAD
YOU SAY YOU LOST YOUR VOICE AND YOU WANT ME TO FIND IT?... AT LAST AN EXCITING CASE!
KANE KEEN PRIVATE EYE
BILL ELDER

THE EC "PUBLISHER OF THE ISSUE" • WILLIAM M. GAINES ALIAS MELVIN



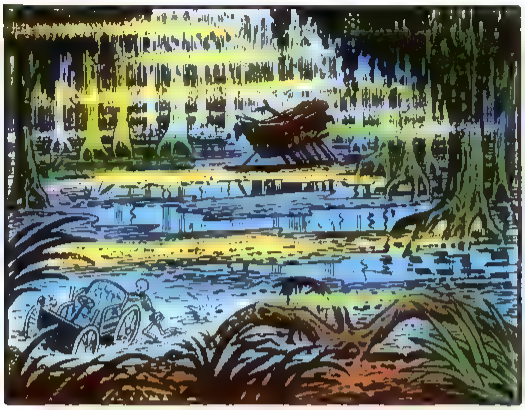
William M. (for "Mad") Gaines, twisted publisher of the perverted E.C. line, was born on Feb. 30, 1922, in an abandoned cattle-car on a siding outside the Chicago stock-yards. His father was an International Communist Banker of Persian, Iranian, Egyptian and Danish stock, and his mother came from the Bronx. His early childhood was relatively uneventful, having been spent in picking pockets, stealing government checks from mail-boxes, running errands for bookies, counterfeiting lead nickels, and playing with Teddy-bears. Bill's formal education consisted of four years in first grade, followed by nine years in reform school. Upon breaking out, he took the alias of "Melvin" Gaines and began selling "cartoon books" (you know the kind!) on dark street corners outside burlesque houses. When he had read them all, he turned to peddling dope near nursery schools . . . took the cure . . . opened an establishment in a district of scarlet illumination . . . took the cure . . . and finally, seeking the ultimate in depravity and debasement, quite naturally turned to the comic magazine industry. Here he found a home! Utilizing his vast background of worldly and literary experiences, coupled with the tidy fortune he had accumulated from same, Bill introduced to the American public the notorious E.C. line . . . E.C. standing for Evil Comics. His editorial policy is a reflection of his highly developed sense of immoral obligation. As he was heard to remark at his last bi-annual editorial conference: "I don' care if it don't gotta plot! I don' care if it don't got grammar! I don' care if the pitchers ain't from talent! All I care is get inta every story *sadism, snakes, masochism, pyromania, snakes, fetishes, snakes, necrophilia, phallic symbols, snakes,* and all the rest of that *esoterica* what I can't think of this minute." Today, Bill lives in a sixty-nine room mansion in wholesome Westchester County, N. Y. He owns a grey Cadillac for grey days, a blue Cadillac for blue days, a green Cadillac for bilious days, and a pogo-stick for hopped-up days. Bill's hobbies include selling "cartoon books" (you know the kind!), peddling dope, running his scarlet-illuminated establishment, and collecting snakes. At this writing, he is single . . . having been married and divorced 69 times. Don't send fan-mail . . . he can't read!

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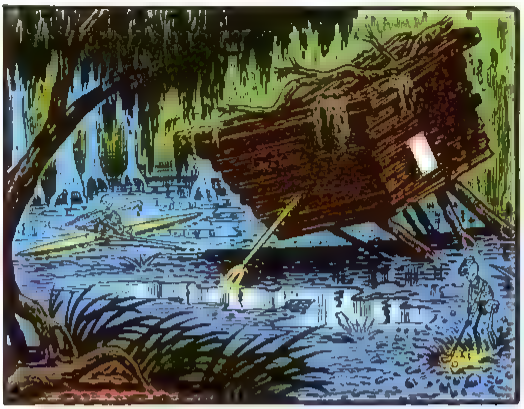

HORROR DEPT.: FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! DROP THIS COMIC BOOK! GET RID OF IT! BURY IT! DO ANYTHING ONLY DON'T LISTEN TO THIS STORY! FOR IN FRONT OF YOU IS A DOOR, BEHIND WHICH LIES A STORY THAT WILL DO THINGS... STRANGE THINGS...TO YOU...TO YOUR MIND!...FOR THIS IS THE INNER DOOR TO THE ...
OUTER SANCTUM!
TOMB IT MAY CONCERN
HEAD-CHECK GIRL
MEN'S ROOM
MAIL OR FEMAIL SUGGESTIONS
HEADQUARTERS
DEDICATED BY THE 1ST AID STATION.
BILL ELDER
E.C. COMICS
MAD
NO TIPPING!
ADVERTISEMENT NICE, CLEAN, FAT ERRAND BOY WANTED
C.O.D.
R.I.P.
L.S.M.F.T.
CHECKS CASHED
SQUEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
GO SLOW - GHOUL ZONE.
TRY ADLERS COCKTAILS - AT LAST YOU CAN GET HIGHER THAN SHE CAN.
MENU
HANDS PRESSED WHILE WAIT.
CONTINUED.
1


WANTED A NICE FAT OLD LADY WITH HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE. I M.A. VAMPIRE
CONT-IN-UED.
EEEEESK
BUTTER MILK
EEEE

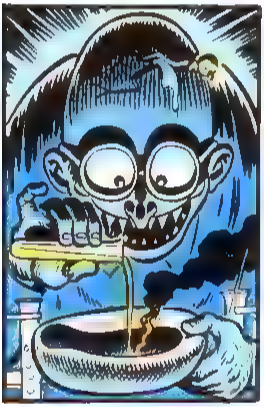
...JUST BEYOND THE LOUISIANA BAYOUS IN THE DEPTHS OF MYSTERIOUS, UNEXPLORED, UNPENETRABLE, STEAMING, SWEATY, DISGUSTING OKEEFENOKEE SWAMP!



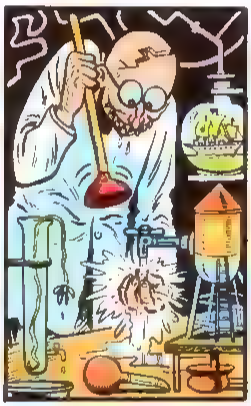
OKEEFENOKEEFENOKEE SWAMP, WHERE THE WORLD STOOD STILL! NOT A SIGN OF LIFE... **LOOK, PIC** OR **QUICK!** ONLY A TUMBLE DOWN SHACK PROPPED UP WITH A SINGLE BROOMSTICK!



INSIDE THE SHACK, ALSO PROPPED UP BY A BROOMSTICK, WORKED THE '***PROFESSOR***'!



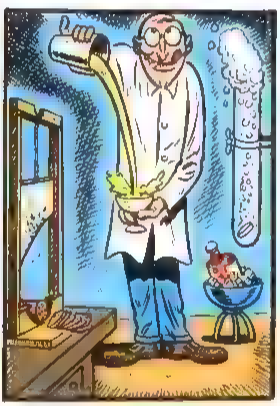
YES... A MAN WITH A BRILLIANT MIND WORKED, ALONE IN THE SWAMP!



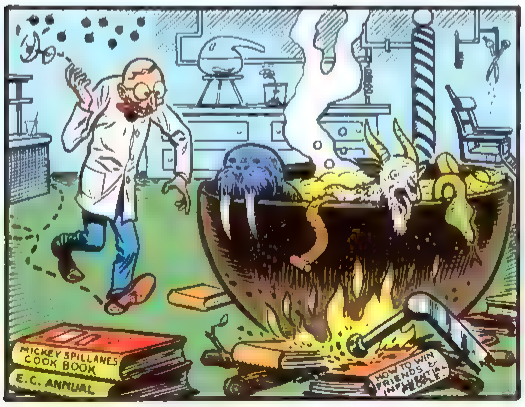
...WORKED FRANTICALLY AMIDST HIS BUBBLING RETORTS AND TEST TUBES!



WORKED AGAINST TIME... NOW ***THE WHOLE WORK WAS DONE! THE MIXTURE WAS READY!***



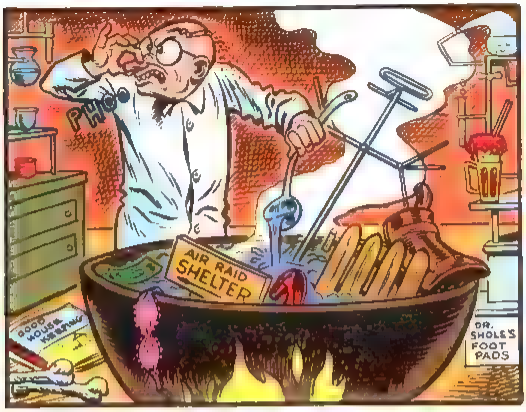
DOWNING THE DRY MARTINI COCKTAIL AT ONE GULP, THE 'PROFESSOR' TURNED TO THE HUGE VAT THAT HELD THE CONTENTS OF A LIFETIME OF RESEARCH, BOILING AND BUBBLING...



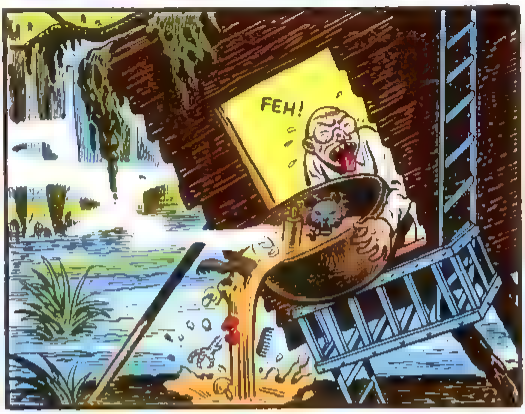
...A RECIPE HE'D BEEN GIVEN BY THE OLD CAJUN WITCH WOMAN! CROCODILES' WARTS, CHOPPED UP ZOMBIE HEARTS, SHRIMPS CREOLE... A MIXTURE ***OF THIS SWAMP!***



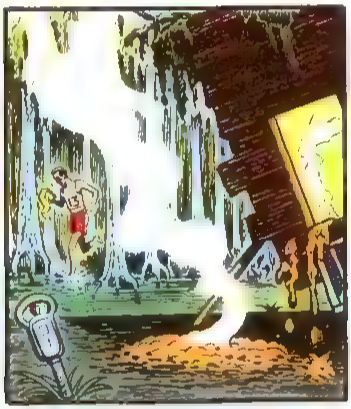
AND THIS WAS WHY THE 'PROFESSOR' HAD HIDDEN HIMSELF FROM THE SCOFFING WORLD! '*SKOFF, SKOFF!*" THEY HAD SKOFFED! '*NO MAN CAN CREATE LIFE!*'



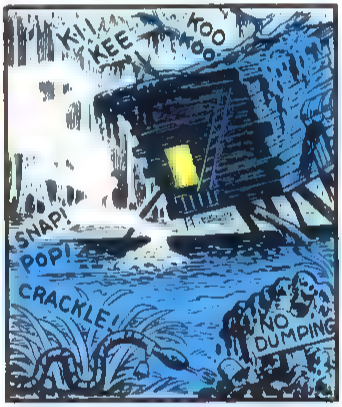
SUDDENLY THE SCENT OF MANY MASHED POLECATS DRIFTED FROM THE MIXTURE!... IN A FLASH, A LIFETIME OF RE-SEARCH WAS SPILLING OUT THE WINDOW!



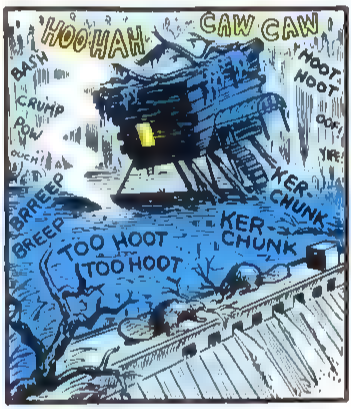
...SPILLED OUT THE WINDOW WHERE IT LAY... COMBINING WITH THE SWAMP WATERS IN A FESTERING MISH-MOSH!



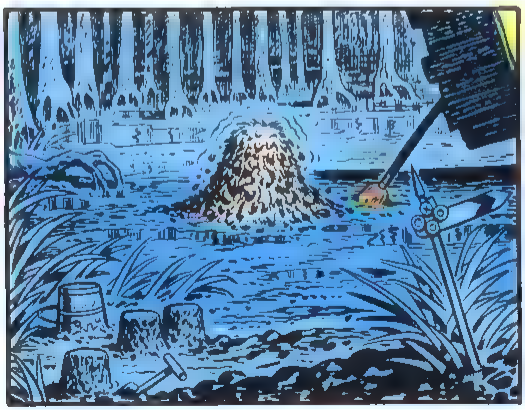
NIGHT FELL!... NIGHT ON THE OKEEFENO-KEEKEE SWAMP! SOUNDS OF *THINGS*... MOVING THROUGH THE BACKWATERS!



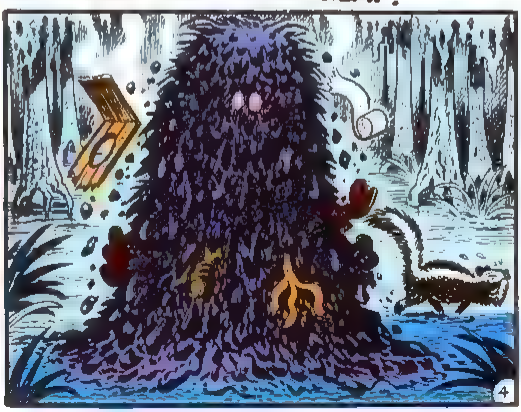
...HIDDEN THINGS WITH STRANGE CRIES SHATTERING THE SLEEPING CALM OF OLD OKEEFENOKEEKENOFEE!



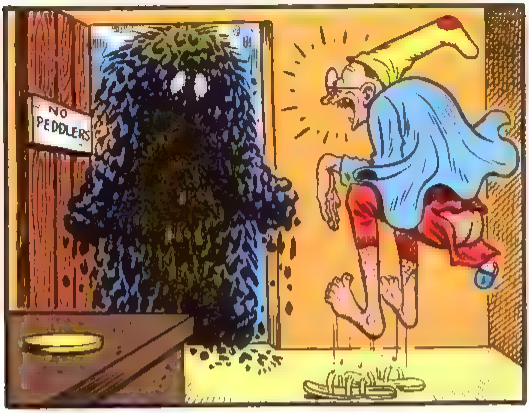
...AND... BENEATH THE PROFESSOR'S WINDOW... THE MIXTURE CONTINUED TO PULSATE AND QUIVER WHERE IT HAD LAIN... *PULSATED... QUIVERED... AND GREW!*



GREW! STOOD UP! ERECT! A HORRIBLE STANDING GLOB OF SWAMP THING! THERE WAS NOTHING TO CALL IT BUT... ***HEAP!***



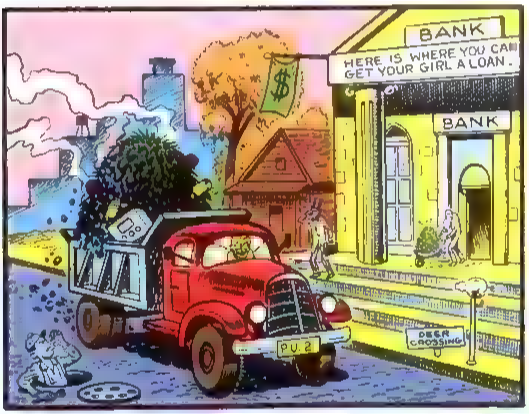
WHEN THE 'PROFESSOR' WOKE UP, HE FOUND *IT!*...*'HEAP'*, STANDING OUTSIDE THE DOOR AND FROM SOMEWHERE INSIDE THIS *'HEAP'* CAME A CROAK...THAT SOUNDED LIKE...*'PAPA'!*



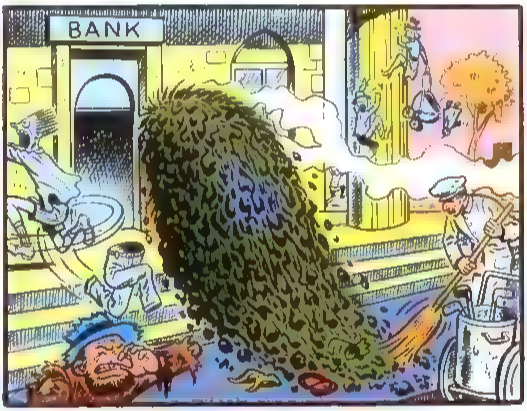
...FOR THE 'PROFESSOR' WAS TRULY THIS 'HEAP'S' FATHER! AND AS 'HEAP' EMBRACED HIM IN ITS SLIMEY BANANA PEEL AND TIN CAN ENCRUSTED ARMS, THE EVIL PROFESSOR GOT A HORRID IDEA!



THE NEXT DAY SAW A TRUCK, CARRYING WHAT APPEARED TO BE A CRUMBLING PILE OF GARBAGE, ROLL UP TO THE DOORS OF THE FIRST CAJUN NATIONAL BANK!



...AND THEN *IT* HAPPENED! THIS FESTERING, PALPITATING HEAP OF GARBAGE SUDDENLY CRAWLED OVER THE TRUCKS SIDEBOARDS, INTO THE STREET, AND UP THE BANK STEPS!



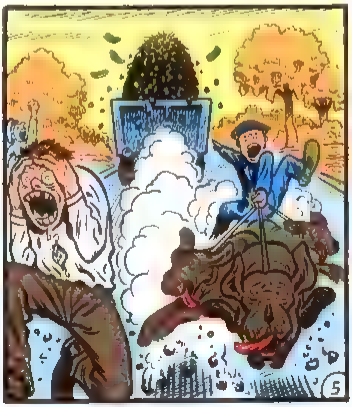
THEN...LIKE A HUGE AMOEBA, THIS 'HEAP' SLATHERED INTO THE TELLERS CAGE AND SCOOPED UP THE CASH!... PHEW!



ITS WORK WAS DONE! *IT* POURED OUT THE ENTRANCE, UNMINDFUL OF THE HAIL OF BULLETS FROM THE GUARDS!



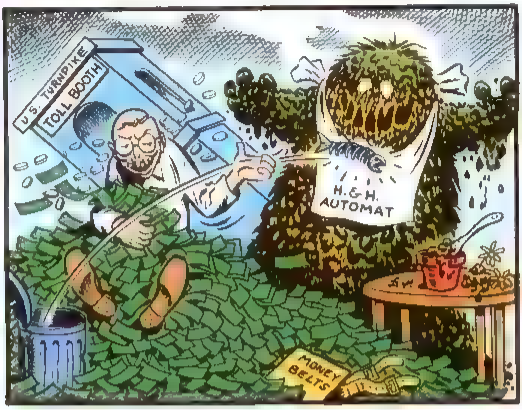
LEAVING A TRAIL OF ORANGE PEELS AND DEAD CATS, IT GOT BACK IN THE TRUCK AND WAS GONE! ***HEAP HAD STRUCK!***



BACK IN THE STEAMING MESSY OL' OKEEFENOKEEDOKEE SWAMP, THE 'PROFESSOR' WAS SOON ROLLING IN DOUGH! HIS 'HEAP' WAS FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS WELL!



IT WAS EASY TO KEEP 'HEAP' HAPPY! AN OLD DECAYED FISH ...COLD, WET COFFEE GROUNDS... A BIT OF DRIPPING NEWSPAPER THAT WAS USED TO LINE THE GARBAGE PAIL...



THEN... A CHANGE CAME OVER 'HEAP'! ONE DAY THE PROFESSOR FOUND HIM COMBING HIS SLIME IN THE MIRROR!



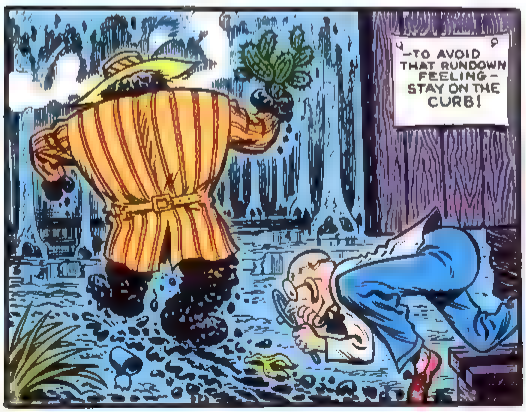
AND THEN, ONE DAY THE PROFESSOR FOUND 'HEAP' SPRINKLING HIMSELF WITH AFTER-SHAVE LOTION AND FLIT!



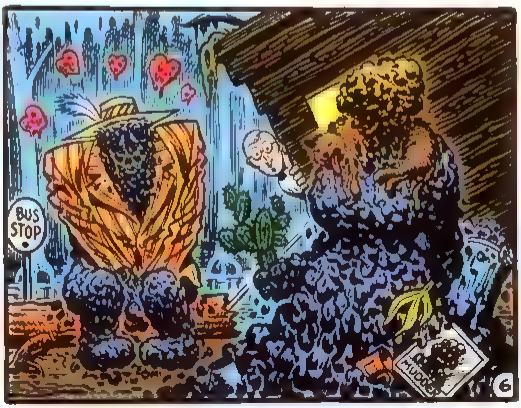
AND THEN ONE DAY, THE HEAP CAME BACK FROM TOWN DRESSED IN A ZOOT-SUIT WITH A BELT IN THE BACK!



ALL THIS COULD ONLY HAVE ONE AWFUL MONSTROUS, HORRIBLE CONCLUSION... 'HEAP' WAS IN **LOVE!** THAT EVENING, THE 'PROFESSOR' FOLLOWED 'HEAP' WHO LOOKED HEP!

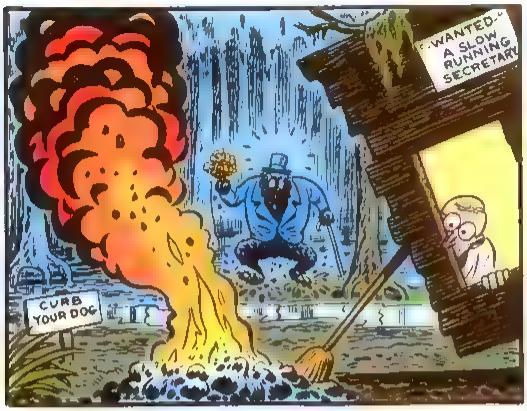


IN BACK OF THE PROFESSOR'S SHACK LAY A PIECE OF THE PROFESSOR'S GARBAGE, ACCUMULATED THROUGH THE YEARS! **BY GEORGE... THIS WAS A FEMALE GARBAGE HEAP!**



THE PROFESSOR KNEW WHAT HAD TO BE DONE! WHEN *'HEAP'* CAME TO LOOK AT HIS BELOVED GARBAGE PILE THE NEXT EVENING... IT WAS BURNED TO THE GROUND!

AN ODD CRY LIKE A STEPPED-ON CAT CAME FROM THE TIN CANNED DEPTHS OF *'HEAP,'* AND IN A MAD LOVER'S FRENZY KICKED AWAY THE SINGLE BROOMSTICK...

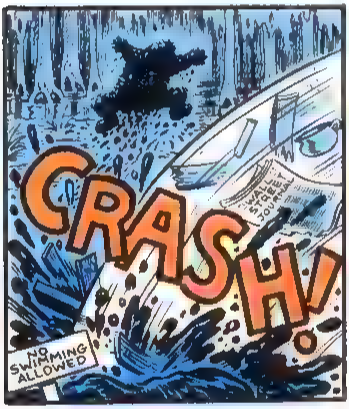




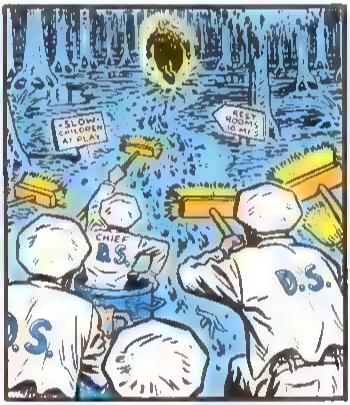
...THAT SUPPORTED THE SHACK, BRINGING THE LABORATORY TUMBLING DOWN ON THE WICKED PROFESSOR!

THEN IT RAN AMUCK IN THE VILLAGE... FREEING GARBAGE FROM ITS CANS, UNMINDFUL OF POLICEMAN'S BULLETS!

...FINALLY, PURSUED BY A DRAGNET OF GARBAGE CLEANERS, *'HEAP'* DISAPPEARED BACK INTO THE SWAMP...

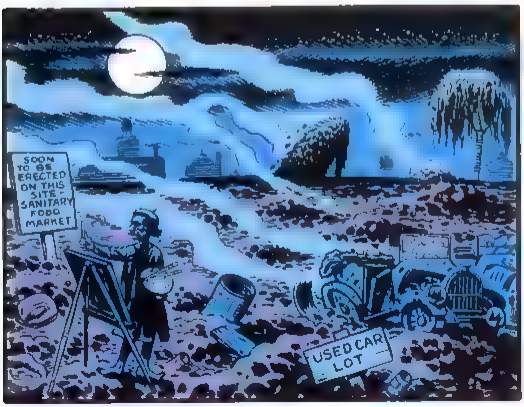


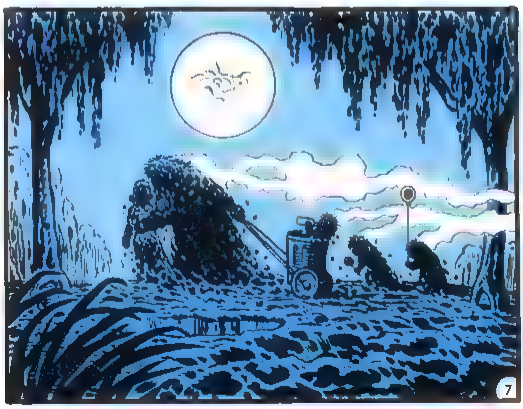




...NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN!...SOME SAY WHEN THE MOON IS FULL YOU CAN SEE *IT* WANDERING OVER THE CITY DUMP, SEARCHING FOR A CERTAIN LITTLE GARBAGE PILE!

SOME SAY *IT FOUND* THAT CERTAIN LITTLE GARBAGE PILE... AND WHEN THE MOON IS FULL, YOU CAN SEE THEM BEING FOLLOWED BY *TINY* LITTLE GARBAGE PILES!

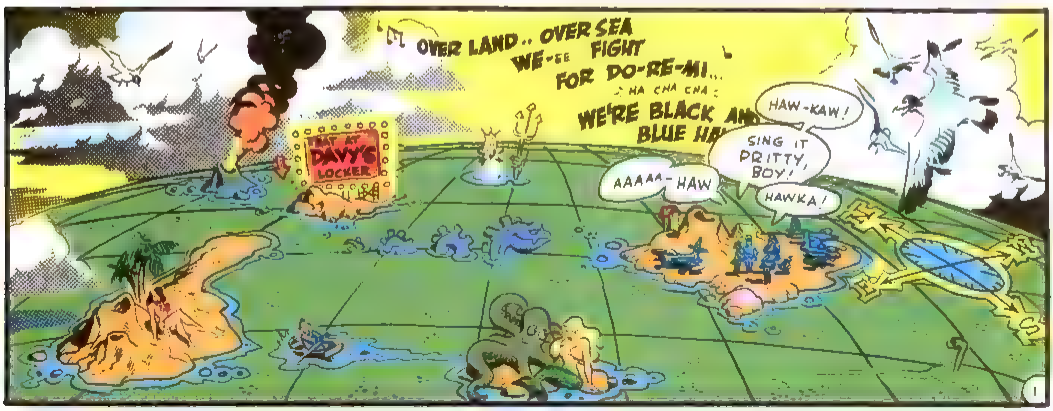




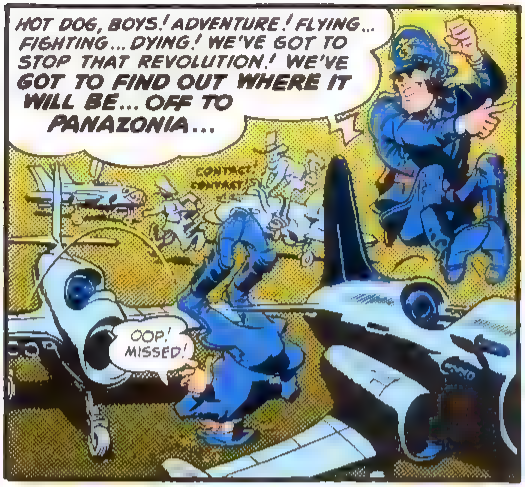

...YOU MIGHT SAY, THEY LIVED HEAPILLY EVER AFTER!
FULLA APPLE SAUCE!
SQUEEK!
LOTTA BALONEY
BUT IT'S TIME TO CLOSE MY SQUEAKING DOOR NOW! THANKS HEAPS FOR LISTENING! NOW GO TO BED AND HAVE A GOOD NIGHT'S HEAP!
~NOTICE~ SARAH COME HOME - WE FOUND YOUR LEASH. MOTHER
DOES YOUR NOSE RUN AND YOUR FEET SMELL? OH! OH! — YOU'RE BUILT UP-SIDE DOWN!
KURTZ
CA. 6 1989
THINK!
SQUEEEEEEEE
DON'T STAY UP WAITING FOR THE 'HEAP' TO COME! THERE REALLY IS NO SUCH THING!
CIRCUS MAXIMUS SWORD SWALLOWER
THE WHOLE STORY WAS THE FIGMENT OF SOME IDIOTIC WRITER'S IMAGINATION!
WHO EVER HEARD OF A PILE OF GARBAGE BEING ABLE TO STEAL MONEY FROM BANKS!
I NEVER HEARD ANYTHING SO RIDICULOUS!.. WELL... GOOD NIGHT! PLEASANT DREAMS...HMMMM?
EEEEEEEE

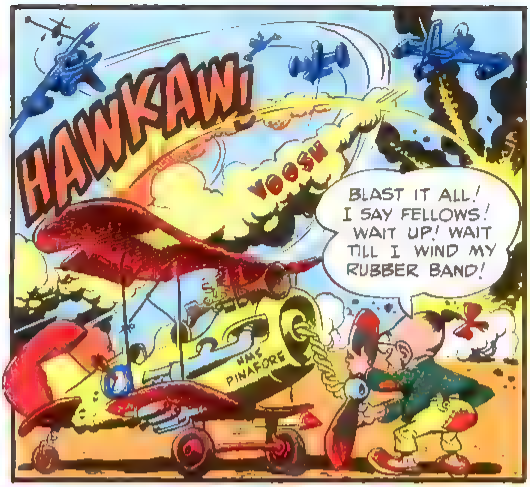


YES, DEAR READER, THESE ARE THE BLACK AND BLUE HAWKS... ***FLYING, FLYING, DYING*** FOR THE FUN OF IT! OH, I'M TELLING YOU... WHAT FUN! COME, THEN! ***COME***... TO A TINY ISLAND FAR OUT IN THE OCEAN! LATITUDE... ***ADVENTURE***, LONGITUDE... ***DANGER!*** FOR THIS IS THE HOME OF... THE ***ROOST*** OF... THE ***COOP*** OF... ***THE BLACK AND BLUE HAWKS!***



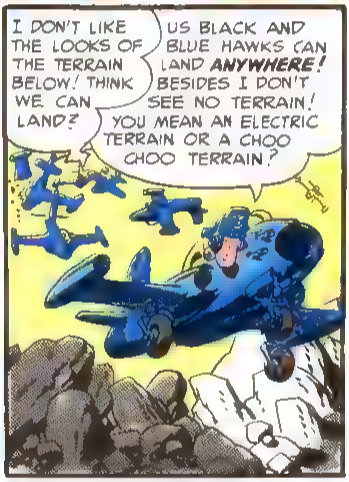

OKAY, YOU BLACK AN' BLUE HAWKS! ...'TEN-SHUN!... RIGHT-DRESS!... PARADE REST! HERE'S THE DETAIL ROSTER FOR TODAY! SADDLESORE, SAURBRATTEN AND YOHNSON... K.P.! CHOP CHOP CHOP... LATRINE ORDERLY!
FIRST WE'LL HAVE SOME CLOSE ORDER DRILL! THEN WE'LL POLICE THE AREA! THIS ISLAND'S A MESS!
'TEN-SHUN! FORWARD MARCH!... RIGHT FLANK MARCH! TO THE REAR, MARCH...
OKAY! NOW EVERYBODY!.. WE GONNA PRACTICE OUR BATTLE CRY! EVERYONE AFTER ME! ONE... TWO... THREE...
HAWKAAAH
I SAY! BY JOVE! WHAT DO MINE EYES PERCEIVE?
IT'S ROBESPIERRE COMING BACK FROM GUARD DUTY!
THE STUPID FOOL! I KEEP TELLING HIM NOT TO MAKE THESE RECKLESS LANDINGS!
ZEEOOOOOOO
RUMF!
ROBESPIERRE'S PLANE! IT'S NOT MOVING!
IT'S... IT'S JUST LYING THERE!
DO YOU THINK SOMETHING IS WRONG?
ROBESPIERRE! ROBESPIERRE, OLD MAN!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, ROBES? DOES SOMETHING HURT?
O...ONLY WHEN I LAUGH, MES AMIS!
LISTEN CAREFULLY, MON BRAVES! I HAVE JUST COME FROM PANAZONIA! THEY ARE SHIPPING GUNS AND AMMUNITION FOR A REVOLUTION! THEY ARE SHIPPING AMMUNITION TO... TO...
TO...
TO...
TO...
TO, TO..
TO
TO, TO TO..
TOOT!
TO WHO? WHO TO TO WHO TO?
HE... HE'S DAID!
COVER 'IM OVER AFORE HE STINKS, BOYS!
2


HOT DOG, BOYS! ADVENTURE! FLYING... FIGHTING... DYING! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THAT REVOLUTION! WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHERE IT WILL BE... OFF TO PANAZONIA...
CONTRACT! CONTRACT!
OOP! MISSED!


HAWKAW!
VOOSH
BLAST IT ALL! I SAY FELLOWS! WAIT UP! WAIT TILL I WIND MY RUBBER BAND!
USS PINAFORE


OVER LAND OVER SEA... WE FIGHT FOR DOE-RE-MI... FOR WE'RE BLACK AND BLUE HAWKS...
SWEET ADALINE, MY ADALINE...
HEY! WHO'S SINGING THE WRONG SONG OVER THE INTERCOM!

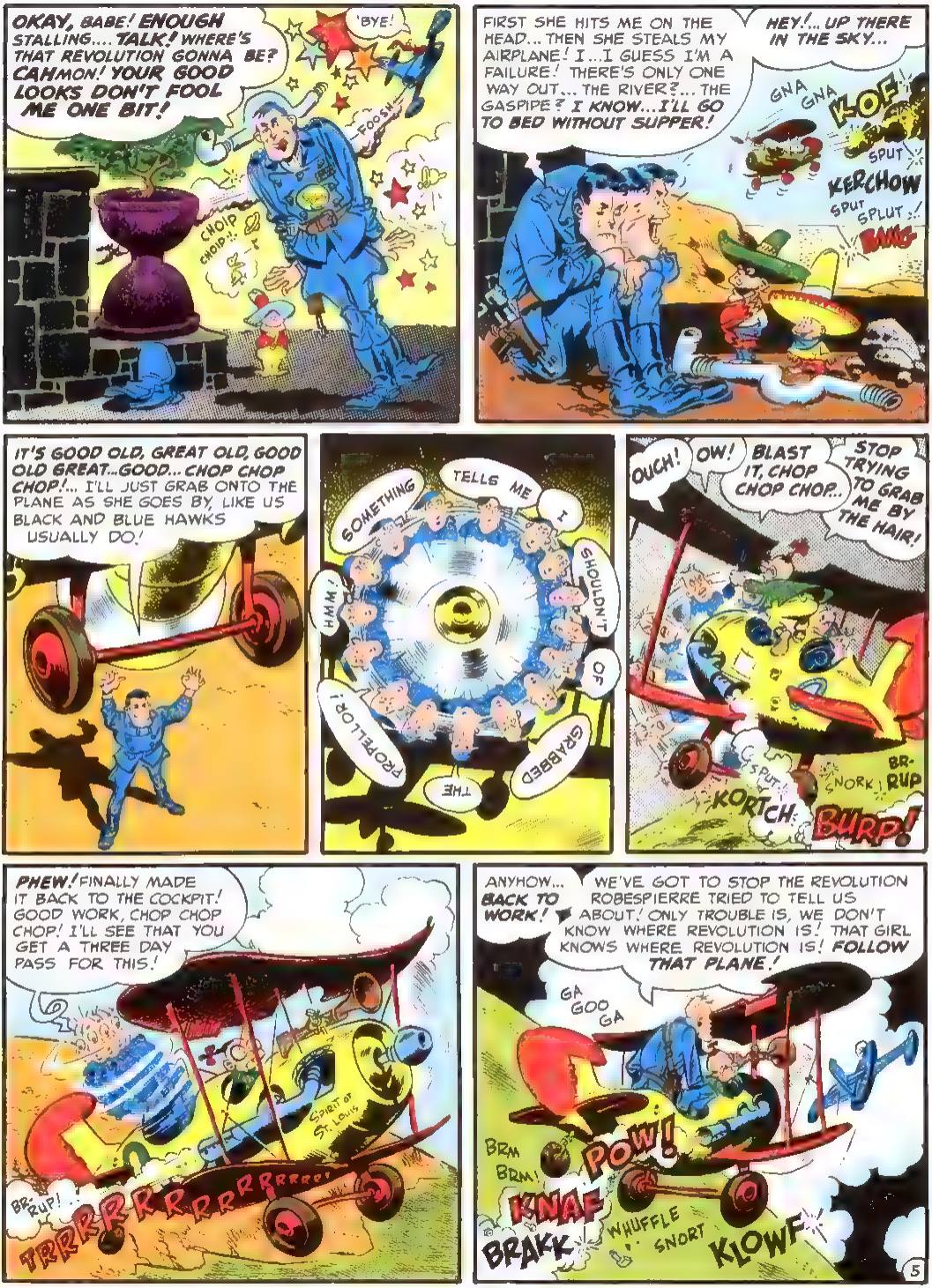

WHOEVER DID THAT SINGING GETS EXTRA K.P.!
PANAZONIA AHEAD! FORWARD LAND!
SPLASH!
OOP!
VROOOM


I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THE TERRAIN BELOW! THINK WE CAN LAND?
US BLACK AND BLUE HAWKS CAN LAND ANYWHERE! BESIDES I DON'T SEE NO TERRAIN!
YOU MEAN AN ELECTRIC TERRAIN OR A CHOO CHOO TERRAIN?


OKAY, YOU PANAZONIANS! US BLACK AND BLUE HAWKS ARE TAKING OVER!
SADDLESORE! GATHER SOME HOSTAGES AND SHOOT 'EM IF THERE'S TROUBLE!
SAURBRATTEN! YOHNSON! FOLLOW ME TO THAT WAREHOUSE! THAT MUST BE WHERE THE GUNS ARE!


EEK! ...WE'RE TOO LATE!
OY!... THE GUNS HAVE BEEN SHIPPED OUT ALREADY!
GANG!... WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHERE THIS REVOLUTION'S GOING TO BE! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE LEADER OF THIS REVOLUTION!


WE'VE GOT TO QUESTION THIS LEADER AS TO WHERE THE REVOLUTION WILL BE!
YOU WANT US TO QUESTION THE LEADER... THE ONE WHO PROBABLY KILLED ROBESPIERRE? WE... WE CAN'T! WE CAN'T FACE THAT LEADER BECAUSE WE'D PROBABLY DO SOMETHING TERRIBLE... SOMETHING HORRIBLE! DON'T SEND US TO QUESTION THAT LEADER!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO, BOYS! I'M RIGHT HERE!
SHE'S THE LEADER?
TOOT!
AS I WAS SAYING, I'LL QUESTION HER!
I VOLUNTEER TO ASK QUESTIONS!
I'M THE OFFICIAL QUESTIONER!
I'M THE BEST OF ALL!
I'M THE BOSS OF THE BLACK AND BLUE HAWKS!... I QUESTION! I FURTHER COMMAND YOU ALL TO SCRAM BACK TO BLACK AND BLUE HAWK ISLAND!
THAT'S AN ORDER!
... FIRST QUESTION! WHAT'S YOUR PHONE NUMBER, DUMPLING?
OKAY, BABE! NOW TALK! WHEREZAT REVOLUTION GONNA BE?
HAH! SHE'S TRYING TO WIN ME OVER! I'LL STRING HER ALONG A SECOND!
COME CLOSER, HAWK HONEY! I CAN'T HEAR A WORD YOU'RE SAYING!
LISTEN, HAWK! YOU AND I COULD MAKE A GREAT TEAM! ALL THOSE OTHER BLACK AND BLUE HAWKS ARE BUMS... BUT YOU... YOUR UNIFORM... YOUR BOOTS... SOMEHOW, YOU'RE DIFFERENT!
I'LL JUST STRING HER ALONG FIVE MORE MINUTES!
C'MON HAWK! LEMME BE YOUR GIRL FRIEND! GIMME YOUR FRATERNITY PIN! I KNOW YOU DON'T LOVE ME NOW, BUT I'M SURE THAT IN TIME I WILL MAKE AN IMPRESSION ON YOU... A VERY BIG IMPRESSION!
ONE MORE HOUR JUST, I'LL STRING HER ALONG!


OKAY, BABE! ENOUGH STALLING.... TALK! WHERE'S THAT REVOLUTION GONNA BE? CAHMON! YOUR GOOD LOOKS DON'T FOOL ME ONE BIT!
'BYE!
FOOSH
CHOIP CHOIP!
FIRST SHE HITS ME ON THE HEAD... THEN SHE STEALS MY AIRPLANE! I...I GUESS I'M A FAILURE! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT... THE RIVER?... THE GASPIPE? I KNOW...I'LL GO TO BED WITHOUT SUPPER!
HEY!... UP THERE IN THE SKY...
GNA GNA
KLOF
SPUT
KERCHOW
SPUT SPLUT
BANG
IT'S GOOD OLD, GREAT OLD, GOOD OLD GREAT...GOOD... CHOP CHOP CHOP!... I'LL JUST GRAB ONTO THE PLANE AS SHE GOES BY, LIKE US BLACK AND BLUE HAWKS USUALLY DO!
HMM!
SOMETHING
TELLS ME
I
SHOULDN'T
OF
GRABBED
THE
PROPELLOR!
OUCH!
OW!
BLAST IT, CHOP CHOP CHOP..
STOP TRYING TO GRAB ME BY THE HAIR!
SPUT
SNORK!
BR-RUP
KORTCH
BURP!
PHEW! FINALLY MADE IT BACK TO THE COCKPIT! GOOD WORK, CHOP CHOP CHOP! I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET A THREE DAY PASS FOR THIS!
SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS
BR-RUP!
TRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
ANYHOW... BACK TO WORK!
WE'VE GOT TO STOP THE REVOLUTION ROBESPIERRE TRIED TO TELL US ABOUT! ONLY TROUBLE IS, WE DON'T KNOW WHERE REVOLUTION IS! THAT GIRL KNOWS WHERE REVOLUTION IS! FOLLOW THAT PLANE!
GA GOO GA
BRM BRM!
POW!
KNAF
BRAKK
WHUFFLE
SNORT
KLOWF
5


WE'VE GOT TO CATCH THAT WOMAN! OF COURSE BEING A BLACK AND BLUE HAWK... ONE MUST BE A PERFECT GENTLEMAN AT ALL TIMES, ESPECIALLY WITH A WOMAN!
BUT THIS TIME IS DIFFERENT! STAND BACK WHILE I BLAST 'ER!
I SAY, CHOP CHOP CHOP! DIDN'T WE EVER GET AROUND TO GIVING YOU A BLACK AND BLUE HAWK AIRPLANE JET, M-1, YET?
OKAY! STAND BACK NOW! THIS GUN IS READY... AIM... FIRE!
BA DA BALOWM!
GOOD OL', GREAT OL' CHOP CHOP CHOP! I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET A FOUR DAY PASS! REMIND ME TO HAVE A NEWER TYPE MACHINE-GUN PUT ON YOUR PLANE!
WE'RE LOST OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN! BUT WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHERE THAT REVOLUTION WILL BE! CAREFUL, YOU DUMKOPF! YOU'RE GETTING MY BOOTS WET!
HAH! A LIFE PRESERVER AHEAD!
SNIFF! THIS LIFE PRESERVER IS ONLY BIG ENOUGH FOR ONE OF US! SNIFF, SNIFF!... A BLACK AND BLUE HAWK IS TRAINED TO BE UNSELFISH... SNIFF... TO GO WITHOUT... SNIFF... IN ORDER THAT OTHERS MAY HAVE... SNIFF SNIFF... THAT IT IS BETTER TO GIVE THAN RECEIVE... SNARF...
SO I'M GIVING YOU THE WORK'S, CHOP OLD MAN! AFTER ALL... YOU'RE NOT REALLY ONE OF US!
BLAM! BAM! BANG! POW! POW!
HAWKAA
LIFE SAVER
6


GASP!... I'VE BEEN DRIFTING FOR DAYS!... GASP!... NOW I'LL NEVER KNOW WHERE THAT REVOLUTION WILL BE! GASP!
I HAVE A FEELING I WON'T LAST ANOTHER DAY!... GASP! IT'S TOO BEAUTIFUL A DAY TO D...D...DIE!... GASP! WHAT A VIEW!... GASP! A BEAUTIFUL SPARKLING SEA, LOVELY BLUE SKY FLECKED WITH FLEECY WHITE CLOUDS, AND A TINY TROPICAL ISLAND RAISING ITS HEAD ON THE HORIZON!
AN ISLAND?
I MADE IT! I MADE IT TO THIS ISLAND! YAY!
UGH!... BUT I'M WEAK! I- I'M GETTING WEAKER! MY STRENGTH IS GOING FAST!... WHAT I NEED TO BRING MY STRENGTH BACK IS FOOD... WATER...
...WATER... FOOD... FOOD... WATER! GOTTA GET STRENGTH BACK... JUST NEED SOME WATER... FOOD... WATER...
HUH!
HAWKA!
KLIK!
SIMMER DOWN, BOY! IT'S ONLY ME AGAIN!
DON'T GET EXCITED JUST BECAUSE YOU SEE THIS GUN!
WAIT! BEFORE YOU KILL ME... WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME ONE THING! WHERE, OH WHERE, ARE YOU GOING TO HAVE THAT REVOLUTION ROBESPIERRE TRIED TO TELL US ABOUT? WHERE? WHERE WHERE? WHERE?
WHY, NOT AT ALL HAWK HONEY! IT WAS RIGHT HERE! AND THE REVOLUTION WAS A COMPLETE SUCCESS!
...OH YES! IN CASE YOU DIDN'T RECOGNIZE IT... THIS PLACE GOES BY NAME OF BLACK AND BLUE HAWK ISLAND!
...BYE!
POCKETA POCKETA
END
7

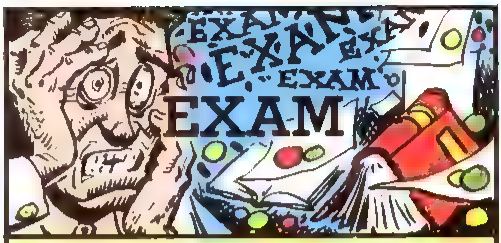
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Examination days are occasions inseparably associated with quiet, solemn classrooms, worried and haunted classmates, and alternate hope and despair. Here is a scientific analysis of what happens to the average college student on an exam day!

11:30 p.m. to 6:31 a.m.:
Grotesque dream of the entire faculty, becomingly clad in purple tuxedos, busily engaged in tearing up a diploma.

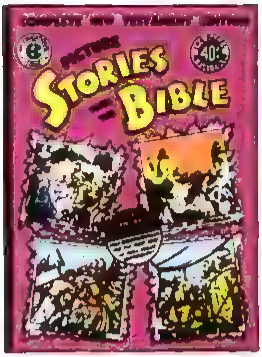
A.M.:

6:32—Awoke from troubled sleep, feeling like nothing at all.
6:33—Wished to be in Tahiti.
6:34—Wished to be back in the third grade.
6:37—Washed savagely. Soap in eye. No towels.
6:42—Button on collar refuses to function. Ripped it off in desperation and pulled up tie until it threatened strangulation
7:00—Greeted family with inarticulate grunt. Bore their efforts at encouragement with grimaces.
7:05—Hearty breakfast of one piece of toast and one cup of coffee.
7:20—Departed, slamming door.
7:25—Sneered at traffic cop.
7:39—Boarded train in a half-hope for an open switch and a sort of miraculous wreck that would ruin the train without injuring anybody.
7:45—Made conductor wait for ticket.
7:48—Tried to think of what Archimedes did and why he did it.
7:51—Opened Physics book.

7:52—Closed Physics book.
8:10—Left train regretfully.
8:15—Hailed classmate and walked together in gloomy silence.
8:30—Arrived in silent, oh so silent, students' lounge.
8:35—Smoked.
8:40—Looked at watch.
8:41—Asked friend the time.
8:42—Wondered what time it was.
8:45—Stared at stricken figures of classmates.
8:47—Had serious talk with self. Decided that there was nothing to fear.
8:48—Began to tremble.
8:50—Resolved to do a lot of studying *next* term.
8:52—Straightened tie as first bell rang.
8:55—Arrived in classroom. Managed sickly smile and faint greeting for the proctor.
9:00—Looked over exam. Feeling in stomach became acute.
9:01—Wondered if that pain might be appendicitis.
9:05—Coughed.
9:07—Began examination.
9:45—Looked out window. Envied child in baby carriage.
10:20—Made desperate search of mind for that formula needed for problem.
10:30—Felt inspired. Wrote something.
11:05—Handed in exam paper with a silent prayer.
11:10—Dashed hysterically for the train.
11:33—Boarded train.
11:45—Thought of correct formula for that problem.
11:50—Inspected fingernails.

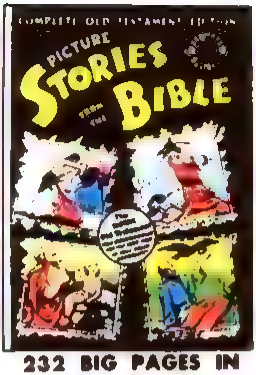
P.M.:

12:20—Arrived home.
12:22—Answered all queries with, "I'll know when the marks come out!"
12:23—Coughed.



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We've said it in our advertisements! We've said it on our covers! MAD IS CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU MAD! We, the editors of MAD do not make false statements! We said we'd drive you mad . . . AND WE MEANT IT! Now . . . here is proof . . . proof positive that MAD is driving our readers quite insane! Here is a sampling of letters from some of our MAD readers! Read them and see what MAD did for THEM! SEE WHAT MAD CAN DO FOR YOU!

Dear Editors,

I rushed to buy a copy of MAD and showed it to all of my friends. They both died laughing. Here is the coroner's report: ". . . as a direct result of asphyxiation, and due to hilarious and sustained laughter."—David S. Hawley—Albuquerque, New Mexico

. . . I keep my MAD Classics on the same shelf with my Harvard Classics.—John R. Williams—Groton, Conn.

. . . When my brother was reading your latest edition of MAD, he laughed so hard I thought he'd bust a gut. He did! Am enclosing bill for one busted gut!—Tim Rice—Wash., D. C. (Hey . . . you mean EEE-see, don't ya Tim?—editors)

. . . I love MAD. Don't pay any attention to those uncouth persons who are criticizing you.—Ernest Gardner—Newark, N. J.

. . . Melvyn has the qualities of making a good president. Long Live Melvyn! Long Live Mad.—The Mad Cadets of Greenbrier Military School—Lewisburg, W. Va.

. . . Next to MAD, we all love Marilyn Monroe. Can you work HER into a take-off? Bring back Melvyn of the Apes.—Bob Olson—Culver Military Academy (no address given) (Don't know about a take-off, Bob, but we'd gladly EXCHANGE Mad for Marilyn!—ed.)

. . . Mad is real cool. It's real trampton, George, and that sort of tommyrot.—Daniel J. Saffer—North Wales, Pa.

. . . I like your MAD so much that I'm playing ping-pong with my head.—Bubba Bailey—Wichita Falls, Texas (That's O.K. if your head is rubba, Bubba!—ed.)

. . . I am an airplane stewardess. I found the first issue of Mad flung on a seat of one of our planes. The entire crew have been loyal readers since.—Bev Evans—Northern Pacific Airlines, Anchorage, Alaska

. . . I have just finished reading your latest copy of MAD and the little men in the white jackets are here.—Elaine North—Minneapolis, Minn.

. . . (!!)—Stan Shapiro—Chicago, Ill. (??—ed.)

. . . I saw the word "pizza Pie" in your "Dragged Net" story, and I'm sorry to say that in Italian, the word "pizza" means "pie." So what you really were saying was, "pie pie"! John Anastasio—New Haven, Conn. P.S. What in the world is "borscht"?

"Borscht" is a soup! Quite often, pizza pie is DUNKED in borscht. This is nothing as delicious as borscht-sopped pizza pie, with an Irish stew chaser!—ed.

. . . I don't know how I'd face life without MAD! It has everyone around here screaming. Please continue stories like "Dragged Net" and "Mole."—David Cassell—Erie Pa.

. . . I am the librarian for my ship, and I distribute the various magazines among the crew. All my shipmates have read the one copy of MAD we have on board. Although the cover of this mag is now off, and the pages are ragged, I am still retaining my original copy to show to my friends when I go home.—Ralph Cassol—U.S.S. Badoeng Strait CVE 116, Fleet P.O., San Francisco, Calif.

. . . I am manager of the Lake Theater in Lake Worth, Florida. "Dragged Net" had me in stitches, and I showed it to the ushers. I couldn't get any work out of them all night long!—Charles Cassini—Lake Worth, Fla.

Bet the neckers in the balcony had a good night, Charlie!—ed.

. . . What I like best in your issue was the "Sheik of Araby," which I believe might easily be a satire on "Beau Geste." Whoever rigged it up deserves a lot of credit. Your MAD is satirical, subtle, and sophisticated, and I am bewitched, bothered, and bewildered. It's actually a "high-brow" comic, but I hope the public takes to it!—Robert L. Drazen—Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . . After reading Mad, I got a little room all to myself. Funny thing . . . it's got pads? Don't give up the book . . . I've just begun to read!—Donald Cole—USAF, Albuquerque, N. M.

O.K., D.C. (D.C.? . . . NO . . . EEE SEE!) If'n ya promise not to buy till ya see the whites of our E.C. emblems!—ed.

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TALES FROM THE NORTHWEST DEPT.: THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTIES HAVE HAD MANY A SHINING HERO... RENFREW OF THE MOUNTIES, KING OF THE MOUNTIES, SILVER EAGLE OF THE MOUNTIES... AND MANY MORE! BUT WE'RE GOING TO DO A STORY ON THE MOST FAMOUS OF THEM ALL! YES... YOU GUESSED IT...

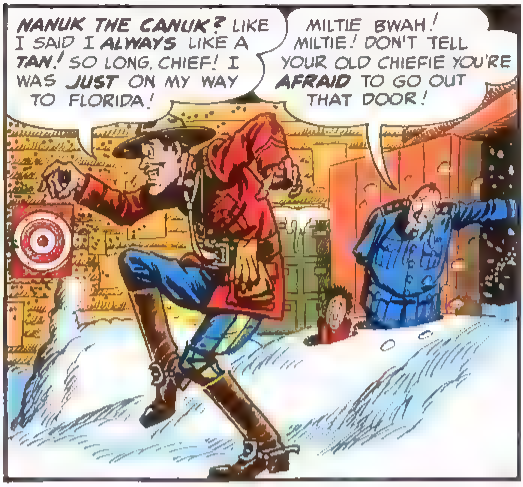
MILTIE OF THE MOUNTIES!

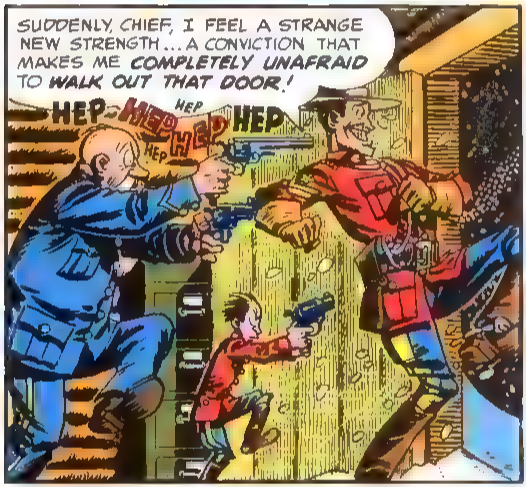
OUR STORY STARTS IN A LOG CABIN OFFICE BUILDING IN THE UPPER MANITOBA SWAMPLANDS! SEATED BEHIND A LOG CABIN DESK, SITS SCOTT YARDLAND, CHIEF OF THE ROYAL MOUNTIES!


JACKIE THE MOUNTIE REPORTING, SIR! I GOT MY MAN!
US MOUNTIES ALWAYS GET OUR MAN! THROW HIM IN THE BRIG AND REPORT FOR YOUR NEXT ASSIGNMENT.
NOK! NOK!
WANTED JACK DOGARTY
REWARD $250 DEAD OR ALIVE
COME IN, NORTHWEST MOUNTIE!
PHEW! IT SURE IS WARM! US CANADIAN MOUNTIES ARE ONLY USED TO WORKING IN A REAL SNOWSTORM!
FROOOSH!
HERBIE THE MOUNTIE REPORTING, SIR! I GOT MY MAN!
US MOUNTIES ALWAYS GET OUR MAN! THROW HIM IN THE CABOOSE AND REPORT FOR YOUR NEXT ASSIGNMENT!
NOK! NOK!
WANTED JACK DAVIS
REWARD $250 DEAD OR ALIVE
COME IN, NORTHWEST MOUNTIE!
HERE COMES ANOTHER ONE OF MY MOUNTIES! MAKE ROOM FOR ANOTHER PRISONER IN THE CABOOSE!
FROOOOSH!
JERKIE THE MOUNTIE REPORTING, SIR!... I DIDN'T GET MY MAN!
I TRAILED HIM FROM HERE TO THE NORTH POLE, ACROSS THE SPITZBERGEN GLACIER, OVER THE ARCTIC SEA, AND BACK HERE! I THOUGHT WHILE I WAS PASSING BY I MIGHT WARM MY HANDS!
WANTED
NO WARMING HANDS, NO CHOW, NO NOTHING TILL YOU GET OUT THERE AND GET YOUR MAN!
A DISGRACE TO THE FORCE!
2

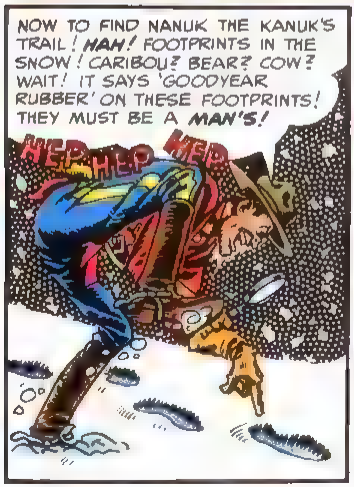

INTERRUPTIONS! INTERRUPTIONS!
WHAT'S THIS REPORT? "TO CHIEF SCOTT YARDLAND! NANUK THE CANUK IS SELLING SLOT MACHINES TO THE ESKIMOS AGAIN! GET NANUK THE CANUK OR YOU'RE FIRED!... SIGNED... BIGGEST CHIEF YARDLEY LANDSCOTT" GAD!
SCOGGINS!
WANTED NANUK THE CROOK
WANTED
YES SIR!
WHERE THE DEVIL IS THAT ORDERLY?
SCOGGINS!
SCOGGINS
SCOGGINS!
SCOG
OL' BEAN!
HOO HOOO!
YES SIR!
AH, THERE YOU ARE, SCOGGINS! WHERE THE DEVIL WERE YOU WHEN I CALLED? ALL RIGHT, MAN! UP!... UP, I SAY!
NANUK THE CROOK
REWA
$30
YES SIR!
SCOGGINS! I'VE GOT A BIT OF A PROBLEM! I'VE GOT TO ROUND UP NANUK THE CANUK, AND I CAN'T THINK OF THE MOUNTIE WHO'S UP TO THE JOB?... WHO CAN I CHOOSE? JACKIE?... HERBIE?
WHAT ABOUT MILTIE THE MOUNTIE, SIR?
A MOUNTIE ALWAYS GETS HIS MAN
EDDY?... TEDDY?... FREDDY?... LENNY?... BENNY?... KENNY?... ERNIE?... BERNIE?... THROKMORTON?... THROKMORTON? HOW'D HE GET IN HERE?... WILLIE?... PHILLIE?... TILLIE?...
HOW ABOUT MILTIE THE MOUNTIE, SIR?
THIS IS A MAN!
I'VE GOT IT!
WE'LL USE MILTIE THE MOUNTIE! NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT 'UN, EH, SCOGGINS!
WHY THAT MAN IS PLANTED IN THE SADDLE!
GET MILTIE THE MOUNTIE, SCOGGINS, AND HURRY!
YES SIR!
YESSIR! PLANTED IN THE SADDLE... AND HERE HE COMES...
MILTIE-E-E-E-E... THE MOUNTIE-EEE!
I ALWAYS GET MUH MAN!
HEP! HEP! HEP!
TATARRA TARRA TARRA
3

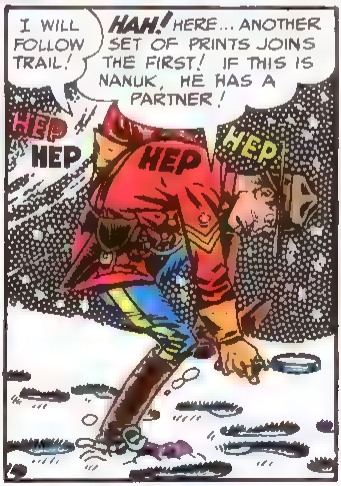

HAH! SO THAT'S WHERE I LEFT MUH CHEWING GUM!
WELL, CHIEF! I GUESS YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER DIFFICULT ASSIGNMENT FOR ME! BUT DON'T WORRY! I ALWAYS GET MUH MAN!
GOOD BOY, MILTIE! I WANT YOU TO GO OUT THAT DOOR... AND I WANT YOU TO GET NANUK THE CANUK!


NANUK THE CANUK? LIKE I SAID I ALWAYS LIKE A TAN! SO LONG, CHIEF! I WAS JUST ON MY WAY TO FLORIDA!
MILTIE BWAH! MILTIE! DON'T TELL YOUR OLD CHIEFIE YOU'RE AFRAID TO GO OUT THAT DOOR!


SUDDENLY, CHIEF, I FEEL A STRANGE NEW STRENGTH... A CONVICTION THAT MAKES ME COMPLETELY UNAFRAID TO WALK OUT THAT DOOR!
HEP
HEP
HEP
HEP
HEP


I ALWAYS GET MUH MAN! HMMM! THERE'S A TOUCH OF SNOW ON THE GROUND! P'RAPS I SHOULD'VE WORN MY SNOWSHOES!... MAYBE MY REGULAR SHOES, TOO!
HEP
HEP
HEP
HEP
HEP
HEP
HEP


NOW TO FIND NANUK THE KANUK'S TRAIL! HAH! FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW! CARIBOU? BEAR? COW? WAIT! IT SAYS 'GOODYEAR RUBBER' ON THESE FOOTPRINTS! THEY MUST BE A MAN'S!
HEP
HEP
HEP


I WILL FOLLOW TRAIL!
HAH! HERE... ANOTHER SET OF PRINTS JOINS THE FIRST! IF THIS IS NANUK, HE HAS A PARTNER!
HEP
HEP
HEP
HEP


HAH! HERE... ANOTHER SET OF PRINTS JOIN! IF THIS IS NANUK, HE MUST HAVE TWO PARTNERS!
HEP
HEP
HEP
HEP


HAH! THE TRAIL IS JOINED BY ANOTHER SET OF PRINTS! AND ANOTHER AND ANOTHER AND ANOTHER AND ANOTHER....
WOW! NANUK HAS A WHOLE ARMY!
PHOOEY! SO MANY FOOT-PRINTS, I LOST THE WHOLE TRAIL!
HEY, FELLA? ... YOU SEE THIS HERE NANUK, THE CANUK?
YEAH! I'M NANUK THE CANUK! I DECIDED TO BRING MYSELF IN FOR THE REWARD MONEY!
WANTED
NANUK THE CANUK
$5000 REWARD
HEP HEP
... YOU CRAZY, BOY? THE MAN DON'T GET HIS MAN! THE MOUNTIE GETS HIS MAN!
YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, MOUNTIE!
I, MILTIE THE MOUNTIE, ALWAYS GET MUH MAN!
I'LL FOLLOW YOU... THROUGH THE RAIN...
HEP HEP HEP
... THROUGH THE SLEET...
HEP HEP HEP
... THROUGH THE SNOW AND HAIL...
HEP HEP HEP
...THE MAILS MUST GET THROUGH!
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE!... I'M NOT A MAILMAN!
... I'M MILTIE THE MOUNTIE, AND I'M CHASING NANUK THE CANUK! HE'S TRAPPED IN A DEAD END AHEAD! I TOLD YOU I ALWAYS GET MUH MAN!
DEAD END
5

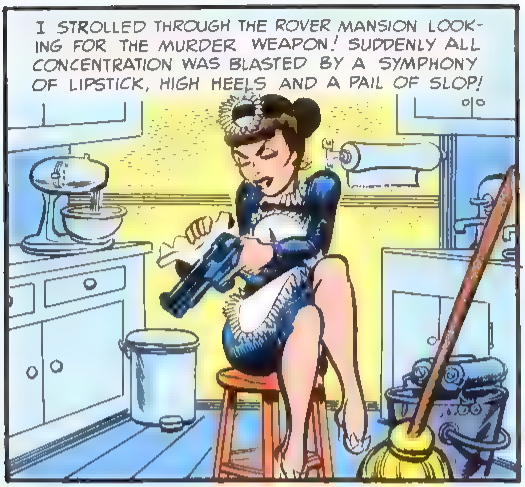

NANUK THE CANUK! YOU'RE UP AGAINST A DEAD END AND WHEN I GET THROUGH, THE REST OF YOU WILL BE DEAD TOO!
DEAD END
WAIT, MILTIE! BEFORE YOU SHOOT, LET ME OPEN UP MY COAT! I JUST STOLE IT BRAND-NEW AND I'D HATE TO GET ANY NASTY OLD BULLET HOLES IN IT!
DEAD END
O.K. NOW, MILTIE! GO AHEAD AND SHOOT! GO AHEAD! IT'S EASY!
ZAP!
SHOOT! SHOOT! HERE, I'LL SHOW YOU HOW! SEE? YOU HOLD THE GUN ...
...WITH YOUR FINGER ON THE TRIGGER... FRONT OF GUN POINTING TO HE WHO IS TO BE SHOT!
THEN YOU SIMPLY APPLY PRESSURE ON TRIGGER ONCE... TWICE... THRICE... FICE... AS MANY TIMES AS NECESSARY!
BAM!
BAM!
BAM!
BAM!
BAM!
UGH!... I AM MILTIE THE MOUNTIE! I... I ALWAYS G-GET MUH M-M-M-MAN!
UNFORTUNATELY THIS SHALL NOT HOLD TRUE FOR NANUK THE CANUK!... FOR YOU SEE... NANUK THE CAKUK...
... IS A W-W-WOMAN!
6


CRIME DEPT.: IN A DINGY TWO BY FOUR OFFICE ON THE MAIN STEM... AROUND A BULLET-SCARRED DESK, WELL-PACKED WITH REVOLVERS, SCOTCH, SODA, PRETZELS, ICE... BEING CHASED BY A BLONDE SECRETARY, ALSO WELL-PACKED... RUNNING WITH TRENCH COAT COLLAR UP, BELT PULLED TIGHT... RUNS...
KANE KEEN!
PRIVATE EYE
YEAH... THAT'S ME... KANE KEEN, PRIVATE EYE! DOES SOMEONE WANT TO MURDER YOU? DID YOU GET A PARKING TICKET? MY GUN IS FOR HIRE!
THAT'S ME... KANE KEEN! THE UNDERWORLD HATES ME! THE WOMEN FIND ME IRRESISTABLE! YOU SEE, I USE BURMA-SHAVE!
KLUNK
AT THE MOMENT I AM TRYING TO SHAKE MY SECRETARY WHO HAS BEEN TRAILING ME ALL DAY! ...HAH! A KNOCK ON THE DOOR!
SLERP
NOK NOK


SST! THE DOOR, SWEETHEART! OPEN IT NICE AND EASY LIKE... THEN GET OUT OF THE WAY! I MIGHT HAVE TO PLAY A SYMPHONY WITH A HOT LEAD TEMPO! THEY'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR ME!... JUST CAN'T GET RID OF THEM BILL COLLECTORS!
KANE KEEN PRIVATE
THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN... AND SHE WALKED IN... A SYMPHONY IN CHANNEL #5, TABU AND BURMA-SHAVE! AND BY THE SLIGHT BULGE IN HER HANDBAG, I WOULDN'T SAY SHE WAS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE!
GAD! ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL GIRL CLIENT! WHY CAN'T AN UGLY OLD MAN COME UP SOMETIMES? WHY ONLY BEAUTIFUL GIRLS?
LISTEN, KANE! MY NAME IS LASSIE ROVER! MY UNCLE IS ROLLOVER ROVER! YOU'VE GOT TO HANDLE MY CASE! MONEY IS NO OBJECT!
YOU MEAN YOUR UNCLE IS ROLLOVER ROVER, THE RETIRED VAUDEVILLE ACTOR WHO HAD THE FAMOUS DOG ACT?
YES! EVER SINCE HE CAME OVER FROM DOVER ON THE GOOD SHIP PLOVER WHERE HE WAS PLANTING CLOVER, HIS LIFE HAS BEEN IN GREAT DANGER!
RING-A-LING
HELLO! KANE KEEN DETECTIVE AGENCY! ALSO NOTARY PUBLIC AND INCOME TAX RETURNS FILLED OUT!
HELLO KEEN?
LISTEN! MY NAME IS ROLLOVER ROVER! I'M GOING TO BE KILLED! MY MURDERER IS... IS...
GET AWAY FROM THAT PHONE..
DROP THAT PHONE!
... IS... IS... IS... IS... IS...
KLOW BLAM BLAM
SEE? IT HAPPENS EVERY TIME! JUST AS THEY'RE ABOUT TO TELL YOU WHO THE MURDERER IS... THEY GET KILLT!
2


QUICK! TO YOUR UNCLE'S HOUSE! SOMEHOW I HAVE A HUNCH SOMETHING'S WRONG! YOU KNOW HOW SOMETIMES YOU CAN JUST SENSE HUNCHES! IT MAY JUST BE A WILD GUESS...
FILL ME IN ON THE WAY ON THE REST OF WHICH I SHALL CALL... THE CANINE CAPER!
YOU SEE, UNCLE MADE LOTS OF MONEY WITH A TALKING DOG ACT! NOW HE AND HIS TALKING DOG, SHLEP, ARE RETIRED! I HEAR HE'S MADE OUT HIS WHOLE WILL TO SHLEP!
AHA! I CAUGHT YOU OPENING THE DOOR! TRYING TO TAKE IT ON THE LAM, EH?
I'M SUPPOSED TO OPEN THE DOOR! I'M THE BUTLER!
WELL... JUST DON'T GO AWAY!
EEK! IT'S MY UNCLE ROLL-OVER! KANE! IS HE... IS HE... DEAD?
... WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE CORONER'S REPORT!... HA! HERE'S A SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING CHARACTER!
IT IS MY DUTY TO WARN YOU, SIR, ANYTHING YOU SAY WILL BE HELD AGAINST YOU! ...JUST DON'T GO AWAY!
AND I'M HOLDING YOU AS CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE, SO... JUST DON'T GO 'WAY!
KANE! KANE KEEN!
KEEN KANE KEEN!
LOOK! SHLEP'S DOG HOUSE! IT HASN'T BEEN SHLEPT IN! SHLEP HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED!
AHA! AND SHLEP WAS THE ONE THE MONEY WAS WILLED TO! LIKE A JIGSAW PUZZLE, THE FINE STRANDS ARE COMING TOGETHER!... LIKE A WEB... THE PIECES ARE FITTING INTO PLACE!
HERE SHLEP BOY!
WHERE ARE YA, SHLEP?
OOPS!
HELLO, SHAMUS!
I JUST WANT TO GIVE YOU A WORD OF WARNING!
SHLEP!
SHLEP, OL' BWAH!
COME-A HYAR, SHLEP!
I'M WARNING YOU TO KEEP OFF OF THIS CASE!
CLONG
HOOP
3


A SYMPHONY OF A THOUSAND RIVETING MACHINES RIVETED ON A RIVET THAT WAS MY HEAD! WHEN I OPENED MY EYES... SHE STOOD THERE SPRINKLING WATER ON MY BROW...
OH KANE! I AM ROLLOVER'S WIFE! WHEN I HEARD WHAT HAPPENED, I RAN RIGHT OVER!... YOU SEE... I'M JUST DYING TO MEET YOU!
ROLLOVER'S WIFE, EH!... SOMEHOW I HAVE A HUNCH THAT YOU DIDN'T LOVE YOUR HUSBAND! IT MAY BE A WILD GUESS...
OOH... HAHAHA! DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, KANE! WHATEVER GAVE YOU THE SILLY NOTION THAT I DIDN'T LOVE MY HUSBAND?
(PUFF, PUFF) JUST A HUNCH! (PUFF) SOMETIMES YOU FOLLOW A HUNCH (PUFF, PUFF) AND IT BLOWS UP IN YOUR FACE!
HA HA HA
HEE HOO THAT'S RICH
NOW TO USE SOME COLD AND CALCULATING REASONING TO DEDUCT WHAT DIRECTION I SHALL TAKE NEXT!
PTOO!
HA! I GO THAT WAY!
ALL RIGHT, EVERYONE! STAY WHERE YOU ARE! OPEN UP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!
CRUNCH
I HEARD THERE WAS A MURDER HERE AND I RUSHED RIGHT OVER!
I RUSHED BECAUSE I WANTED TO BEAT THAT PRIVATE EYE NAMED KANE KEEN! HE ALWAYS GETS TO THE MURDER BEFORE I DO, BUT THIS TIME... THIS TIME...
KANE KEEN, PRIVATE EYE! YOU DID IT AGAIN! YOU BEAT ME TO THE MURDER!
STUPID FOOL! SHVIENHUNT, POLICEMAN! GET OUT OF MY WAY!
WAAH! EVERY TIME THERE'S A MURDER... HE COMES FIRST! ...EVERY TIME!
DUMKOPF! AND KEEP OUTTA MY WAY OR I'LL CALL A COP!
4

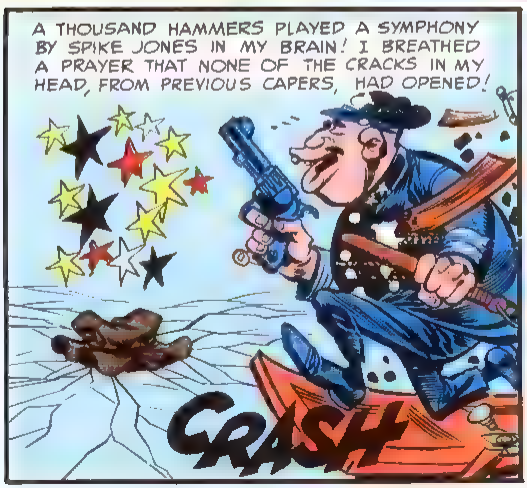

I STROLLED THROUGH THE ROVER MANSION LOOKING FOR THE MURDER WEAPON! SUDDENLY ALL CONCENTRATION WAS BLASTED BY A SYMPHONY OF LIPSTICK, HIGH HEELS AND A PAIL OF SLOP!

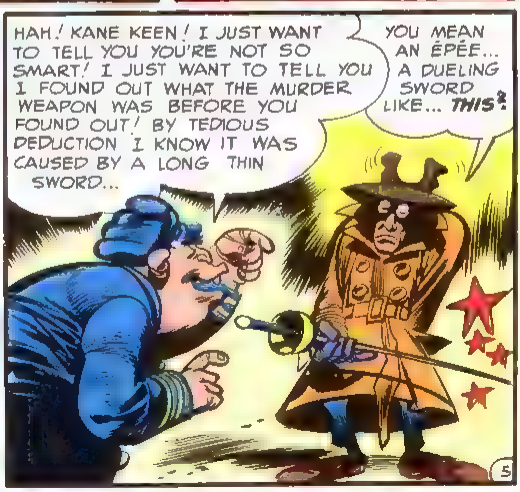

IT WAS THE UPSTAIRS MAID DOWNSTAIRS CLEANING... CLEANING A COLT 45! I BACKED AWAY...THEN RAN... NOT FROM THIS BEAUTY! I RAN BECAUSE I HAD UNWITTINGLY BACKED INTO THE MURDER WEAPON!


DANG DANG DANG DANG


OOPS! YOU AGAIN!
SHAMUS! ARE YOU STILL ON THIS CASE!
HEY, SHLEP!
HEY, BWAH!
SHLEPPY!


I'M TELLING YOU FOR THE SECOND TIME... KEEP OFF OF THIS CASE!
WHO CASE? WHAT CASE? WHERE...
HOOP


A THOUSAND HAMMERS PLAYED A SYMPHONY BY SPIKE JONES IN MY BRAIN! I BREATHED A PRAYER THAT NONE OF THE CRACKS IN MY HEAD, FROM PREVIOUS CAPERS, HAD OPENED!
CRASH


HAH! KANE KEEN! I JUST WANT TO TELL YOU YOU'RE NOT SO SMART! I JUST WANT TO TELL YOU I FOUND OUT WHAT THE MURDER WEAPON WAS BEFORE YOU FOUND OUT! BY TEDIOUS DEDUCTION I KNOW IT WAS CAUSED BY A LONG THIN SWORD...
YOU MEAN AN ÉPÉE... A DUELING SWORD LIKE... THIS?!


WAAAH! EVERY TIME! EVERY TIME HE FINDS OUT BEFORE I FIND OUT!.. I'LL KILL MYSELF! I'LL RUN AWAY!
GAD... HOW THESE POLICEMEN DO GET IN THE WAY OF THE LAW!
BUT I'M SICK AND TIRED OF THIS NONSENSE! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING HIT ON THE HEAD BY THIS CHARACTER! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING KICKED AROUND BY TWO-BIT GUNZELS! HE'S A SLIPPERY ONE, NO DOUBT!
HE'S PROBABLY HIDING OUT RIGHT NOW... WAITING TILL THE HEAT'S OVER! BUT I'LL GET 'IM! I'LL TRACK 'IM DOWN! US CANADIAN MOUNTIES ALWAYS GET OUR MAN! ALWAYS! AND WHEN I DO, BOY...
...WHEN I DO...
SHLEP!
SHLEP, BOY! WHERE DAT OL' SHLEP?
HA! SNAP ON THE HANDCUFFS BOYS! WE GOT 'IM WHERE WE WANT 'IM! TYPE UP A CONFESSION! HE'LL SIGN IT! HE'S THE MURDERER! HE WANTED ME TO GET OFF THE ROVER CASE!
CONFESSION? MURDER? I'M ROLLOVER ROVER'S LAWYER! I DON'T WANT YOU TO GET OFF OF THE ROVER CASE! I WANT YOU TO GET OFF MY BRIEF-CASE! YOU KEEP STEPPING ON IT!
ONCE AND FOR ALL... GET OFF OF THE CASE!
CLONK
6


HA! SUDDENLY MY MIND IS CLEAR AS A BELL!
THE SOLUTION HAS SUDDENLY STRUCK ME!
I WANT EVERYBODY IN THIS ROOM! THE SOLUTION TO THE MURDER IS SIMPLE... FASCINATING! I WAS A FOOL NOT TO SEE IT RIGHT OFF! WHO HAD TO PROFIT BY ROLLOVER'S DEATH? HIS NIECE? YES! THAT GIVE HER AN EXCUSE TO MEET ME, (LUCKY GIRL)!... THE BUTLER? YES THE BUTLER IS ALWAYS THE MURDERER! HIS WIFE? YES! EVERYONE HAD A MOTIVE FOR MURDER! I WAS BACK WHERE I STARTED!
SO I TOSSED A COIN AND IT SHOWED THE MURDERER WAS THE BUTLER... WHO IS IN REALITY...
...SHLEP... THE TALKING DOG... IN DISGUISE!... SHLEP BEING A RUSSIAN WOLF-HOUND, I RECOGNIZED HIS ACCENT!
HEY, KANE! THERE YOU ARE! I BET I FIGGERED OUT SUMP'N YOU DIDN'T!
I FIGURE THE BUTLER DID IT!
CRASH
AWRIGHT, EVERYONE! DON'T MAKE A MOVE OR I'LL BITE THIS COP! I'M GETTIN' OUTTA HERE AND NO ONE'S GONNA STOP ME! AND FURTHERMORE... RROWF...ARF...AND BARK!
KANE! DO SOMETHING!
HE'S GETTING AWAY!
STOP HIM!
DON'T BE SILLY, GIRLS! THE 'CANINE CAPER' ENDS RIGHT HERE! THIS ISN'T A CASE FOR DETECTIVES! IT'S A CASE FOR THE DOG-CATCHERS!
7

Q: *In "Outer Sanctum" you used the real name and characteristics of an existing character, the Heap.*

KURTZMAN: *I know. I don't know how I came to use the same name. I think we also picked the Mole up, from* ***Dick Tracy****. I think the Gould character was also called the Mole, with the same nose and face.*

Q: *Elder says that he was the one who suggested the story, so maybe that's how it came about. One of the things that I'd forgotten until I reread the* ***Mads*** *was the frequent intrusion of sex. In the fifth issue there's the cover, lots of gags about the male characters' constant interest in sex (such as those on pages 4 and 7 of "Black and Blue Hawks"), and Wood's and Davis's very sexy girls. Two stories start with the characters chasing girls.*

KURTZMAN: *That's Marx Brothers sex.*

Q: *That's one place where John Severin completely couldn't, or wouldn't, do it.*

KURTZMAN: *No, John didn't have a feel for sex. There are guys who do and guys who don't.*

Q: *"Kane Keen" seems to be a parody of several things. The case itself, with the guilty butler, is like the traditional mystery novel. But the style is in the Spillane school. And there's a specific reference to Spillane in "Miltie of the Mounties;" both the surprise revelation of the sex of the character and the borrowing of the famous last line, "It was easy," from* ***I, The Jury****.*

KURTZMAN: *I'll take your word for it.*

Q: *Then there's all this "a symphony of this" and "a symphony of that" in "Kane Keen."*

KURTZMAN: *Yeah, that was Spillane.*

Q: *Were you actually reading Spillane, or had that all become a common cliche by that time?*

KURTZMAN: *It wasn't easy to avoid Spillane. I wasn't a particular fan, but I shouldn't be surprised that I read some of his stuff. What I remember about this issue is . . . I'm sure you know the story about how Bill and Al wrote the inside front cover while I was in the hospital, and I didn't like what they did at all.*

Q: *Yes, when you had yellow jaundice. When you were in the hospital did you discontinue doing overlays?*

KURTZMAN: *No, I kept working in the hospital bed.*

Q: *Do you have any recollections of particular stories that you did in the hospital?*

KURTZMAN: *No. All I remember was that inside cover!*

GAINES: *The inside cover of* ***Mad*** *#5 came about when Harvey was sick, and we had to fill up the page with something. And we thought it would be a funny lark to surprise Harvey* [laughs heartily] *with this biography of me.*

ADELE KURTZMAN: *I don't remember that.*

KURTZMAN: *Don't you remember the time I wanted to kill?*

GAINES: *And of course with characteristic bad taste we offended Harvey, and also offended half the rest of the world, notably a lot of wholesalers. We were trying to do several things with that page. We were trying to amuse Harvey in the hospital . . .*

KURTZMAN: *They were trying to drive me over the edge.*

GAINES: *And at the same time we were taking cracks at some of the sanctimonious comic publishers, who shall be nameless, who actually got their original start in the business by publishing near-pornography. Well, it turned out these "old boy" comic publishers were beloved by the "old boy" wholesalers. And this thing infuriated the wholesalers, who saw through what I was doing.*

Q: *Did they really catch that point?*

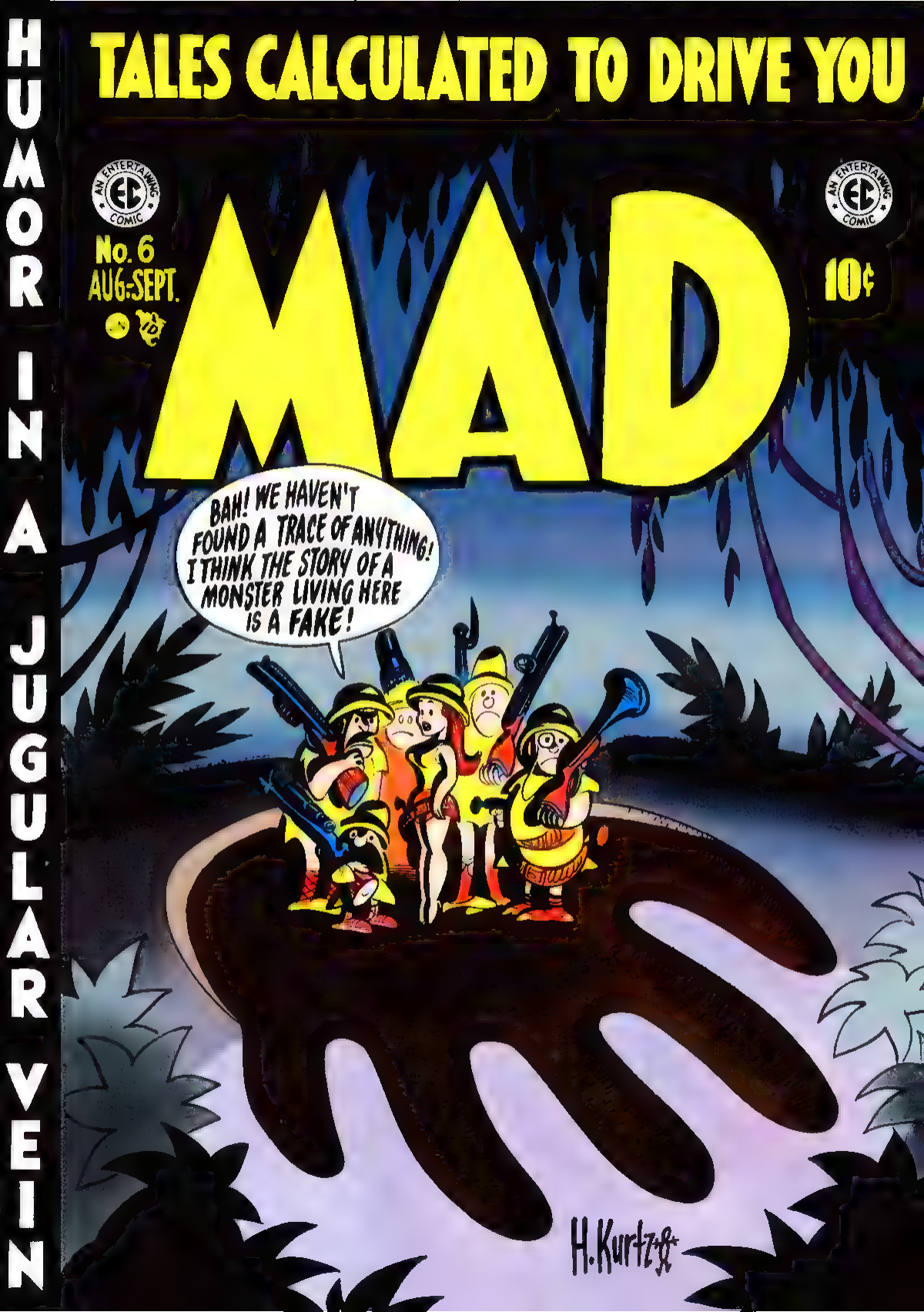
GAINES: *Oh, yes! Because they knew the beginnings, and they were offended. Now, they were also offended by other things which we were completely innocent of. My favorite example is in "Outer Sanctum;" Elder put a little sign on page 1, "Nice Fat Errand Boy Wanted." Eh? Now you and I know what the nice fat errand boy was wanted for. He was wanted to be eaten. But not the wholesalers!* ***They*** *knew he was wanted for* ***sexual perversion.*** *That's what we had to deal with, oh yes.*

Q: *Did they really think that, or were they just trying to* ***use*** *it . . .*

GAINES: *No, no, they really believed it. What do wholesalers know about ghouls?*

KURTZMAN: *But they know what nice fat errand boys are for.*

GAINES: *This is the kind of misunderstandings that were going on. And it all came at once. Of course, they were mad at us for the horror books in the first place. I remember being gotten out of bed on a Saturday or Sunday morning by the distributor, and routing Harvey and Al out, and the whole bunch of us came into the office and we worked up a special apology to the wholesalers.*


HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN
TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
No. 6
AUG.-SEPT.
MAD
10¢
BAH! WE HAVEN'T FOUND A TRACE OF ANYTHING! I THINK THE STORY OF A MONSTER LIVING HERE IS A FAKE!
H. Kurtzman



IF YOU HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIND 'MAD' ON YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND...

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HIGH-TYPE ADVENTURE DEPT.:... GONNNNNNG! THE ORIENT! OUR STORY STARTS IN HONG-KONG... CENTER OF MYSTERY AND INTRIGUE! THERE, AMIDST THE TEEMING MASSES OF HUMANITY, FERRETTING OUT TROUBLE... FOLLOWING SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING LEADS WITH HIS LOVABLE ASSISTANT, HALF-SHOT CHARLIE, WE FIND...
TEDDY AND THE PIRATES!
HU HE HEY
"SAN IS THE ROOT OF ALL SIN"
HO-HUM
NOT A REPUBLIC
wood
...WELL, TEDDY AND THE PIRATES! US TROUBLE-SHOOTERS HAVE HAD A PRETTY ROUGH DAY SHOOTING TROUBLE!... SAY... TELL ME... HOW COME YOU CALLED TEDDY AND THE PIRATES?
I'LL TELL YOU LATER, HALF-SHOT! RIGHT NOW WE HAVE TO REPORT FOR A NEW ASSIGNMENT!
HONG KONG TONG TU LUNG GONG AND SCHULTZ LTD.
COME IN!
SST, HALF-SHOT! STAND STRAIGHT! THAT'S THE NEW BOSS OF THE TROUBLE-SHOOTING DEPARTMENT! WHY DON'T YOU LIFT YOUR HEAD UP?
IF I DO, MY HAT'LL FALL OFF!
YES, TEDDY AND THE PIRATES...


...I'M THE NEW BOSS.' DO YOU RECOGNIZE ME, TEDDY BWAH?
CRIMANETALIES.! IT'S PAT...
PAT SEAP
WHAM
WHOMP
KRUMF
IT'S PAT O'BRYAN, HALF-SHOT.! PAT AND I ARE OLD BUDDIES, HUH, PAT OL' BUDDY? GOOD OL' PAT!
WHAP
WHOP
WHOMP
...SAILED THE CHINA SEAS FROM RANGOON TO CONEY ISLAND WITH GOOD OL' GREAT OL' PAT... HUH, PAT, HUH? HUH?
THUD!
ENOUGH OF THIS SNIVELING AFFECTION.! I HAVE HERE YOUR NEXT ASSIGNMENT! AS YOU KNOW, OUR COMPANY RUNS A GOOD, CLEAN, HONEST BUSINESS SELLING OPIUM TO THE NATIVES!... SOME DIRTY ROTTEN CROOKS HAVE BEEN HI-JACKING OUR OPIUM SHIPMENTS!
BRATATATATAT!
FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS I SUSPECT THAT THE CROOKS, IN ORDER TO GET SHIPPING INFORMATION, HAVE PLACED WITHIN OUR COMPANY AN INSIDE MAN! I WANT YOU TWO TO GO OUTSIDE AND FIND THIS INSIDE MAN! TAKE THAT OPIUM PACKAGE FOR BAIT, AND REMEMBER...NOTHING MUST STOP YOU FROM CARRYING OUT YOUR ASSIGNMENT!
HEP
HEP
HEP
DISMISSED!
HEP
HEP
HEP
OPIUM
HMMMM!... FIND AN INSIDE MAN ON THE OUTSIDE! RIDICULOUS!... YOU SEE ANY SUSPICIOUS LEADS, HALF-SHOT?
NOT A THING! ...WAIT! THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD LEAD... C'MON!
BAR
ye olde oriental roome
NO COVER
NO MINIMUM
NO FLOOR
TODAY
RUM
THESE MYSTERIOUS ORIENTAL NIGHT CLUBS USUALLY HAVE GOOD LEADS! GOSH, TEDDY AND THE PIRATES! I WONDER WHO THAT INSIDE MAN IS? I WONDER WHY YOU'RE CALLED TEDDY AND THE PIRATES?
SH... FLOOR SHOW'S BEGINNING! I GOTTA WATCH! IT MIGHT BE A GOOD LEAD!
HEY!
OH THAT ST. LOUIE WOMAN
2


WIT 'ER DIAMOND RINGS
CRIMANETALIES! IT'S BURMA...
HEY!
TEDDY AND THE PIRATES! ... YOU!
IT'S BURMA SHAVE, HALF-SHOT! BURMA AND I ARE OLD BUDDIES, HUH BURMA, OLD BUDDY?
EVERY TIME WE SEE A GOOD LOOKING DOLL...
...GOTTA GET READY FOR MY NEXT ACT!
... SAILED THE CHINA SEAS... RANGOON TO CONEY ISLAND... WITH GOOD OL' BURMA... HUH, BURMA? HUH? HUH?
... HE KNOWS 'EM! HE GETS TO HUG 'EM!
...CAN'T TALK TO CUSTOMERS!... BOSS'LL FIRE ME! DON'T CALL ME! ...I'LL CALL YOU!
GOOD OL' BURM'! REMEMBER HOW I HELPED YOU ROLL DRUNKS IN 'FRISCO, BURM'? 'MEMBER, BURM? HUH, BURM?
NAH NYAAHH MNGRYAAA SOB BASH! KICK
AH, MY SWEET! I SEE YOU ARE SPEAKING TO THE CUSTOMERS AGAIN! OH, DEAR! HOW UPSETTING! I SHALL HAVE TO REPRIMAND YOU AGAIN!
EEK! IT'S MY BOSS, SANDTHIRST!... N-NO BOSS! NOT THE BRASS KNUCKLES AGAIN!
TEDDY! STOP HIM! DON'T LET HIM USE THE BRASS KNUCKLES ON ME!
DON'T WORRY, BURM'! I THINK I CAN HANDLE THIS GUY... I THINK! TEDDY AND THE PIRATES ALWAYS HELPS A LADY IN DISTRESS!
SNAP SNAP
C'MON, HALF-SHOT! YOU PIN HIS ARMS BEHIND HIS BACK WHILE I GIVE HIM A SHOT IN THE HEAD! ...WE ALWAYS HELP A LADY IN DISTRESS...
OOLP!
HEP!
HEP
3

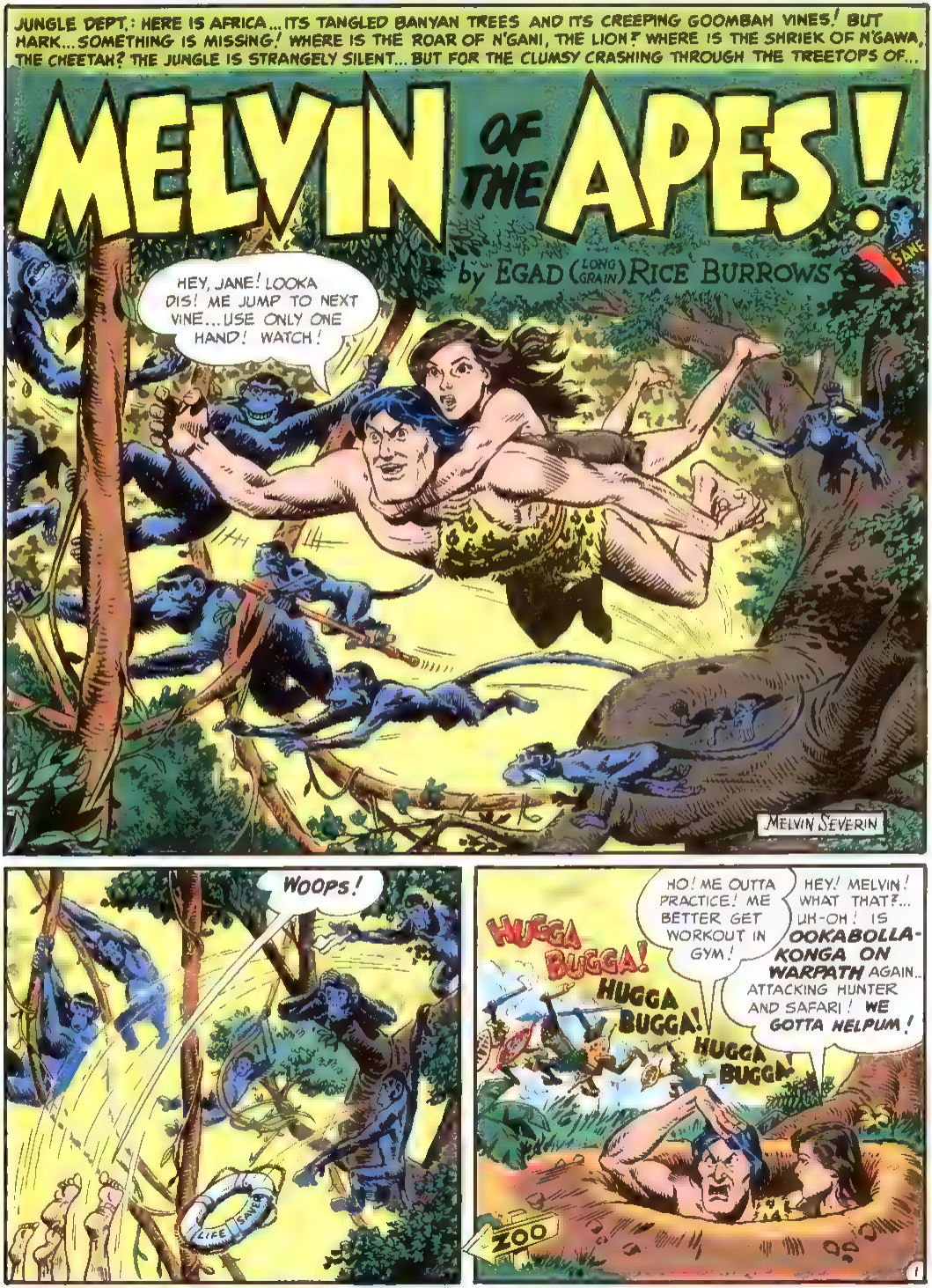

COME, MY DEAR! DO NOT MAKE IT DIFFICULT! FOUR BASHES IS ALL I SHALL GIVE YOU!
TEDDY! EE! TEDDY! EE! OI!
LIKE I SAID... GOTTA TAKE MY SUIT IN FOR A PRESS!... LET'S GO, HALF-SHOT!
HEP
BESIDES, WE GOT ORDERS, HUH, HALF-SHOT? PAT OBRYAN GAVE US ORDERS...RIGHT, HALF-SHOT? HE TOLD US NOTHING MUST STOP US FROM CARRYING OUT OUR ASSIGNMENT! RIGHT, HALF-SHOT?
RIGHT?
RIGHT!
RIGHT!
HUP!
ZOK
POW
SLAM
YOW!
OPIUM
BACK INTO THE TEEMING STREETS OF HONG KONG! YOU FIND MORE TEEMS OUT HERE.. BASEBALL... FOOTBALL TEEMS!...I WONDER IF WE'LL EVER FIND THE INSIDE MAN? I WONDER WHY YOU'RE CALLED 'TEDDY AND THE PIRATES'?
HEY!... GOING INTO THAT DARK DOORWAY...
DON'T TELL ME YOU SEE ANOTHER OLD BUDDY OF YOURS?
IT'S CONNIE!
CONNIE? ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL GIRL NO DOUBT! WELL THIS TIME I GET FIRST HUG!
CONNIE, GIRL! I'M TEDDY AND THE PIRATES'S FRIEND, AND ANY FRIEND OF TEDDY AND THE PIRATES IS A FRIEND OF MINE!
C'MERE, GAL!
WAIT, HALF-SHOT!
OPIUM
HONG KONG PING PONG AND MAH JONG CLUB
ZOOOMM
KISS
KISS
KISS
WAIT, HALF-SHOT! ...CONNIE IS...
BOOM
CONNIE IS A MAN!
WHO WAS THAT CRAZY MAN? THAT BOY'S STRICTLY TOM! REAL GONE!
4


IT'S CONNIE... A-AND BIG-POOP! MY OLD BUDDIES! SAILED THE CHINA SEAS... RANGOON... CONEY ISLAND... YEAH!
YOU'RE LOOKING REAL, GEORGE, TEDDY AND THE PIRATES!
WHAT'S THAT, BIG-POOP?
OPIUM
GOOD OLD BIG-POOP AN' CONNIE! WE'VE GOTTA TALK OVER OLD TIMES!
BIG-POOP SAYS HE WANTS TO HUG YOUR FRIEND HALF-SHOT... WANTS TO HUG HIM HELLO!
...C'MON, CONNIE! LET'S SIT DOWN SOMEWHERE AND TALK OVER OLD TIMES!... C'MON, CONNIE OLD PAL! LEMME BUY YOU A BEER!
BIG-POOP SAYS HE WANTS TO HUG YOU TOO, TEDDY-O!
SNAP CRACKLE POP
WELL, FLIP MY LID!
AS I WAS SAYING, HALF-SHOT... LET'S GO PACK OUR GEAR!
REMEMBER OUR ASSIGNMENT! WE MUST FIND THE INSIDE MAN AND NOTHING MUST STOP US!
HEP!
HUP!
HEP
HEP
OPIUM
I WONDER WHO THE INSIDE MAN IS? AND FOR THE TENTH TIME... WHY YOU CALLED TEDDY AND THE PIRATES!
SH, HALF-SHOT! WE'RE NEARING THE WATERFRONT!
CRIMANETALIES! LOOK SEE, THAT OLD CHINESE JUNK TIED UP BY THE WATERFRONT?
YEAH?
YEH? YEH?
THE CAPTAIN OF THIS JUNK IS THE ROUGHEST, MEANEST, NASTIEST, TOUGHEST CAPTAIN ON THE HIGH SEAS, AND I KNOW THE CAPTAIN!
...AN OLD BUDDY OF YOURS, I'LL BET! WELL, YOU GO HUG YOUR BUDDIES ALONE, THIS TIME! I'M FINISHED!
OPIUM
6


BY GEORGE! THIS CAPTAIN IS THE DRAGGING LADY! MY OLD BUDDY!
...SAILED THE CHINA SEAS TOGETHER! HIYA, DRAG!
AH! IT IS THE YELLOW-HAIRED ONE! APPROACH THE DRAGGING LADY, YELLOW-HAIRED ONE!
HEY, HALF-SHOT! YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO MEET MY GOOD OL' BUDDY, DRAGGING LADY?
BAM BASH! HIT! HIT!
BOUND!
GOSH, TEDDY AND THE PIRATES! SHE'S REAL PEACHY KEEN WOW! ROWF ROWF!
INTRODUCE ME, HUH? WILLYA, TEDDY? WILLYA? WILLYA?
...AND, YELLOW-HAIRED ONE, WHO IS THIS BANG-HAIRED ONE WHO YAMMERS LIKE A MONKEY?
WHEE! WOO WOO!
DRIP
MONKEY, HUH? I KNOW THIS DAME'S TYPE, TEDDY! THEY ACT TOUGH AND BUSINESS-LIKE ON THE OUTSIDE, BUT UNDERNEATH IT ALL, THEY'RE FEMININE... CRINGING... DELICATE... LIKE ANY OTHER WOMAN... TREAT 'EM ROUGH, I SAY!
COME'RE, YOU DRAGGING LADY!
EXCUSE ME A MOMENT, BANG-HAIRED ONE!
ALL RIGHT, YOU SWINE! WE'RE CASTING OFF! YOU, RED-HAIRED ONE... HOIST THE MAIN-SAIL! SNAP TO!
YES, MASTER!
SWISH
KNAP
STEP LIVELY, YOU BABOONS! LOWER THE JIB! BATTEN THE HATCHES! YOU, BALD-HEADED ONE! YOU'RE MOVING TOO SLOWLY!
YES, MASTER!
KNOP
HARD-A-LEE ON THE STARBOARD BOW!
YES, MASTER!
YOU... TWO-HEADED ONE... YOU STUMBLED AGAINST ME! SHVIENHUNT!
POW
POW
POW
6

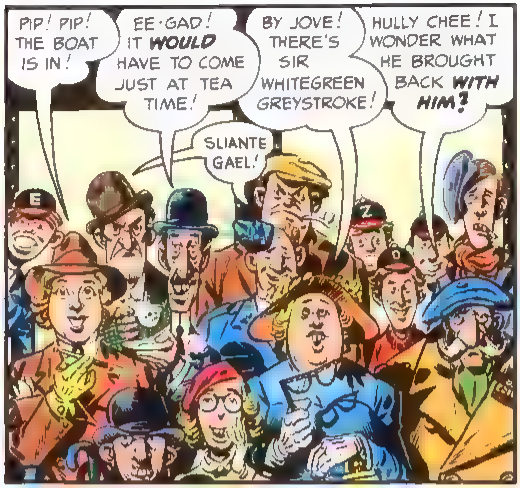

THERE!... THAT GOT THIS JUNK GOING!
NOW... BANG-HAIRED ONE! WHAT WAS IT YOU WERE SAYING ABOUT MY TYPE OF WOMAN?
ME SAY SOMETHIN'? I DIDN'T SAY NOTHIN'! YOU HEAR ME SAY SOMETHIN, TEDDY? TEDDY SAID SOMETHIN'! NOT ME!
NOW, YELLOW-HAIRED ONE! TELL ME ABOUT DARK-HAIRED ONE... PAT O'BRYAN!
...WHY DO YOU INTERRUPT, POINTY-HEADED ONE?
MASTER! MASTER! HELP! HELP! A STRANGE CRAFT IS BEARING DOWN UPON US!
I KNOW WHAT THAT CRAFT IS! IT IS A BAND OF HI-JACKERS!
HERE, YELLOW-HAIRED ONE AND BANG-HAIRED ONE! TAKE THESE CUTLASSES!
WE'LL PROTECT YOU, DRAGGING LADY!
ALL HANDS AND FEET ON DECK! STAND BY TO REPEL BOARDERS! WE WILL FIGHT THEM ON THE LAND... IN THE AIR!
RIGHT, DRAGGING LADY!
WATCH OUT FOR THAT ONE, DRAGGING LADY!
CRASH
KLASH!
SLASH!
BASH
GASH
...WE WILL FIGHT THEM ON THE BEACHES TILL WE ARE COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED! ALLA TIME WE WILL FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT!
RIGHT, DRAGGING LADY!
GET THAT ONE, DRAGGING LADY!
WE WILL FIGHT THEM TILL EVERY LAST DROP OF OUR BLOOD IS SPILT! ...TILL WE ARE COMPLETELY DEAD AND HACKED TO LITTLE PIECES!
WRONG, DRAGGING LADY!
HEP
OPIUM!
REMEMBER THE WORDS OF OUR IMMORTAL PAT O'BRYAN!... NOTHING MUST STOP US FROM CARRYING OUT OUR ASSIGNMENT...
...OUR ASSIGNMENT TO FIND THE INSIDE MAN!
'BYE!

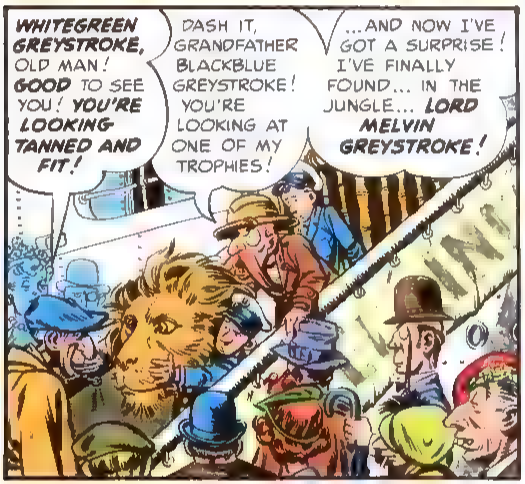

WELL, HERE WE ARE, ABOUT TO WALK THE PLANK OFF OF THE HIJACKERS' SHIP! BUT BEFORE I GO, THERE IS SOMETHING I MUST KNOW... SOMETHING I'VE GOT TO KNOW BEFORE MY SOUL IS EVER TO REST IN PEACE!
I'VE GOT TO KNOW THE ANSWER TO TWO QUESTIONS... FIRST... WHO IS THE INSIDE MAN WE'RE LOOKING FOR, AND SECOND.. WHY DO THEY CALL YOU 'TEDDY AND THE PIRATES'?
HUP..
HOO BOY
TOINGG
SUDDENLY... IT ALL COMES CLEAR TO ME...
...I NOW KNOW WHO THE INSIDE MAN FOR THE OPIUM HIJACKERS IS...
...AND I KNOW WHY THEY CALL HIM 'TEDDY AND THE PIRATES'..
YUMMY!
SWISH
LUNCH!
GET 'IM!
GNASH
GOBBLE
CHOMP
GULP
SMACK
SNAP
CRACKLE
POP
CRIMANETALIES, HALF-SHOT...
AND I WANTED YOU TO MEET SOME MORE BUDDIES THAT SAILED THE CHINA SEAS WITH ME!... I WANTED YOU TO MEET 'THE PIRATES'!
OPIUM

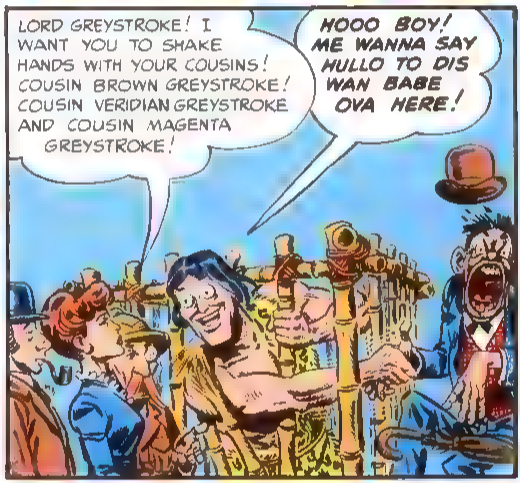

JUNGLE DEPT.: HERE IS AFRICA... ITS TANGLED BANYAN TREES AND ITS CREEPING GOOMBAH VINES! BUT HARK... SOMETHING IS MISSING! WHERE IS THE ROAR OF N'GANI, THE LION? WHERE IS THE SHRIEK OF N'GAWA, THE CHEETAH? THE JUNGLE IS STRANGELY SILENT... BUT FOR THE CLUMSY CRASHING THROUGH THE TREETOPS OF...
MELVIN OF THE APES!
by EGAD (LONG GRAIN) RICE BURROWS
SANE
HEY, JANE! LOOKA DIS! ME JUMP TO NEXT VINE... USE ONLY ONE HAND! WATCH!
MELVIN SEVERIN
WOOPS!
LIFE SAVER
HO! ME OUTTA PRACTICE! ME BETTER GET WORKOUT IN GYM!
HEY! MELVIN! WHAT THAT?... UH-OH! IS OOKABOLLA-KONGA ON WARPATH AGAIN... ATTACKING HUNTER AND SAFARI! WE GOTTA HELPUM!
HUGGA BUGGA!
HUGGA BUGGA!
HUGGA BUGGA!
ZOO


HEY, YOU OOKABOLLAKONGAS! LISTEN! MELVIN, LORD OF JUNGLE IS HERE! LISTEN! ME WANNA TELL YOU SUMPTING! LISTEN...
SKULL MAD!
Mother come home- We found your latest issue of MAD!
Boo!
WHEW! FOR A MOMENT, I THOUGHT THEY HAD ME!... MY NAME IS SIR WHITEGREEN GREYSTROKE OF THE LONDON GREYSTROKES!... THIS IS A BIT OF LUCK!
YEARS AGO, ONE OF OUR KIN WAS LOST AS A LITTLE BOY IN THE JUNGLE! IT IS RUMORED HE WAS BROUGHT UP BY AN APE AND IS STILL LIVING! I HAVE COME TO FIND HIM! I WILL KNOW HIM BY A MOLE HE HAS, SHAPED LIKE THE GREYSTROKE CREST! YOU LOOK LIKE YOU WERE BROUGHT UP BY AN APE!... STICK OUT YOUR TONGUE, PLEASE!
HUZZAH! CHEERS! A MOLE SHAPED LIKE THE ROYAL GREY-STROKE CREST!... YOU, MELVIN OF THE APES, ARE LONG LOST GREYSTROKE!... THROW A COUPLE OF LEOPARD SKINS INTO YOUR SUITCASE, KID!
...WE LEAVE FOR LONDON AT ONCE!
SNAP!
NO! ME NO LEAVE! IS TRUE, IN JUNGLE, IS UNCIVILIZED AND WILD! ONLY LAW IS LAW OF N'GOWA THE LION, N'GANDA, THE BULL APE... BUT IN CIVILIZATION IS WICKED WHITE MAN WITH LUST FOR GOLD AND POWER!... NO! ME NO LEAVE JUNGLE!
BUT, MELVIN! IF YOU COME WITH ME, YOU CAN HAVE THIS CADILLAC AND A RANCH-STYLE HOLLYWOOD TYPE HOUSE!
MELVIN! ... MELVIN OF THE APES! COME BACK!
...IS NO USE! HE HAS LEFT US FOR CIVILIZATION!... BUT HE WILL BE BACK! THE JUNGLE ... THE LAW OF N'GAMBO... IS IN HIS BLOOD!... HE ... WILL ... BE... (SNIFF)... BACK...

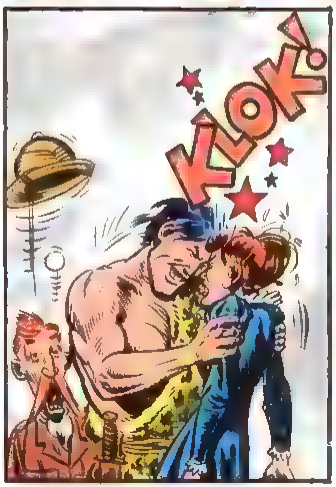

LONDON!
TOOT! TOOT!
H.M.S. AFRICAN QU
OOOP OOOOP!

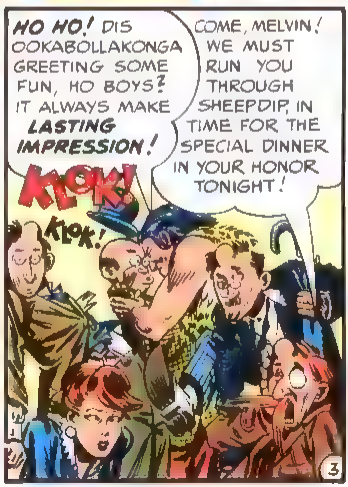

PIP! PIP! THE BOAT IS IN!
EE-GAD! IT WOULD HAVE TO COME JUST AT TEA TIME!
BY JOVE! THERE'S SIR WHITEGREEN GREYSTROKE!
HULLY CHEE! I WONDER WHAT HE BROUGHT BACK WITH HIM?
SLIANTE GAEL!


WHITEGREEN GREYSTROKE, OLD MAN! GOOD TO SEE YOU! YOU'RE LOOKING TANNED AND FIT!
DASH IT, GRANDFATHER BLACKBLUE GREYSTROKE! YOU'RE LOOKING AT ONE OF MY TROPHIES!
...AND NOW I'VE GOT A SURPRISE! I'VE FINALLY FOUND... IN THE JUNGLE... LORD MELVIN GREYSTROKE!


LORD GREYSTROKE! I WANT YOU TO SHAKE HANDS WITH YOUR COUSINS! COUSIN BROWN GREYSTROKE! COUSIN VERIDIAN GREYSTROKE AND COUSIN MAGENTA GREYSTROKE!
HOOO BOY! ME WANNA SAY HULLO TO DIS WAN BABE OVA HERE!


ME NO LIKE THIS SHAKING HANDS! IS TOO FORMAL! ME JUST COUNTRY BOY FROM STICKS! ME GIVE COUSIN QUAINT AND TENDER OOKABOLLAKONGA GREETING OF LOVE AND AFFECTION!

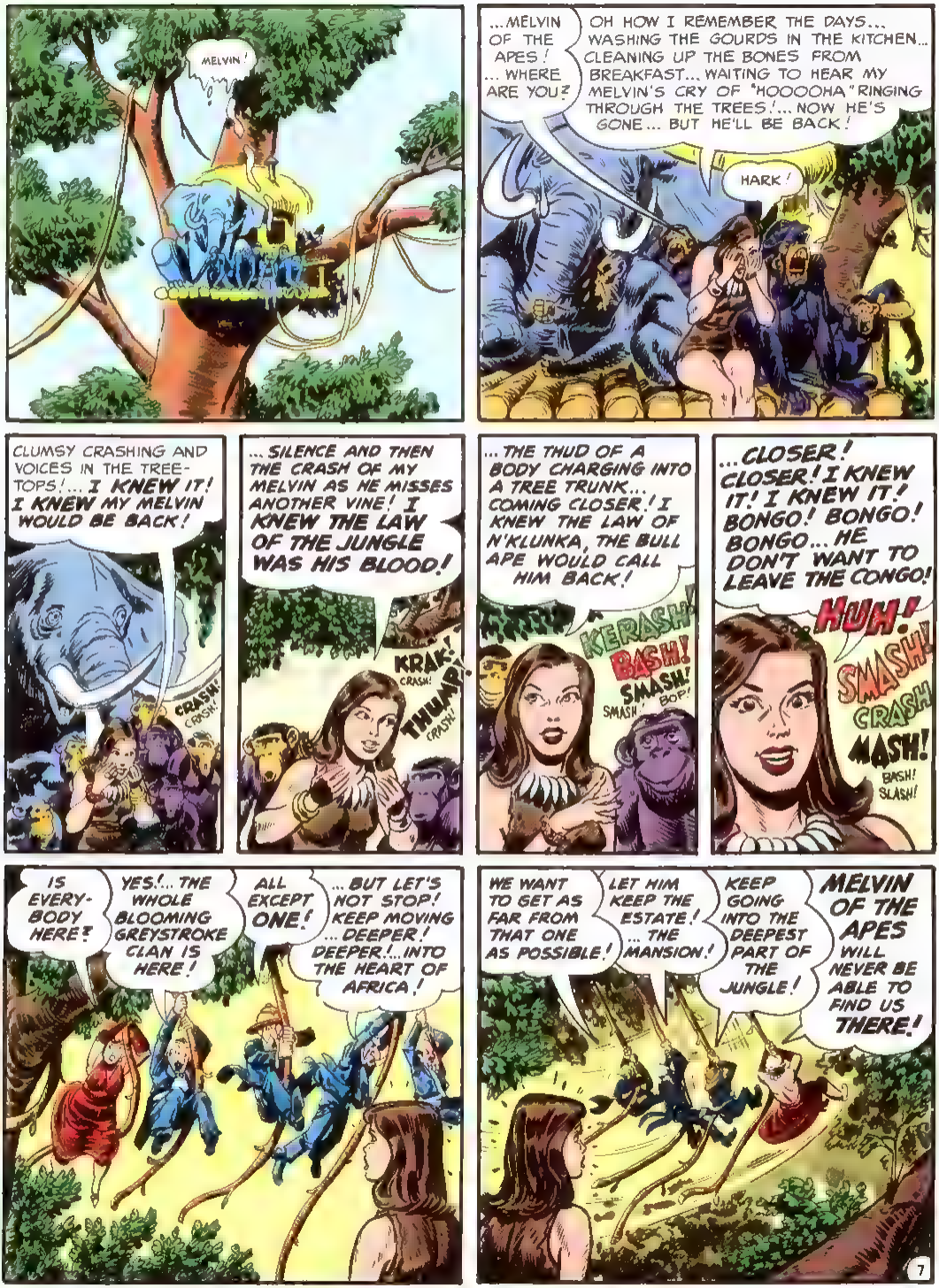

KLOK!


HO HO! DIS OOKABOLLAKONGA GREETING SOME FUN, HO BOYS? IT ALWAYS MAKE LASTING IMPRESSION!
KLOK!
KLOK!
COME, MELVIN! WE MUST RUN YOU THROUGH SHEEPDIP, IN TIME FOR THE SPECIAL DINNER IN YOUR HONOR TONIGHT!

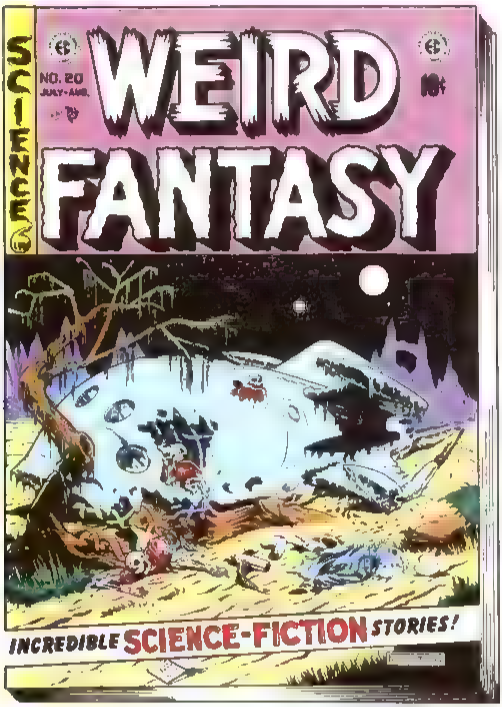

OH, ISN'T IT EXCITING?
JUST EVERYBODY IS HERE!
THEY SAY LORD GREYSTROKE IS TALL AND HANDSOME!
OOH, I'M DYING!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY HE HASN'T SHOWN UP YET?
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! LORD MELVIN GREYSTROKE!
LORD MELVIN GREYSTROKE!
LORD MELVIN GREYSTROKE!
LORD MELVIN GREYSTROKE!
...WHAT A SCENE IT WILL MAKE WHEN THE BRONZED GIANT, LORD GREYSTROKE STRIDES THROUGH THAT DOOR!.. DASH IT! WHERE IS HE?
HO!
HO! ME SURPRISE YOU LIKE ME SURPRISE N'GANI, THE ANTELOPE IN JUNGLE! NOTE HOW KNEE IS IN POSITION TO BREAK BACK... KNIFE READY TO CUT THROAT! PRETTY GOOD, HO, BOY?
LORD MELVIN! I WANT YOU TO MEET SOME OF THE GUESTS... DUKE AND DUTCHESS FUSCIA GREYSTROKE...
KLOK!
KLOK!
... DINNER IS SERVED!
DINNER, LORD MELVIN! THAT MEANS FOOD! FRUIT! MEAT!... YOU KNOW!
DINNER! OHO! YOU MEAN 'THE REWARD OF THE KILL'!... NO DOUBT IS SERVING RAW WARM SMOKING ZEBRA HAUNCH... OR MAYBE TORN ELEPHANT TRUNK ON PLANTAIN LEAVES! YUMMY!
OOK!
OOK! OOK! OOK!
OOK!
OOK!
HEY! ONE T'ING I CAN'T FIGURE OUT! HOW COME "DINNER" IS UP ON DIS HIGH T'ING INSTEAD OF ON DIRT GROUND WHERE IT SUPPOSED TO BE?
DASH IT ALL, LORD MELVIN! THAT'S A TABLE... AND YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO SIT IN THE CHAIR!
4


HEY! ME HOLD CHAIR LIKE YOU DO FOR SHE-MAN! ME MAKE BIG FUNNY TRICK LIKE YOU GONNA DO... HO, FELLA?
AAAH! HERE COMES THE MAIN COURSE... ROAST SUCKLING PIG!
ZIP
HOO
HAA!
NOW...N'GUNGA, THE PIG! TASTE THE BLADE OF MY STEEL TOOTH!
I SAY! THAT SUCKLING PIG WAS FOR ALL OF US!
COME ON, OLD SPORT! PUT IT BACK ON THE TABLE!
AFTER ALL, OLD BOY! WE'RE HUNGRY TOO!
SLOP! SLOP! GHASH! GRRROWRR! RRRIP! RRRR!
GROWRRR
GRROW!
SUDDENLY, I HAVE LOST MY APPETITE!
STRANGE! SO HAVE I!
TENNIS ANYONE?
BACK, FRIENDS! STAND BACK!... LORD GREYSTROKE IS MERELY FOLLOWING THE UNWRITTEN LAW OF THE JUNGLE... THE LAW OF THE N'GOOMBAH, THE LION! TO HE WHO BRINGS DOWN THE KILL BELONGS THE FIRST SHARE OF THE KILL! TO... TO HE WHO IS THE VICTOR GOES THE CHOICEST CUT!... TO HE WHO...
RRRRR!
GRRROW! RRRROWR!
SLURP! CHOMP! Chomp
HIC!
...TO HE WHO WHO HE HE HE WHO!... SIGH! ...IT IS THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE!
URP!... HOKAY, KIDS! NOW I HAVE TAKEN CHOICEST CUTS ACCORDING TO UNWRITTEN LAWS OF JUNGLE... YOU DIG IN!
5


ALL RIGHT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! NOW THAT DINNER IS OVER, WE SHALL RETIRE TO THE MUSIC ROOM FOR A BIT OF ENTERTAINMENT!
ENTERTAINMENT! HO BOY! MAYBE YOU GONNA HAVE OOKA-BOLLAKONGA TYPE AFTER-DINNER RITUAL WHERE WE PLAY MUSIC AND SHRINK-HEAD TO CELEBRATE SUCCESSFUL HUNT!
OOK! OOK! OOK! OOK!
OH ISN'T THAT BEAUTI-FUL MUSIC?
OOH I'M DYING!
HEY! WOT KIND ENTER-TAINMENT IS DIS? DIS YOU CALL ENTERTAIN-MENT?
ME SHOW YOU REAL ENTERTAINMENT... SHOW YOU HOW TO LIVE IT UP A LITTLE! GIVE CRY OF BIG BULL-APE, N'GOOCHKA!
HOOOO HA!
HO! ME CALL HAIRY FRIENDS FROM FORESTS AND ZOOS! WE SHOW YOU ENTERTAINMENT OF THE JUNGLE! WE GONNA HAVE SECRET RITUAL OF THE...
DUM DUM!
TH...THE D-DUM DUM! I HAVE HEARD OF THE SECRET RITUAL OF THE DUM DUM, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FROM THE LIPS OF A DYING NATIVE!... HOW THE GREAT N'GONGAS,... THE APES... DANCE ABOUT A MOUND, THE DUM DUM... AND HOW MELVIN, THE JUNGLE LORD, DANCES WITH THEM!
... AND AS THE POUNDING ON THE DUM DUM INCREASES, THE DANCING REACHES A FRENZIED PITCH AND THE DANCERS COME FORWARD AND TEAR THE FLESH FROM A SACRIFICE THAT IS LAYING BY THE MOUND...
A HUMAN SACRIFICE!
6


MELVIN!
...MELVIN OF THE APES! ... WHERE ARE YOU?
OH HOW I REMEMBER THE DAYS... WASHING THE GOURDS IN THE KITCHEN... CLEANING UP THE BONES FROM BREAKFAST... WAITING TO HEAR MY MELVIN'S CRY OF "HOOOOHA" RINGING THROUGH THE TREES!... NOW HE'S GONE... BUT HE'LL BE BACK!
HARK!
CLUMSY CRASHING AND VOICES IN THE TREE-TOPS!... I KNEW IT! I KNEW MY MELVIN WOULD BE BACK!
CRASH! CRASH!
...SILENCE AND THEN THE CRASH OF MY MELVIN AS HE MISSES ANOTHER VINE! I KNEW THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE WAS HIS BLOOD!
KRAK! CRASH!
THUMP! CRASH!
...THE THUD OF A BODY CHARGING INTO A TREE TRUNK... COMING CLOSER! I KNEW THE LAW OF N'KLUNKA, THE BULL APE WOULD CALL HIM BACK!
KERASH! BASH! SMASH! SMASH! BOP!
...CLOSER! CLOSER! I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT! BONGO! BONGO! BONGO... HE DON'T WANT TO LEAVE THE CONGO!
HUH! SMASH! CRASH MASH! BASH! SLASH!
IS EVERY-BODY HERE?
YES!... THE WHOLE BLOOMING GREYSTROKE CLAN IS HERE!
ALL EXCEPT ONE!
...BUT LET'S NOT STOP! KEEP MOVING ...DEEPER! DEEPER!... INTO THE HEART OF AFRICA!
WE WANT TO GET AS FAR FROM THAT ONE AS POSSIBLE!
LET HIM KEEP THE ESTATE! ... THE MANSION!
KEEP GOING INTO THE DEEPEST PART OF THE JUNGLE!
MELVIN OF THE APES WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO FIND US THERE!

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"Good evening, basketball fans! Here it is half-time at Adison Square Grove and while we're waiting for the two teams to come barreling back for the second half, we have a very exciting interview lined up for you!

"Stepping into our broadcast booth this minute (that's it boy . . . duck that door frame!) is a young athlete who has taken the sports world by storm. I'm sure you've all read the fine article Strife magazine did on this boy just last week. And now I'd like to introduce this stellar basketball whiz who came out of nowhere . . . well, out of a comparatively unheard of college . . . to become the leading scorer in the country this season. He's here with his coach, Mr. 'Red' Haring! Say 'hello' to your fans out there . . . HEVO FRANKLIN!"

"H'lo!"

"It's certainly a pleasure to have you on this program, Hevo! Your astounding average of 65 points a game is quite astounding! By the way, this is a very fine spread that Strife magazine did about you and your plucky little college! And a real fine photograph of you standing in the foreground with the other 49 members of the student body backing you up! (You folks in the radio audience ought to get a copy of this particular issue! Hevo is the young man in the sweat-suit pants, holding a basketball downward in each palm . . . just to illustrate the expansive grasp of his phenomenal fingers!) Oh! I see you're carrying your basketballs around with you tonight, too, Hevo!"

"Say, Mac! How 'bout giving *me* an innerduction?"

"Why certainly! (The voice you just heard belongs to the man who's responsible for developing and encouraging Hevo Franklin . . . none other than Coach Haring!) Well, Coach Haring . . . you certainly have put Rio La Sagna College on the map! It's amazing what you've done with such a small student body. How many candidates did you cut off the team during initial try-outs?"

"I cut two can'dates, that's all!"

"Only two candidates cut, eh?"

"Yeah, but that left us with only *three players* . . . so I had to reinstate them! They're good company for the other three on the court, however!"

"Well, Coach Haring, I certainly know how close to your heart you cherish little Rio La Sagna College! And I'm sure that you will continue to be head basketball coach there for many, many years and that nothing can possibly induce you to leave Rio La . . ."

"I'm open to any reasonable contracts . . ."

"Yes, it's been real nice speaking to you . . ."

"Any reasonable offers . . . if any colleges care to contact me in care of this radio station!"

"Thank you Coach Haring! And NOW to ask HEVO a few questions! Hevo, to what do you attribute your uncanny speed, deception, play-making, and brilliant defensive strategems on the court?"

"I guess it's 'cause I like to play basketball!"

"Yes! And I'll bet when you were a kid you practised set shots in the backyard with an old bottomless peach basket nailed to a tree!"

"Naw! I usta pitch pennies most of the time . . ."

"Surely you spent many long hours perfecting the coordination between eye and muscle in order to make those spectacular shots from three-quarters the length of the court!"

"Naw! I usta shoot rats in the dumps with my .22 rifle!"

"And the way you work those sweet plays . . . the sensational weave, the driving push shot and the smooth hook shot! How did you become so adept at them?"

"I guess it's 'cause I like to play basketball!"

"Well, I see that Coach Haring is anxious to go downstairs to scout the teams playing here tonight!"

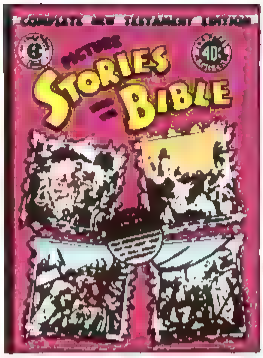
"Say, Mac! Don't we get some razor blades or shaving cream . . ."

"Sorry, Coach! This show is a sustainer!"

"Well, that's O.K.! We'll take some of *that!*"

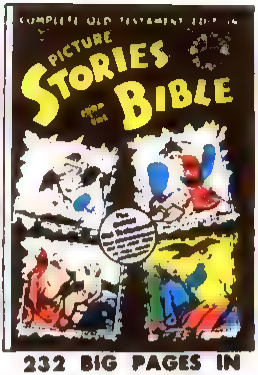
"Yes, it's been nice having you both . . . and now I see that the second half's about to get under way! Oh . . . before you go, Hevo, what are you majoring in at Rio La Sagna College?"

"Elocution!"



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MAD MUMBLINGS

Dear Editors,

In Mad Mumblings someone asked, "Tell me where I can get one of those cute little things that Glarf brought to earth with him in Mad #2." You said: "At any Martian pet shop for 40 shmetniks." That is wrong! You can get them at any Martian pet shop for 41 shmetniks.—Melvyn Tollman—(No address given)

...I read your fourth issue of "Mad." You spelled shmetniks wrong. It's supposed to be shmetnicks.—Paul Colandrea—New Haven, Connecticut.

...On page 2 of "Superduperman," Clark Bent said he worked for 10 years saving his 75c a week till he got $1,000 saved up. First, if he worked for 10 years saving 75c he would only have $390 and he'd have to starve himself and go naked to get it. Second, he's a dope to save it in the first place when he could buy a 520 year subscription to "Mad." Could you have the Shadow (short for Shadowskeedeeboomboom) tell me his secret of clouding men's minds? I could use it on my teachers.—Thomas Mellinger—Clifton, New Jersey.

...Pardonez moi! S'il vous plait mais dans vos livre trois de "Mad," dans l'histoire de "Sheik of Araby," vous avez eu un Francais qui a dit "N'estpas." Ce n'est pas correcte est-ce-t-il? Il a etre "N'est-ce pas." Merci beacoup mes amis.

P.S. Aussi vous avez en un Francais qui a dit "boucoup." Ce n'est pas correct. Il est "beaucoup." Au Revoir.—Mons. David Pait—Harrisburg, Illinois.

...Down hyar in Kaintucky we ain't likely ta git much good edjoocayshunal literature, and welcome this work of art (Mad). Yessir, it's a pretty fur piece down the road to the nearest newsstand (about 25 mile), but my 113 yar ole great-grandmammy, she ain't moved nary a mite in 35 yar, moseys on down and back every month jest about as fast as ole Esmireldi, our hawg, can clean her trough. In order ta keep my poor ole great-grammy home (since she gits boozed up ev'ry Sattidy nite in town), I enclose 75c for 6 issues of "Mad."—Tony Sodd—Louisville, Kentucky (Just 6 mile northeast of Hogmaul Creek)

...I am a regular reader of your comic book "Mad." I was displeased with the letter of criticism you published in the copy of "Mad" #4, and I disagree with Mrs. Peterson on her view. Your book is not meant to be educational. It is for entertainment only. I, as many of my friends, strongly urge you to continue your publication of this book.—Armstead Napier—Richmond, Virginia.

...After reading your No. 4 edition of "Mad," we have come to the conclusion that it is TOPS. We recommend it to all college students, especially those in engineering. It is just the remedy for our overracked brains.—Walter C. Schalm and Carl Heald—Michigan College of Mining and Technology, Houghton, Michigan.

...We here on Guam become avaricious readers after being here for a short time. This island is not one of the liveliest places in the world. Sooner or later we read almost every comic book, magazine, and book that hits the stands. We have all gotten a great deal more enjoyment from "Mad" than from any other publication of its type. I would like to give you the thanks of all of us here for helping to make the days a little shorter, the smiles a little broader. Joe Lazare, Guam.

...I am an artillery man in Korea, with very little time to read books. When "Mad" came down, the fellows told me what a sensation it was, I took time to read it and found that I've never laughed as hard at any one book as I did at yours. Keep writing stories. —Pfc. Leon A. Reid—North Korea.

"Mad" is neither funny nor witty. It doesn't make sense. It is not educational, inspirational. It's as poor and cheap an effort to lure nickels as I've ever seen. May it have no success.—Paul M. Dubbs—Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.

...I came across your so-called "Mad" mag today, much to my disgust. How such a piece of filthy minded pictures and so-called stories can be printed and sold on newsstands to young innocent children I can't understand. Your product should be rated as an 8 pager. From now on I shall keep my children from reading anything but Donald Duck and Lulu.—Barbara Muth (Mrs.)—Chicago, Illinois.

...If I have ever seen such rotten literature, "Mad" is it. You should be ashamed of yourselves for publishing such dirt. "Mad" is strictly asinine, so instead of indoctrinating our youngsters with such low-down, rotten scum, why not publish some good, clean, decent comics?—R. Thompson—Washington, D. C.

...We started a Mad Melvin Club of which I am president (we drew straws). To be a member, one must have all the "Mads." Anyone interested in joining, write me at 2424 Vance Ave. for a membership card. We want to get a nationwide club. Pat Armstrong, Alexandria, Louisiana.

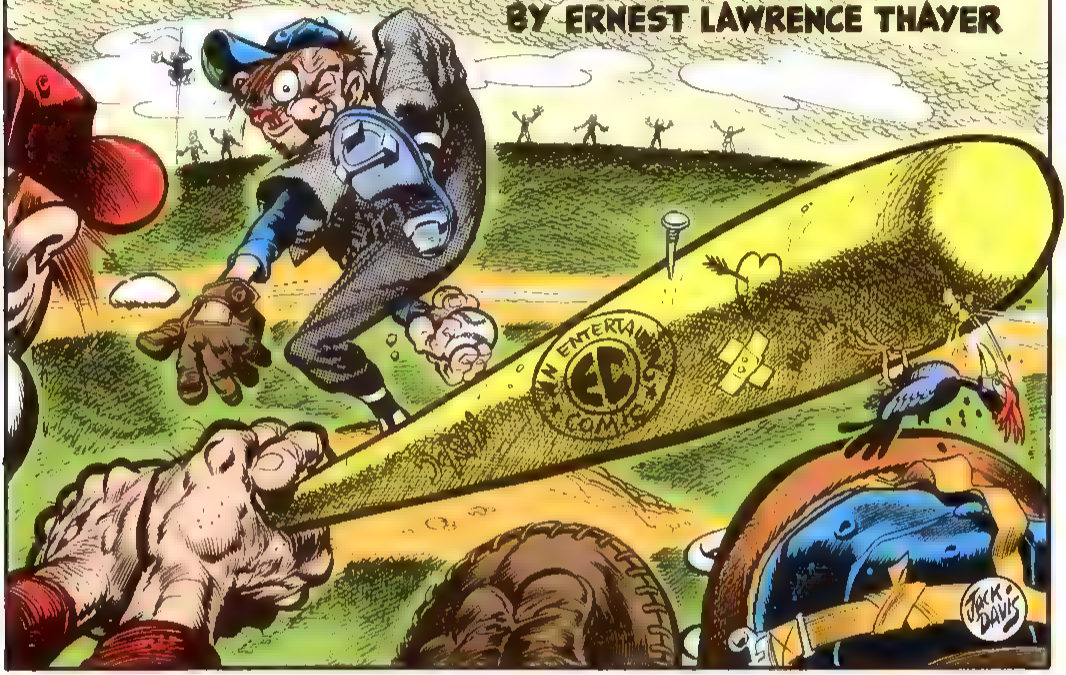
So subscriptions are 75c! Just like Tony said! Send moola along to:

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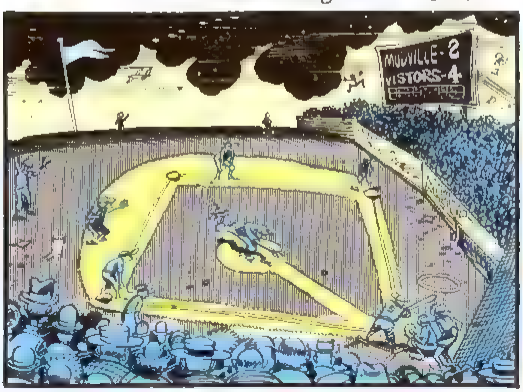
CASEY AT THE BAT!

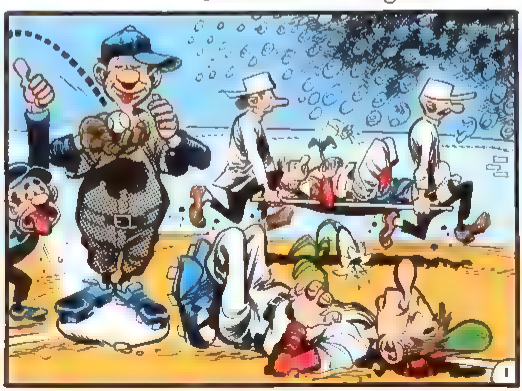
BY ERNEST LAWRENCE THAYER



It looked extremely rocky for the
Mudville nine that day;
The score stood two to four with but
one inning left to play.

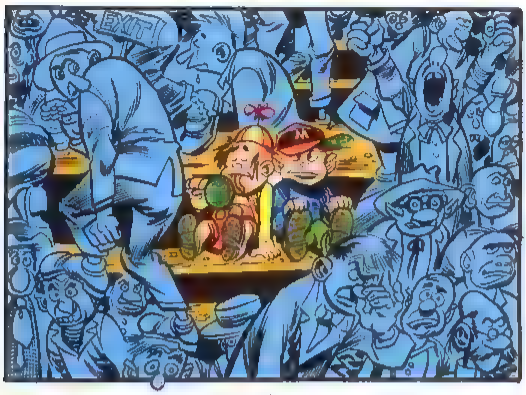
So when Cooney died at second and Burrows
did the same,
A pallor wreathed the features of the
patrons of the game.

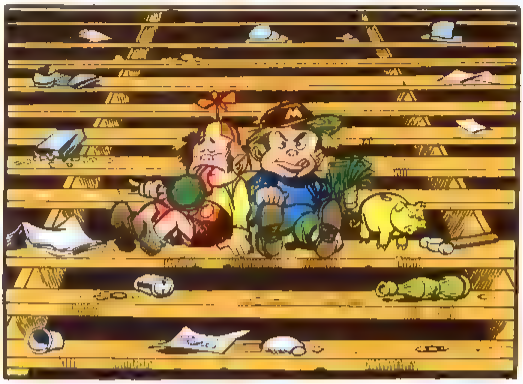




The straggling few got up to go, leaving there the rest,
With the hope that springs eternal within the human breast.

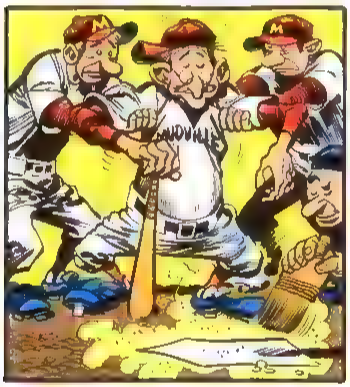
For they thought: "If only Casey could get a whack at that,"
They'd put even money now, with Casey at the bat.

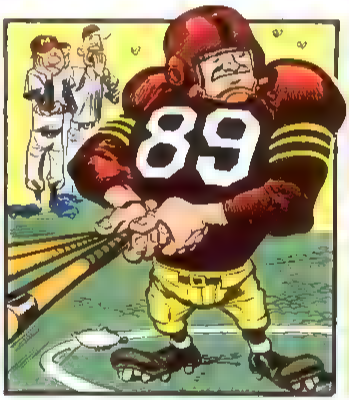




But Flynn preceded Casey, and likewise so did Blake,
And the former was a pudd'n, and the latter was a fake,

So on that stricken multitude a deathlike silence sat;
For there seemed but little chance for Casey's getting to the bat.

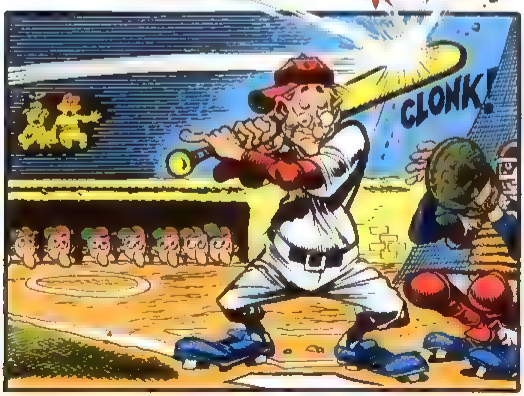


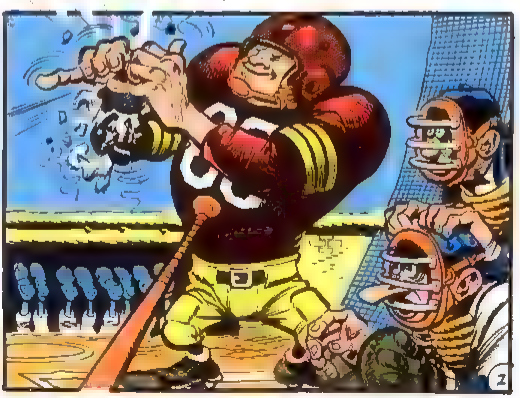




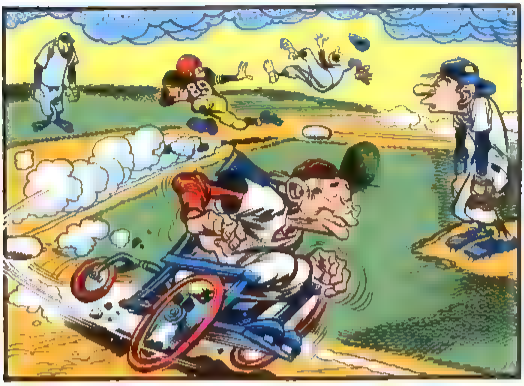
But Flynn let drive a "single," the wonderment of all,

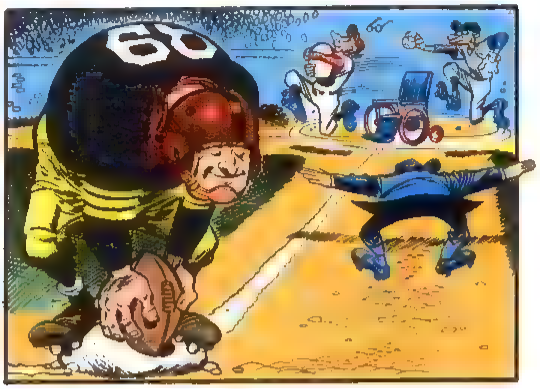
And the much-despised Blakely "tore the cover off the ball."





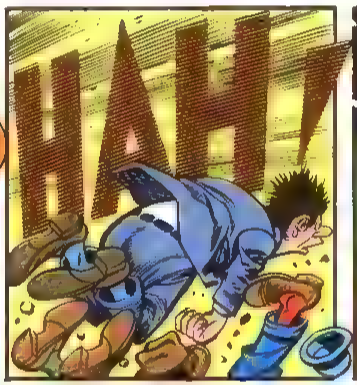
And when the dust had lifted, and
they saw what had occurred,
There was Blakely safe at second, and
Flynn a-huggin' third.

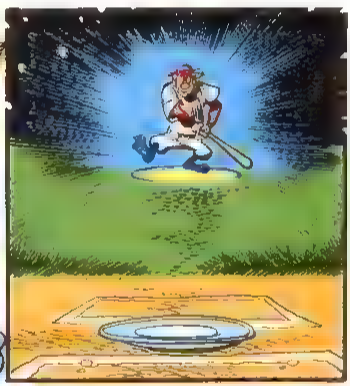




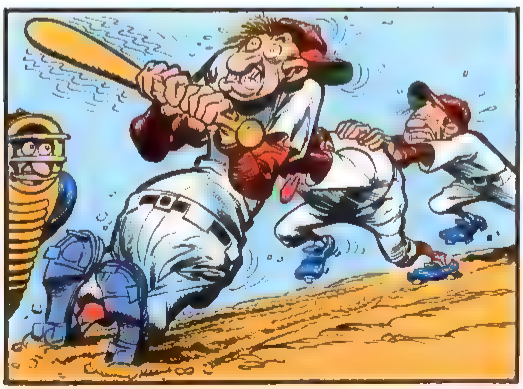
Then from the gladdened multitude
went up a joyous yell —
It rumbled in the mountaintops, it rattled
in the dell;
It struck upon the hillside and rebounded
on the flat;
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing
to the bat.

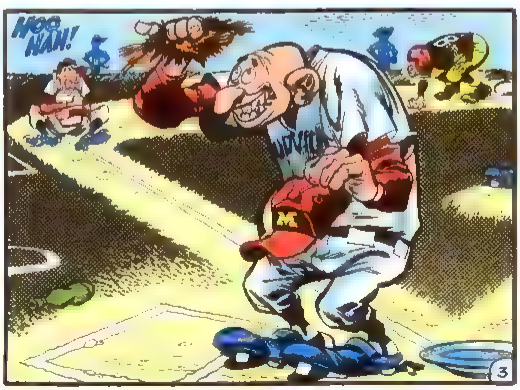






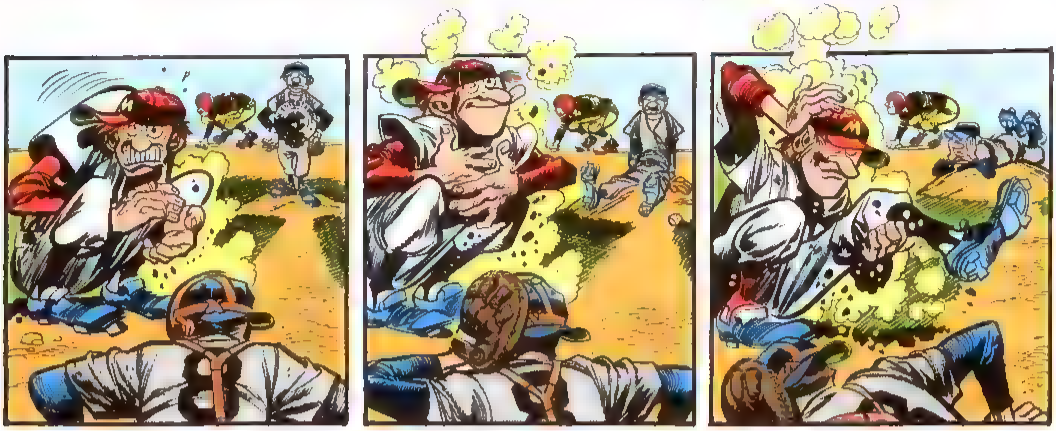
There was ease in Casey's manner as
he stepped into his place,
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a
smile on Casey's face;
And when responding to the cheers, he
lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt
'twas Casey at the bat.





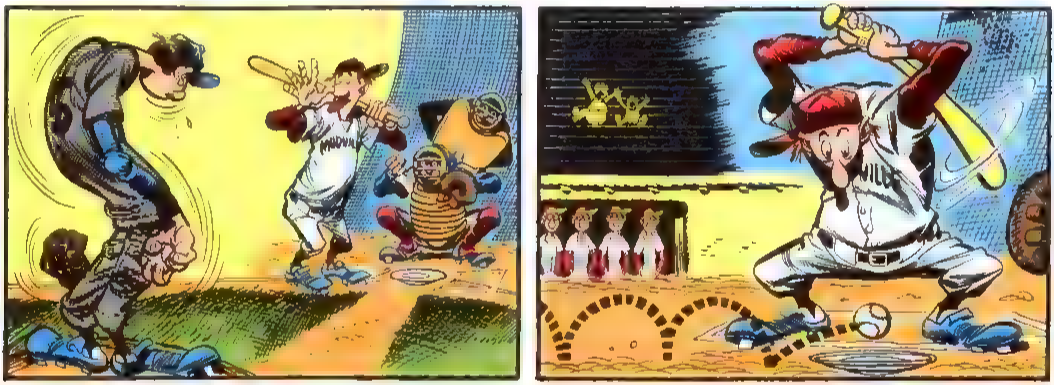
Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt.

Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt;



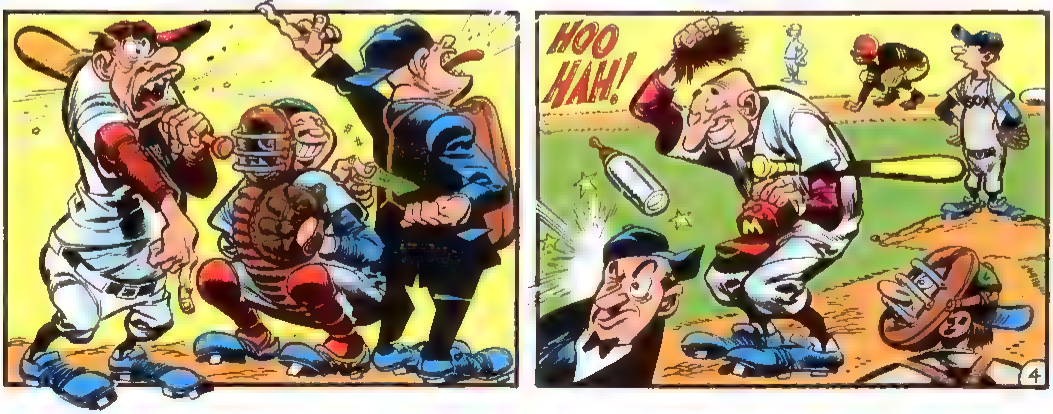
Then when the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
Defiance gleamed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there.



Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped.,
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

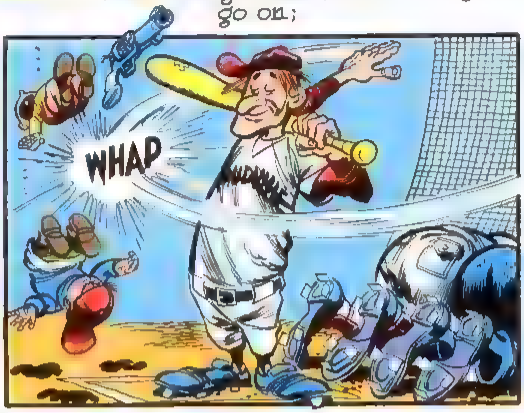
From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of the storm waves on the stern and distant shore.



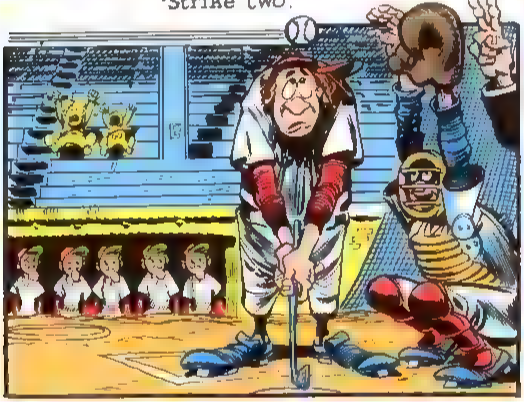
"Kill him! Kill the umpire!" someone shouted in the stand;
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.



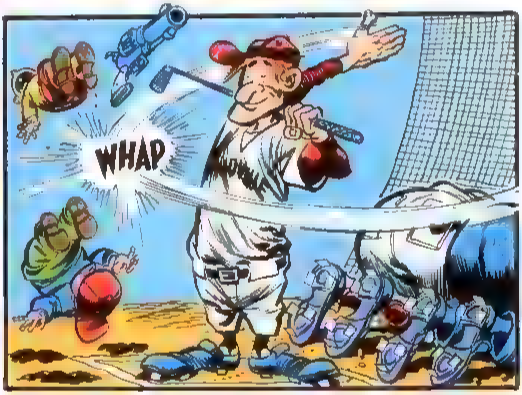
With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;
He stilled the rising tumult, he made the game go on;



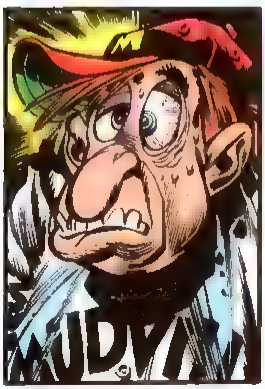
He signaled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew;
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "Strike two."



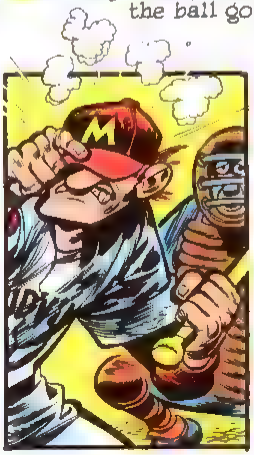
"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the echo answered "Fraud!"
But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed;

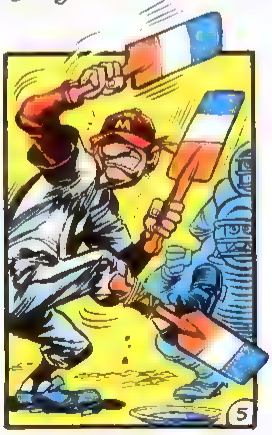


They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let the ball go by again.

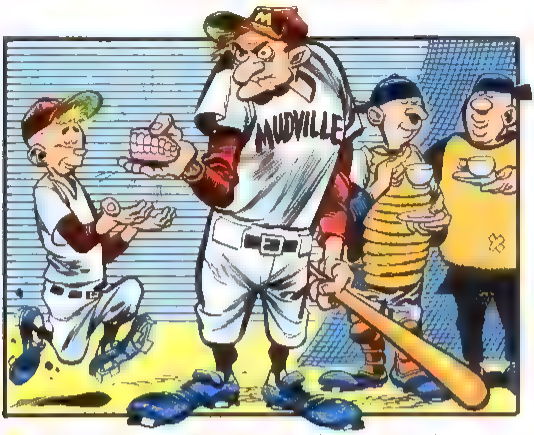




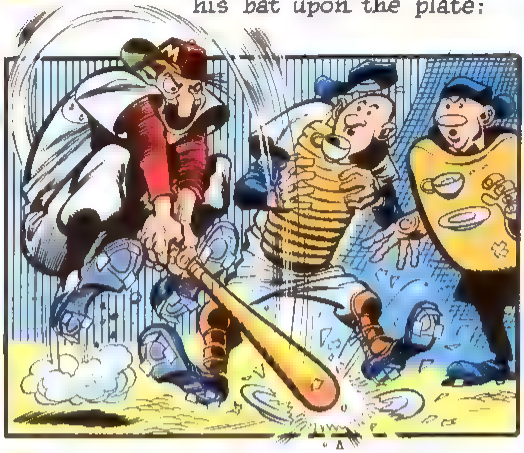




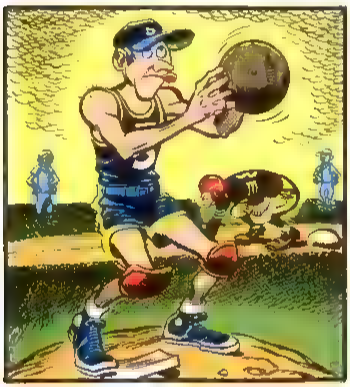
The sneer is gone from Casey's lips,
his teeth are clenched in hate,

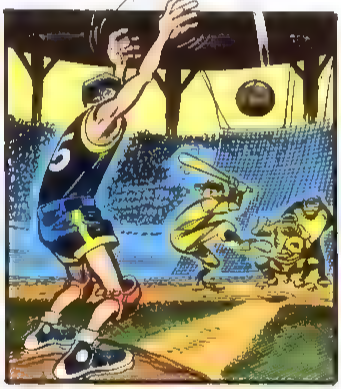


He pounds with cruel vengeance
his bat upon the plate:



And now the pitcher holds the ball,
And now he lets it go,





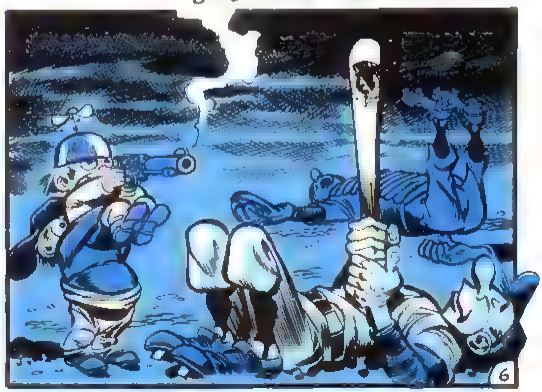
And now the air is shattered by
the force of Casey's blow.



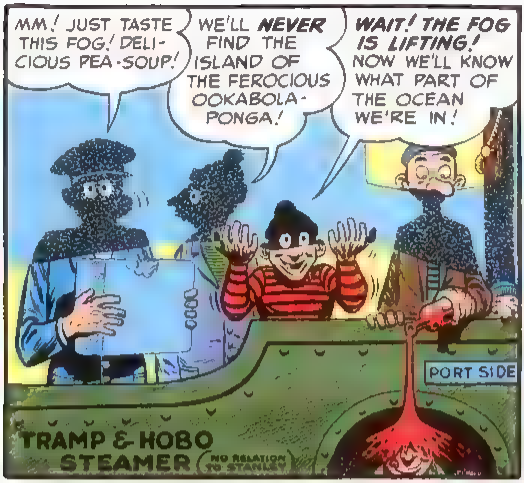
Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun
is shining bright,
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere
hearts are light;

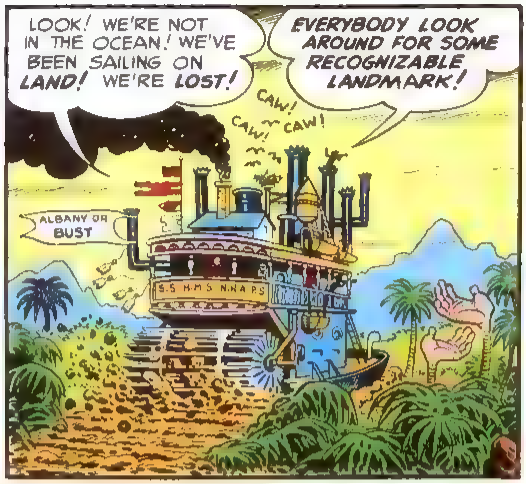


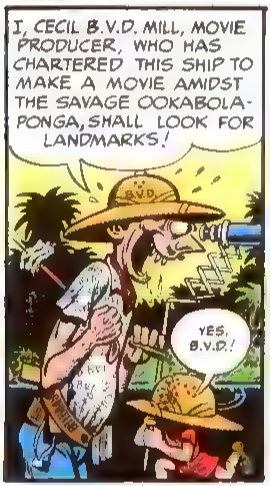
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere
children shout,
But there is no joy in Mudville —
mighty Casey has struck out!

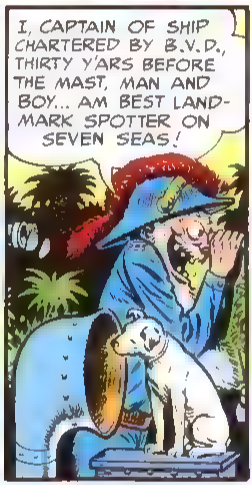


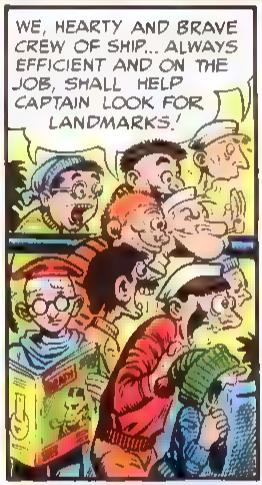

HORROR DEPT.: THE TALE WAS TOLD BY AN OLD SEA-FARING MAN, BABBLING IN DELIRIUM BEFORE HE DIED! BABBLING AMONGST THE FLOTSAM AND JETSAM TOSSED UPON THE CONEY ISLAND SHORE HE BABBLED... ABOUT A MYSTERIOUS ISLAND IN THE TROPICS... ABOUT THE LOST TRIBE OF THE OOKABOLAPONGA... ABOUT THEIR GOD...
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BOOM
POST NO BILLS
THIS IS NOT A 3-D MOVIE! THIS IS DEFINITELY IT!
THE TROPICS!... SOMEWHERE IN THE LATITUDES, SOUTH OF THE SARGOSSA SEA, A PEA-SOUP FOG... SO THICK YOU COULD CUT IT WITH A KNIFE... HUGS THE OCEAN!
AND INSIDE THE FOG... A SHIP RIDES LIKE A GHOST... A BLACK SHIP WITH A GRIM-FACED FEARLESS CREW OF MEN... RIDING TO ITS DESTINY... WITH DEATH... WITH PONG!

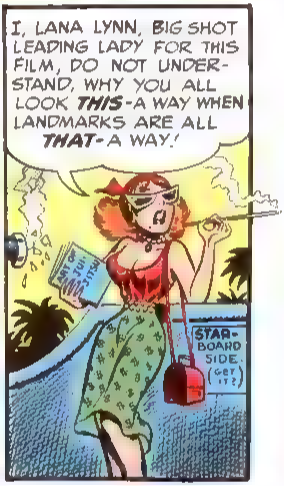

MM! JUST TASTE THIS FOG! DELICIOUS PEA-SOUP!
WE'LL NEVER FIND THE ISLAND OF THE FEROCIOUS OOKABOLA-PONGA!
WAIT! THE FOG IS LIFTING! NOW WE'LL KNOW WHAT PART OF THE OCEAN WE'RE IN!
PORT SIDE
TRAMP & HOBO STEAMER (NO RELATION TO STANLEY)

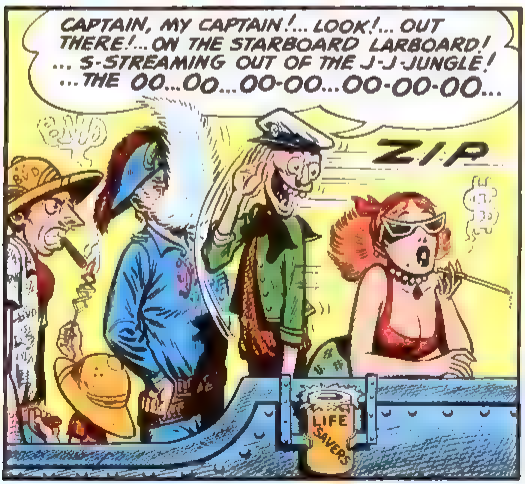

LOOK! WE'RE NOT IN THE OCEAN! WE'VE BEEN SAILING ON LAND! WE'RE LOST!
EVERYBODY LOOK AROUND FOR SOME RECOGNIZABLE LANDMARK!
CAW! CAW! CAW!
ALBANY OR BUST
S.S. H.M.S. N.N.A.P.S.

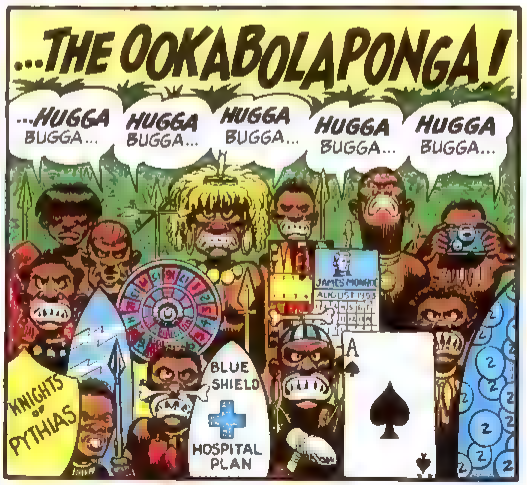

I, CECIL B.V.D. MILL, MOVIE PRODUCER, WHO HAS CHARTERED THIS SHIP TO MAKE A MOVIE AMIDST THE SAVAGE OOKABOLA-PONGA, SHALL LOOK FOR LANDMARKS!
B.V.D.
YES, B.V.D.!


I, CAPTAIN OF SHIP CHARTERED BY B.V.D., THIRTY Y'ARS BEFORE THE MAST, MAN AND BOY... AM BEST LAND-MARK SPOTTER ON SEVEN SEAS!

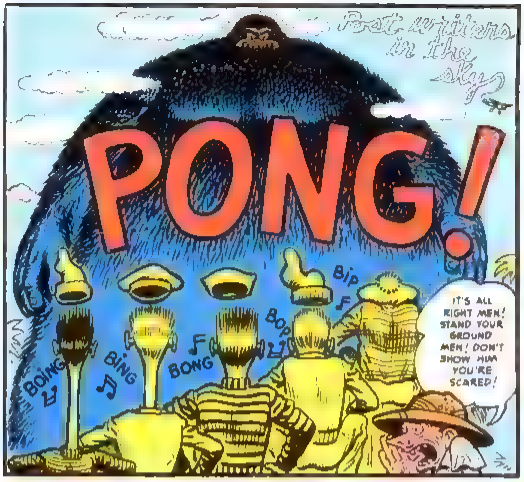

WE, HEARTY AND BRAVE CREW OF SHIP... ALWAYS EFFICIENT AND ON THE JOB, SHALL HELP CAPTAIN LOOK FOR LANDMARKS!

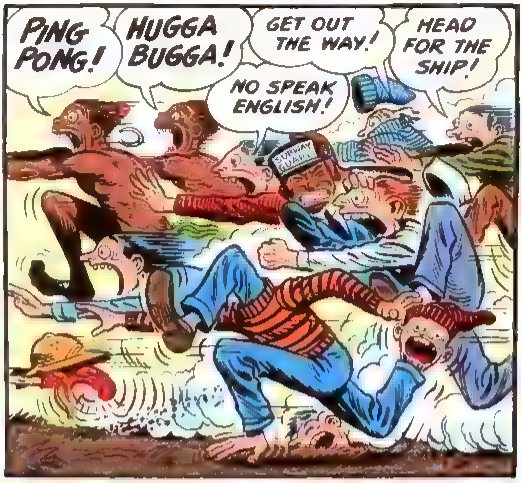

I, LANA LYNN, BIG SHOT LEADING LADY FOR THIS FILM, DO NOT UNDER-STAND, WHY YOU ALL LOOK THIS-A WAY WHEN LANDMARKS ARE ALL THAT-A WAY!
STAR-BOARD SIDE


CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN!... LOOK!... OUT THERE!... ON THE STARBOARD LARBOARD! ... S-STREAMING OUT OF THE J-J-JUNGLE! ...THE OO...OO...OO-OO...OO-OO-OO...
ZIP
LIFE SAVERS


...THE OOKABOLAPONGA!
...HUGGA BUGGA...
HUGGA BUGGA...
HUGGA BUGGA...
HUGGA BUGGA...
HUGGA BUGGA...
KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS
BLUE SHIELD
HOSPITAL PLAN
JAMES MONROE
AUGUST 1955

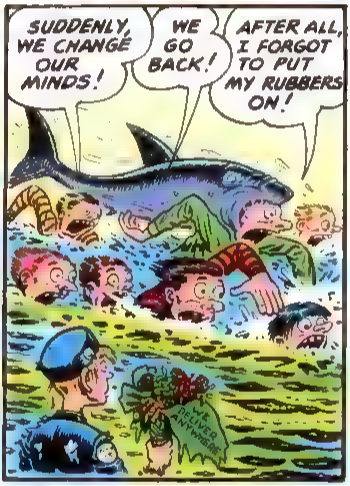

CAPTAIN! IT'S THE FEROCIOUS OOKA-BOLAPONGA! CAN YOU SPEAK TO THEM?
THE FEROCIOUS OOKABOLAPONGA SPEAK A STRANGE WILD TONGUE THAT IS HEARD NOWHERE ELSE ON EARTH... BUT I WILL TRY!
...TIYO KIMOSAVEE OOKA-BOLAPONGA! VAS MACHST DU, KID? OWHAY ISAY ISNESSBAY?
ONE WAY
ENGLAND
ISNESSBAY OULDCAY EBAY ETTERBAY! OUYAY OW-KNAY OWHAY ITAY ISAY! OUYAY OTGAY OOTAY IPSHAY ALOTAY!
IDDAY OUYAY EESAY ETHAY ATESTLAY ISSUEAY OFAY 'ADMAY'?
GOOD NEWS, B.V.D.! I CAN COMMUNICATE WITH THEM!
OUYAY ETBAY! ITAY ASWAY 'EORGEGAY'!
I SAY! YOU FELLOWS SPEAK ENGLISH?... WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO IN THE FIRST PLACE!
FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT YOU ONLY SPOKE THAT FILTHY OOKABOLAPONGA-NESE! HORRIBLE LANGUAGE TO MASTER! NEVER DID TAKE TO IT!
KEEP OFF THE GRASS!
...HEY! WHAT YOU GOT? GOOD LOOKIN' DOLL? HOWZABOUT TRADE FOR HER?
HMPH! QUAINT PEASANTS! PROBABLY WANT TO SWAP YOU FOR SOME HAND-MADE POTS AND TRINKETS!
...NO! DIS MY LEADING LADY! ME NO TRADE!
OFF LIMITS
COME ON! WE NEED WOMAN FOR SACRIFICE! WE TRADE! I GOT BUBBLE-GUM TICKETS OF WHOLE BROOKLYN DODGER BASE-BALL TEAM... AND TICKETS OF INDIAN TRIBES OF WILD WEST! WE TRADE, HUH?
YOU'VE GOT THE WHOLE TEAM?
WHAT A TRADE! FOR YEARS I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET THE BUBBLE-GUM TICKETS OF PEE-WEE REESE AND EDDIE STANKY! NOW MY COLLECTION IS COMPLETE!
HUGGA BUGGA...HUGGA BUGGA...
ADVICE FOR THIN PEOPLE DON'T EAT FAST!! ADVICE FOR FAT PEOPLE DON'T EAT— FAST!!...
HOT DOG! I CAN SEE IT NOW IN LIGHTS! "B.V.D. MILL PRESENTS... ACTUAL PICTURES OF HUMAN SACRIFICE!" SET UP THE CAMERA RIGHT THERE ON THAT HUGE TOE-NAIL SHAPED ROCK!
... THE TOE-NAIL SHAPED ROCK ON THIS FOOT-SHAPED HILL CONNECTED TO THIS LEG SHA... SHA... SHA... SHA...
HUGGA BUGGA
YES, B.V.D.!
HUGGA BUGGA
HUGGA BUGGA
3

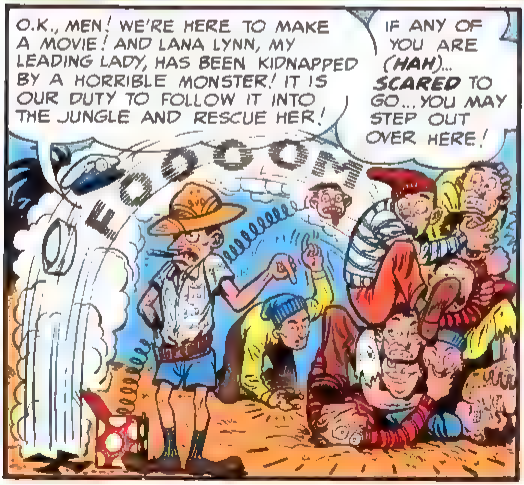

Post-writers in the sky
PONG!
BOING
BING
BONG
BOP
Bip
IT'S ALL RIGHT MEN! STAND YOUR GROUND MEN! DON'T SHOW HIM YOU'RE SCARED!

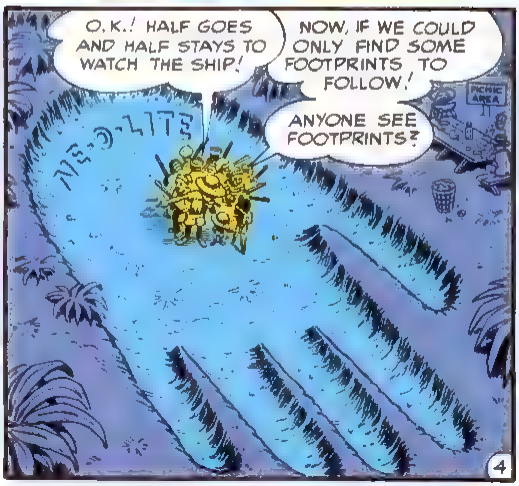

PING PONG!
HUGGA BUGGA!
GET OUT THE WAY!
HEAD FOR THE SHIP!
NO SPEAK ENGLISH!


TO HECK WITH THE SHIP!
IT'S TOO SLOW!
I'M GOING HOME! AIN'T NUTHIN' CAN STOP ME!


NOTHING?
SQUEE

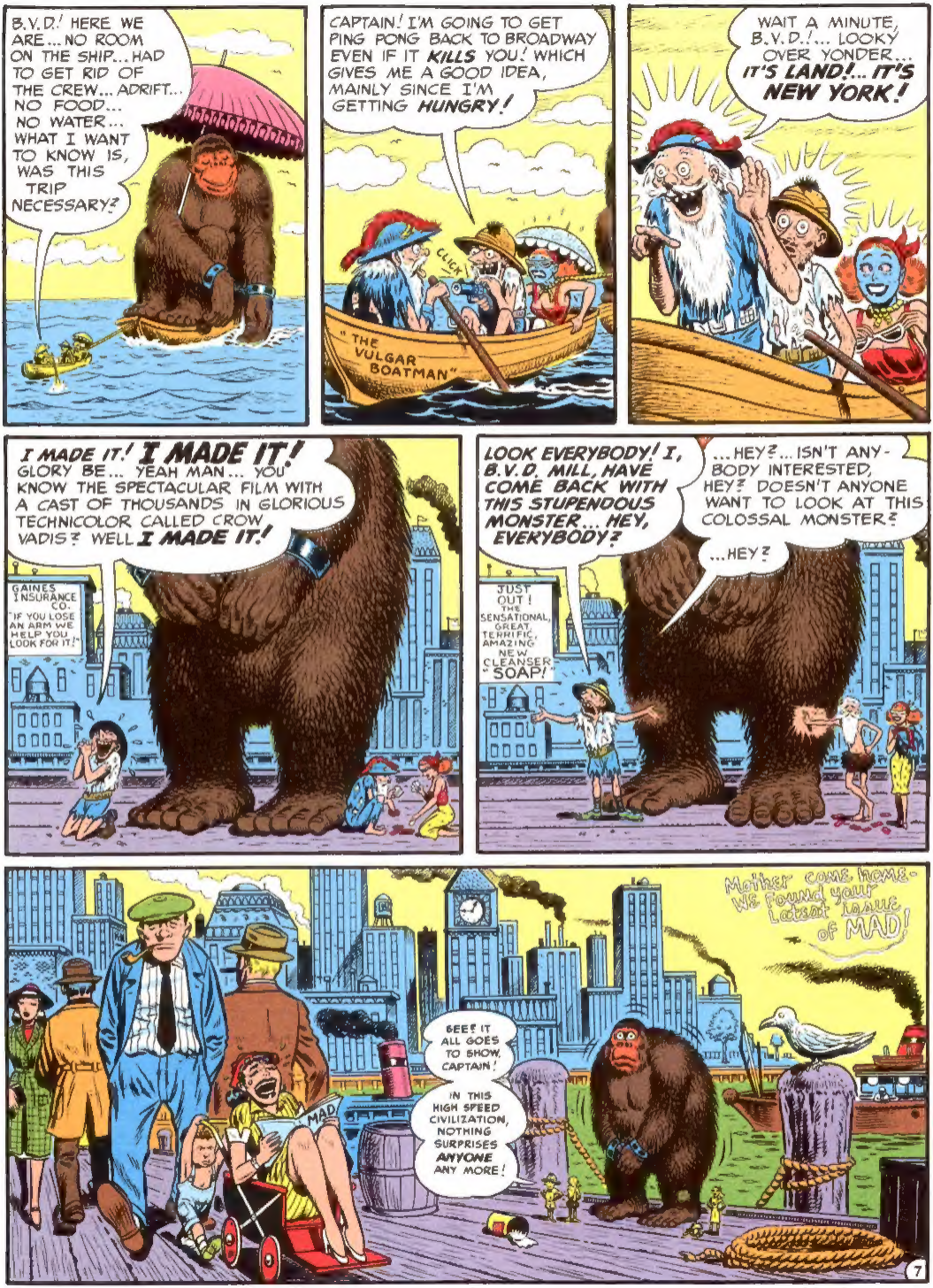

SUDDENLY, WE CHANGE OUR MINDS!
WE GO BACK!
AFTER ALL, I FORGOT TO PUT MY RUBBERS ON!


O.K., MEN! WE'RE HERE TO MAKE A MOVIE! AND LANA LYNN, MY LEADING LADY, HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED BY A HORRIBLE MONSTER! IT IS OUR DUTY TO FOLLOW IT INTO THE JUNGLE AND RESCUE HER!
IF ANY OF YOU ARE (HAH).. SCARED TO GO... YOU MAY STEP OUT OVER HERE!
FOOOOM


O.K.! HALF GOES AND HALF STAYS TO WATCH THE SHIP!
NOW, IF WE COULD ONLY FIND SOME FOOTPRINTS TO FOLLOW!
ANYONE SEE FOOTPRINTS?
PICNIC AREA


SINCE WE SEE NO FOOTPRINTS, WE'LL HAVE TO FOLLOW THIS STREAM ON THIS RAFT! LOOK!... IT GOES INTO THAT CAVE UP AHEAD!
ROBERT HALL LOW OVERHEAD
TUNNEL OF LOVE
MY GOSH!... A PREHISTORIC DIPLODOCUS BRONTOSAURUS! WHAT A SCENE! QUICK, MAN! GET A SHOT OF THAT!
YES, B.V.D.!
P.A.L.
CHOMP!
LOOK! OVER THERE! A TYRRANOSAURUS STEGOSAURUS FRAMMIS! QUICK! GET A SHOT OF IT, YOU FOOL!
YES, B.V.D.!
LOOK! LOOK! AN ARCHAEOPTERYX IKTHEPOSAURUS RAZZLE-DAZZLEBUS PTERODAC-TYL PTOOEY! GET A SHOT!
YES, B.V.D.!
BEGIN MEASURED MILE
LOOK! LOOKLOOK! A JUSTPLAINTSAURUS! GET A SHOT OF THAT, LAD!
YES, B.V.D.!
WURF!
JOE STALIN SLEPT HERE
END OF MEASURED MILE
TRY TO GET AN INSIDE SHOT OF THAT JUSTPLAINTSAURUS, BO!
FILTHY LUCK, CAPTAIN! ONLY TWO OF US LEFT!
URP!
ABSOLUTELY LAST CHANCE GAS STATION!
YES, B.V.D.!
SPEEDWAY
WE'LL BE ABLE TO GET A GOOD VIEW FROM THIS HILL! LOOK! OVER THERE!
A HUGE MOUNTAIN, CARVED BY THE NEVER-ENDING WIND BY SOME STRANGE COINCI-DENCE INTO A CRUDE SHAPE VAGUELY RESEMBLING A... A... A...
...A CIGARETTE LIGHTER I ONCE HAD!
NO SPITTING
5


COME ON, CAPTAIN! THAT'S PING PONG'S HIDEAWAY! I'VE PAID YOU MILLIONS FOR THIS VOYAGE AND WE'RE GOING UP THERE!
...BUT B.V.D! I'M TIRED! I CAN'T GO ON MUCH LONGER! I'LL NEVER MAKE IT TO THAT MOUNTAIN! I'M TIRED, BOY!
B.V.D.
BAH! SIXTY-POUND WEAKLING! LETTING A LITTLE MOUNTAIN TIRE YOU OUT! C'MON, LAD! WE'RE ALMOST TO THE ENTRANCE ON TOP! MUSH, BOY, MUSH!
PLANETARIUM
UGH!... OPENING... JUST A FEW MORE FEET... LISTEN... HORRIBLE SHRIEKS...
...WHAT IS MONSTER... UGH... DOING... TO LANA... LYNN...
L-L-LOOK!
MONTHLY MOANING MOUNTAIN DRAMA
OWW! EEE
EEK... EE... OO... OI... FILTHY BEAST! DON'T TOUCH ME!
POW
SPLAT
SPLAT
OWOO... EEE... HELP! HOW DARE YOU TOUCH ME, YOU... YOU... BIG APE!
IN THE LABONZA - IN THE LABONZA !!!
IT'S BEEN HOURS SINCE B.V.D. AND THE OTHER HALF OF THE CREW WENT INTO THE JUNGLE AFTER PING PONG!
LISTEN! DO YOU HEAR FOOTSTEPS!
TROMP TROMP TROMP
WE'RE NOT AFRAID! ARE WE, MEN?
25¢ AN HOUR BRONX PARK BOAT HOUSE
YOU BET WE ARE!
ZAP!
COME BACK, MEN! IT'S O.K.! WE'VE GOT PING PONG UNDER CONTROL!
TROMP TROMP
6


B.V.D.! HERE WE ARE... NO ROOM ON THE SHIP... HAD TO GET RID OF THE CREW... ADRIFT... NO FOOD... NO WATER... WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS, WAS THIS TRIP NECESSARY?
CAPTAIN! I'M GOING TO GET PING PONG BACK TO BROADWAY EVEN IF IT KILLS YOU! WHICH GIVES ME A GOOD IDEA, MAINLY SINCE I'M GETTING HUNGRY!
CLICK
"THE VULGAR BOATMAN"
WAIT A MINUTE, B.V.D.!... LOOKY OVER YONDER... IT'S LAND!... IT'S NEW YORK!
I MADE IT! I MADE IT! GLORY BE... YEAH MAN... YOU KNOW THE SPECTACULAR FILM WITH A CAST OF THOUSANDS IN GLORIOUS TECHNICOLOR CALLED CROW, VADIS? WELL I MADE IT!
GAINES INSURANCE CO. "IF YOU LOSE AN ARM WE HELP YOU LOOK FOR IT!"
LOOK EVERYBODY! I, B.V.D. MILL, HAVE COME BACK WITH THIS STUPENDOUS MONSTER... HEY, EVERYBODY?
...HEY?... ISN'T ANYBODY INTERESTED, HEY? DOESN'T ANYONE WANT TO LOOK AT THIS COLOSSAL MONSTER?
...HEY?
JUST OUT! THE SENSATIONAL, GREAT, TERRIFIC, AMAZING NEW CLEANSER "SOAP!"
Mother come home- We found your Latest issue of MAD!
SEE? IT ALL GOES TO SHOW, CAPTAIN!
IN THIS HIGH SPEED CIVILIZATION, NOTHING SURPRISES ANYONE ANY MORE!
MAD
7

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As a magazine, Mad is now an American institution—for over thirty years Alfred E. Neuman has grinned at us from the newsstand right next to Time, Cosmopolitan and TV Guide. But once upon a time Mad was just a thin 10¢ comic book struggling to gain space on the racks along with the other 500 or more comics that were being published in the early fifties.

Mad's first issue was a late entry in the Entertaining Comics (EC) line, which by 1952 was already publishing the titles Tales from the Crypt, The Vault of Horror and The Haunt of Fear. EC's publisher Bill Gaines (still Mad's publisher today) was unusual and innovative, and decided to publish horror tales and science fiction comics—and he also liked the humorous work of Harvey Kurtzman, so he and Kurtzman conspired to put out a humor comic, something so utterly unlike anything else on the newsstands that only Gaines would have taken the chance. For most of the first year, Mad lost money. But then word of mouth took over, and Mad quickly became a phenomenon. By the summer of 1955, Kurtzman felt that he had done everything that he could in the comic book format, and convinced Gaines to transform the title into a magazine. Much of the original comic book Mad has never been reprinted until now.





